



THE



# LEISURE HOUR

NOVEMBER, 1885.

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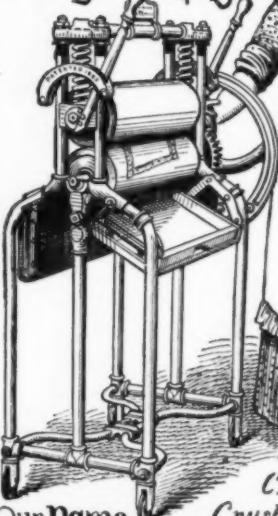
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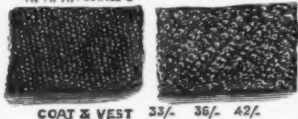


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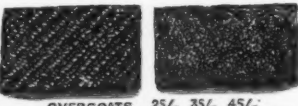


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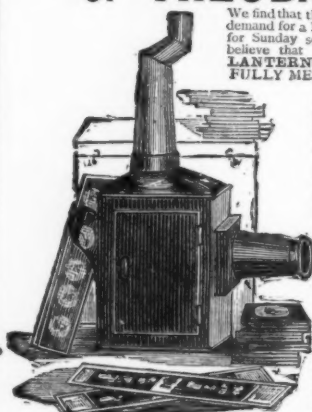


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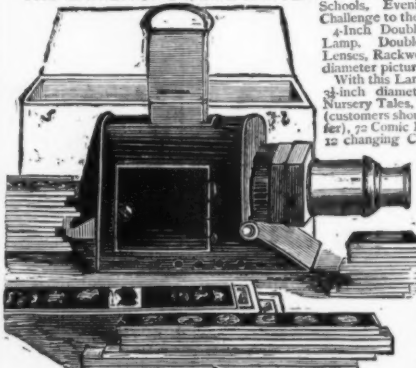
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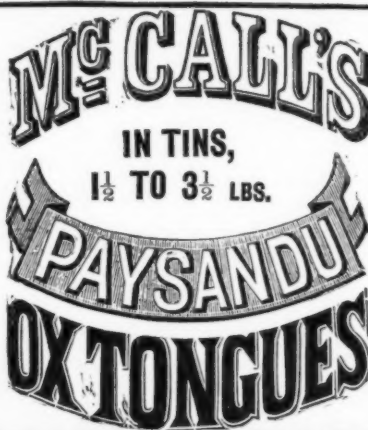
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**THIRTIETH ANNUAL REPORT, MAY, 1885.**

### NEW BUSINESS.

2,034 Policies issued for .....	£417,666
New Premium Income .....	12,366

### BUSINESS IN FORCE.

27,156 Policies, assuring .....	5,068,440
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### REVENUE OF THE YEAR.

Premiums .....	£148,120
Interest, &c. ....	40,550
	188,670

### ACCUMULATED FUND.

Laid in by the year .....	72,353
Accumulated Fund on 31st January, 1885 .....	1,010,962
Claims and Bonuses paid under Company's Policies .....	871,216
Average Reversionary Bonus for 30 years, about 1½ per cent. per annum.	

## MAPLE & CO.—CRETONNES.

CRETONNES.—MAPLE and Co. have great pleasure in stating that they have on show the most magnificent selection ever seen of fast-washing CRETONNES, on extra strong and serviceable tissues.

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CRETONNES.—The Blocks for the reprinting of the Fine old French Cretonnes having been now re-engraved, MAPLE & CO. are receiving the finest goods ever offered. The cloths upon which these are printed are of superior quality; the colours can also be guaranteed. The designs are exclusively engaged to MAPLE & CO.

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CURTAINS.—The most wonderful improvements have been made within the last few years in the manufacture and colouring of Curtain and Covering Fabrics. The artistic effect which some of these goods, even at 2s. 6d. per yard, double width, give is extraordinary. The principal factories for the production being in France, MAPLE & CO. have established a house in Paris, whereby they see all the new designs, and are enabled to reserve them exclusively.

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**NOTICE.**—Complimentary, Wedding, and Birthday Presents, an immense variety. Acres of Show-rooms for the display of goods, both useful and ornamental, from 1s. to 100 guineas. The variety is so extensive and varied that an inspection is solicited.

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Messrs. MAPLE & CO. beg respectfully to state that this Department is now so organised that they are fully prepared to execute and supply any article that can possibly be required in furnishing at the same price, if not less, than any other house in England. Patterns sent, and quotations given free of charge.

## 100-DAY CLOCKS.

DRAWING-ROOM CLOCKS to go for 400 days with once winding; a handsome present. Price 75s. Warranted. MAPLE and Co. have a large and varied assortment suitable for dining and drawing room. Over 500 to select from. Price 10s. 6d. to 50 guineas. Handsome marble clock, with incised lines in gold, and superior eight-day movement, 52s. 6d.; also bronzes in great variety.

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MAPLE & Co. have the largest assortment of BARBOTINE, Tunisian, Hungarian, Doulton, Faience Silicon Doulton, and Doulton Impasto wares, also in Worcester, Coalport, Dresden, Sevres, Chinese, Japanese, and Crown Derby china.

## MAPLE & CO.—CARPETS.

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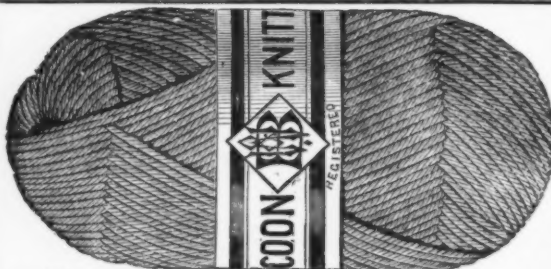
Have met with general approbation. Write as smoothly as a lead pencil, and neither scratch nor split, the points being rounded by a new process. Six Prize Medals awarded. Ask your Stationer for a Sixpenny Assorted Sample Box, or send 7 stamps to C. BRANDAUER & CO.'S Pen Works, Birmingham, or to their Wholesale Warehouse, 24, King Edward Street, Newgate Street, London, E.C.

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The finer qualities are equal in appearance and wear better than the very best Lyons Silk Velvet, and cost only a quarter the price. Can be purchased of all leading retailers, in all qualities—Blacks, from 2s. to 6s. per yard. Colours, from 2s. 6d. to 6s. 6d. per yard. Every yard is stamped on the back "Nonpareil," to protect the public from fraud.

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"Is as nearly tasteless as Cod-Liver Oil can be."—*Lancet*.  
"Has almost the delicacy of salad oil."—*British Medical Journal*.  
"No nauseous eruptions follow after it is swallowed."—*Medical Press*.  
It can be borne and digested by the most delicate; is the only oil which does not "repeat;" and for these reasons the most efficacious kind in use. In capsuled bottles only, at 1s. 4d., 2s. 6d., 4s. 9d., and 6s. Sold Everywhere.

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Forms a valuable adjunct to Cod-Liver Oil, being not only a highly concentrated and nutritious food, but a powerful aid to the digestion of all starchy and farinaceous matters, rendering them easy of assimilation by the most enfeebled invalid. It is thus utilised in the manufacture of ALLEN & HANBURY'S Malted Farinaceous Food for Infants. Both it and the Food can be obtained through any Chemist. The Malt, in bottles, at 2s. and 3s. 6d.; the Food, in tins, at 6d., 1s., 2s., 3s., and 10s.

**ALLEN & HANBURY'S,  
PLOUGH COURT, LOMBARD STREET, LONDON.**

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ARNDT'S PATENT.



Extracts, by simply filling the upper part with boiling water, all the PALATABLE and WHOLE-SOME PROPERTIES of COFFEE, without EXTRACTING the INJURIOUS SUBSTANCES, SUCH AS CAFFEINE AND TANNIC ACIDS.

No possible loss of Aroma.

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Sizes—2 4 6 8 12 large cups.  
Block Tin ... 3/6 4/6 5/6 6/6 7/6  
Rolled Nickel 8/- 12/- 15/- 18/- 21/-

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Dewhurst's Cottons are the Best for Hand or Machine use.

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TRADE MARK.

THE "THREE SHELLS" BRAND

Is Strong, Even, Elastic, and free from knots.

Dewhurst's Cottons have been awarded PRIZE MEDALS for general excellence of quality wherever exhibited.

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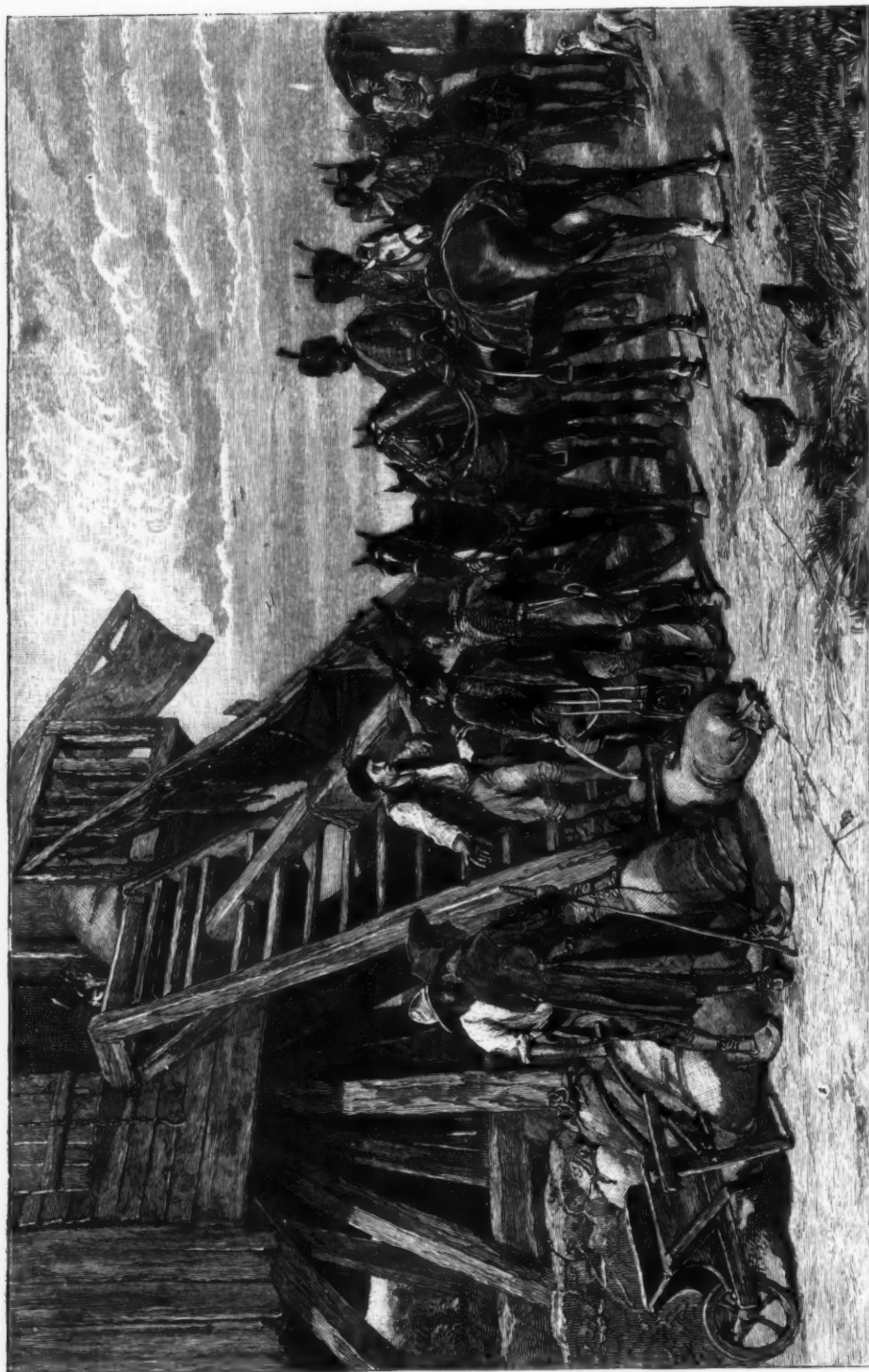
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*From the Drawing by A. C. Gow, A.R.A.]*

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## 'TWIXT LOVE AND DUTY.

BY TIGHE HOPKINS.

CHAPTER XXXII.—AT THE RESTAURANT PARISIEN.



"EUREKA!" SHOUTED BELL.

ON a chill grey night in mid-September, the stars, all fringed with mist, shone feebly over the wet roofs of London. It was mist above, it was fog below, and the dank and steaming streets were almost blotted out.

The night-birds of the city crept from the corners where, like Parson Paul's badger, they had slept through the day, shook their frowsy wings, and flitted here and there in search of food or prey.

An old yellow moon struggled through the clouds, peered half contemptuously on the sooty town, and went in again.

The men who sell food and drink through the hours when four-fifths of London is asleep, trundled out their barrows and gathered stray coppers from belated pedestrians and those whose business is 'twixt night and morning.

The genius of the sleeping city watched it from

his cloud-eyry, and so, on the dripping pavement with an occasional lapse into tobacco, did the policeman.

In the sloping attic of a fifth-rate French restaurant in Soho, a candle that stood much in need of snuffing threw a foolish feeble light over bare walls and an uncarpeted floor. A small round table, covered with writing materials, was in the centre of the room, and a man who had been writing there lay half across it, and slept like a stone.

The jaw had fallen slightly and the lips were just parted. The skin of the face and neck had a greyish tinge, which came something short of pallor, but spoke of meagre rations, bad air, haggard anxiety, and, in a word, of life supported on a consumptive purse.

Is this Arnold? If it be not he, it is his ghost in poor condition. It is Arnold.

Noting him and his surroundings, one has not far to seek for some, at any rate, of the motives that impelled, and still impel him, to hide himself from the sight and knowledge of his friends.

He is a wanderer now in the labyrinth of London, and such wanderers, if they have fallen even from so modest an estate as we saw Arnold in at the opening of this story, are seldom anxious to reveal their whereabouts. In this labyrinth, whose passages and chambers are without number, there are worse retreats than Arnold found; still, a twelve-foot attic in a shy French restaurant in Soho is hardly the abode in which one cares to receive one's friends.

"Snuff me this candle, please!" as Heine's Moses Lump used to say to his snuffers-woman; but here there is no snuffers-woman, and I see no snuffers. He sleeps on. I think this candle will go out. It would be a pity, for it warms the room.

Within a very short time of his bankruptcy, Arnold began to find Robert Street too aristocratic and costly a quarter for a gentleman in his position—a gentleman, to speak more precisely, who had no position at all. He cast about for a less extravagant lodging, and getting into conversation over a bowl of *bouillon de bœuf*, with the Madame of the little Restaurant Parisien in Greek Street, one afternoon, he learned that he could rent an *appartement garni* there for three and sixpence a week. He removed his belongings, a piece at a time, from Robert Street, paid his bill, and settled down in the colony of the clock-makers, the barbers, and the *blanchisseuses*. And having done this he perceived the necessity of making a fresh start in life.

How the man sleeps! What is the good of a truckle-bed if you are going to abuse the table in this way? It creaks under his weight, too. The candle struggles on gamely.

The circumstances of his bankruptcy had put it out of his power to practise in his profession. His years of study in the narrow grooves of the law, his cleverly-passed examinations, his time of drudgery, his brief season of managership, his ability to enter at once into practice for himself, all this became of no avail the moment the Registrar dismissed him uncertificated; and so long as Mr. Trimble held out against him there was no possibility of retrieving the position he had lost.

The law having cut him he cut the law, and with it his connection with all the friends and acquaintances who had been associated with his professional life. When a man drops out of his sphere his past associates ask what has become of him, are sorry to miss him, and finding that he does not return, fill up his place, and hardly remember his name. Arnold need not have troubled himself greatly as to the conjectures of his friends respecting his disappearance, for all such conjectures are generally short-lived.

It would not forward the story, and would be no particular kindness to Arnold, to return from this point and follow him step by step through

the sharpest period of his misfortunes. For three weeks or a month he had just as much food as sufficed to keep him continuously on the path in search of work.

It is an odd thing how the man in low water never does meet with work, and in those few weeks Arnold had been as close to low-water mark as it is possible to get and not starve outright.

It is a period which lends itself to picturesque treatment on paper, when one is writing the life of a man of letters, but a miserably sordid time in reality, and the picturesqueness is gone when one remembers how common the experience is.

Arnold took to journalism, of course; that being, with the exception of law, the only trade he knew anything whatever about. It is not a profitable calling at the best of times; it is a desperately hungry calling when one begins, as Arnold had to begin, at the lowest rung of the ladder.

Up to this time, as he now perceived, he had been the merest amateur. An occasional article on a subject he was familiar with, and for the insertion and payment of which he could afford to wait, had represented the sum of his achievements. But occasional articles on legal topics are not the bread by which a man may live. He wrote articles on other subjects, but they were not wanted. Sometimes they were returned to him, sometimes they were not; but it was of no consequence, for they would not sell. Evidently he had got on to the wrong track at the very outset.

He went to a city news-room one morning, read through one paper after another, and in the course of this exercise it dawned upon him that a daily newspaper is not a literary affair at all. The amount of space devoted to literature pure and simple was, as Arnold perceived, hardly worth taking into account. To the young man of literary feelings (a bad stock-in-trade for a journalist, if they be his all) it appeared that most of the columns were filled with matter which no person in his senses would dream of reading. But clearly these were the wares that were wanted, and presumably they were paid for, which was certainly not the case with ornate essays, neatly and laboriously penned, of a literary or speculative cast. Indeed one editor, in returning a contribution of this sort, went out of his way to scrawl a line in pencil on the back of the manuscript, inquiring whether the author seriously supposed that readers of a daily paper were capable of digesting "this kind of thing."

In his critical examination of the "leading organs of public opinion," Arnold noted how large a share of space was appropriated to common and more or less trivial incidents of the daily life of the town, such as street brawls, sudden deaths, mad dogs, suicides, falling chimneys, "casualties" in the streets, in the docks, on the river, bursting boilers, vestry meetings, "singular discoveries" in drains, sewers, back kitchens, graveyards, and water-butts, and wondered who were the purveyors of this curiously-varied intelligence.

In due time he fell in with one of them at the news-room, a weedy reporter, attached to no paper but hanging on to a dozen, who, having taken a

first-class at Oxford, had subsequently developed into a first-class failure in London.

This jackal of the press scraped a thin living in the bye-paths of the craft. There are plenty of university men doing this sort of work, and doing it badly. He was known in every newspaper office in Fleet Street, and was a familiar object outside the cashier's box, soliciting five shillings on account. He was known, too, at Cogers Hall, where, on the nights of a warm debate, he spoke pungently on one glass of whisky and brilliantly on three. On Sundays he reported Mr. Spurgeon's sermons for a religious journal. He spunged on Arnold for a week, found that Arnold's purse was on the whole the leaner of the two, and sheered off.

But Arnold had learned a thing or two from him, and turned his knowledge to account. He, too, became a jackal, and found that the jackal was able to keep the wolf from the door. But no ambitious hopes were compatible with his new calling. He must cast away ambition, or make up his mind to starve. He let ambition go, and saw that it was possible to live.

My friend, you sleep too heavily. This noiseless sleep of yours has the look of stupor; I am three parts minded to rouse you.

"Let me alone; I have worked harder than you to-day."

The candle has a spasm and dies. The moon, grown whiter, turns sentinel in its place, and a pair of mice scamper out from the hole by the fireplace: no cheese-parings here, gentlemen.

The seamy side of letters has been painted to weariness. It has been a favourite subject for the sickly-sentimental brush, from Johnson's time onwards. Why, one does not clearly perceive. There is as much poetry about a needy grocer as about a needy journalist. The one has failed to find his market, so has the other. They both find it in time, or, if they be men, take another trade.

Few ills belong exclusively to the literary calling: and as for poverty, she is the "midwife of genius" and the founder of the fine arts.

Arnold was frequently hungry; but a little hunger is good for the imagination, and the digestive powers of sedentary men are not adapted to a gross diet. Bacon is bad for the fancy, so are sucking-pig and cream. Anacreon wrote his odes on raisins, and Newton thought out gravitation on bread and water.

The Restaurant Parisien breathed an easy Bohemianism which was not ungrateful to the lungs of our sturdy bankrupt. He maintained a resolute stoicism and something of cheerfulness besides, and had no need to hide his poverty where all were poor alike. The Belgian count with the white poodle, who lodged on the ground floor, and was without visible means of subsistence, snapped his fingers in the face of the world every morning when he came down to breakfast, and called for half a bottle of red wine at sixpence with an air that would have made Rabelais embrace him. The gay barber who came in from the next street at half-past twelve, humming

Mozart, and dined sumptuously for one and two-pence, was one of the wealthy patrons of the establishment, and had a napkin laid beside his plate.

Madame was a little, eager, black-eyed woman from Provence, who became at once the mother of every one who praised her husband's cooking. Monsieur had quite the air of the old French noblesse, and would have passed readily for a marquis out of repair. He was fond of coming up from the kitchen of an evening to tell you how he had served in the Queen's employ at Windsor, but one never gathered distinctly whether Monsieur had offended the Queen or the Queen had offended Monsieur. One was disposed to accept the latter of these conclusions, for he cooked as one who had the culinary genius.

At the Restaurant Parisien you might live less than cheaply while you seemed to live more than luxuriously. The gourmands of the house called for three dishes, and paid a fraction under a shilling. One had his *plat du jour* for fourpence, his *rôti* for sixpence, and his *légumes* for a penny. *Bouillon de bœuf*, *ragout de mouton*, *cotelette*, and *marlan au gratin* have a distinguished look upon paper, but Monsieur served them all piping hot, upon clean plates, for half the cost of a beggarly uncooked meal at the English dining-room over the way.

You rubbed shoulders with Rossigne, the barber; Jean, the laundry-man; Nicole, the book-binder; Edouard, the little working jeweller, and François, the toymaker; and Monsieur and his family and the waiter sat down together at the next table; but this was a lively company, and uncommonly polite.

In the evening old Emile Sandeau, the white-bearded cigar merchant, used to come in and tell fortunes over his cigar and bottle of burgundy, and Monsieur and the barber discussed the chances of another revolution.

Arnold was made welcome of this place and its habitués.

Celine, the four-year-old heiress of Monsieur, who used to twitter Parisian ditties to herself up and down the house, fell in love with him, and when he had finished his dinner of an afternoon pushed out her pretty little lips and demanded *un baiser*, which he found a very good sort of dessert.

Arnold began to think that if the supply of street casualties, fires, falls of houses, extraordinary appearances in the sky at midnight, and so on, would but hold out, he might save money enough before his hair turned grey to settle accounts with Mr. Trimble. But if Marian could have put her head in at the door of the attic (the chinks in it were wide enough to peep through, for that matter) she would have been more impatient than ever with poor Gilbert Reade for not having run him to earth before.

A clash of hoofs and wheels woke the brooding streets, and Arnold also. He went hurriedly to the window and looked out, just as a fire-engine disappeared round the corner. Glancing over the neighbouring roofs, he saw a wide glare in the sky painted against a background of fog.



"I'm in luck to-night," said he, and, buttoning up his coat, he groped about for his hat. There was half a French roll ornamenting the chimney-piece (the only ornament it had), and he pocketed it, and made for the door.

It was tender work going downstairs in the dark, but Arnold knew all the gaps, and reached the bottom unhurt. The count's poodle growled when he was unfastening the street door, but the count, in muffled tones, bade him "again sleep yourself," and Arnold slipped out and ran in the direction of the red beacon.

There is no need to follow him closely; it is enough to say that he was out on duty. When he quitted the fire he went as fast as he could to Fleet Street, which is far from slumbrous at that slumbrous hour, but throbs from end to end responsive to the groaning of the printing-engines. He entered one newspaper office after another, had a brief colloquy with sub-editors, up to their eyes in telegrams and miscellaneous literature, and left a morsel of manuscript with each. Then he put out again for home, easy in the assurance that he had provisioned himself for a week by two hours' unimaginative labour. The day was beginning to grow, and the cats and policemen, in unequal numbers, had the streets to themselves.

It is curious to walk the city at this unconscious hour, wrapped in the stillness of the desert or the middle ocean; to hear the echo of one's footfall amongst the silent, solid houses; to watch the shadows slowly fading as the curtain of the night is gathered back across the sky and the stars show faint and fainter; to catch the distant sound of carts rolling in over the bridges with their load of vegetables for the markets; to taste the clear, unsullied breath of day; to note the rare beginnings of the sun; to think on the dreams of the horizontal millions around.

Arnold recalled another walk he had taken, months before, not through autumnal streets, but wintry fields, with his pockets lined with Bank of England notes and his heart light with hope; but the comparison was not one to be sustained with any degree of comfort, and he dropped it, and improved his pace.

He was leaving the Strand behind when he came plump on that ubiquitous young votary of the muses, his friend Dick Bell, who had apparently turned out in full evening dress to seek inspiration from the early skies. There was, however, a ruddy tinge in his cheek and a brightness in his eye which looked as they might be the effect of a prolonged and agreeable supper-party. Arnold had not seen him for long, and would willingly not have met him now; but it would have been churlish not to respond in some measure to the frank delight with which the poet greeted him.

"Eureka!" shouted Bell, and danced on the pavement.

"What are you doing here at this time of day?" said Arnold.

"Looking for a kind policeman to put me in the track for home. And you, where are you going, you owl?"

"Home, too."

"I'll take you there."

"I can't give you a bed, you know," said Arnold.

"Bed! Who wants bed? It'll be daylight in ten minutes. I want breakfast."

There had been a supper-party assuredly, for if Bell had had all his senses about him he was too good a fellow by far to thrust himself on an old friend who was clearly in no state to play the host. Arnold, with his sunken cheeks, his seedy coat buttoned to the chin, his weary limbs, and everything sad and forlorn about him, wished Dick or himself a thousand miles away. But there was a grim sort of humour in the situation, and he laughed and said,

"Come along! I'll breakfast you as you haven't breakfasted for a twelvemonth!"

They traversed Garrick Street, and Arnold piloted the poet in the direction of Soho. Dick, sprightly as if he had just tubbed after passing the night like a Christian between the sheets, babbled of a hundred things—the supper, the club, poetry, and the meanness of the Government in not improving his salary. He took it as part of the fun when they stopped at the little shame-faced restaurant, and the door was noiselessly opened by Arnold. It was daylight now, and Monsieur, in his cook's cap and apron, was picking his way down the stairs.

Bell recovered himself a little when Arnold ushered him into the bare room at the top of the house, where the wreck of the tallow-candle stood on the table, and the counterpane was still stretched over the bed. He felt a twinge of shame, and turned as if to apologise to Arnold. But Arnold broke in with a laugh:

"Well, old chum, here we are; these are my diggings! But you want breakfast; open the cupboard there."

The cupboard door stood ajar; Bell pushed it open. A stone jar labelled "Ink" was its only furniture.

Dick felt the blood hot in his cheeks; he had never been so much ashamed in his life before. He had exposed an old friend in his poverty, and he turned with wet eyes and grasped Arnold by the hand.

"My dear fellow," said Arnold, "it is my fault; I shouldn't have let you come."

"No; I am a sneak, a cad!" exclaimed Dick. "I might have known that you were under the wind, and didn't want me. It's all the fault of that last glass of champagne. I'll never drink a last glass of champagne again as long as I can rhyme."

"My dear Dick, don't be a fool. The cupboard's empty—what of that? I don't need to keep stores as we used to do, for I can go downstairs and order a string of dishes as often as I've nothing better to do. This, my dear child, is the Restaurant Parisien, with a better cook than your club has."

But Dick continued to upbraid himself. Arnold's cheerfulness was a sham, any one could see that. His face was pinched and shrunken, his clothes were barely decent, his attic had the stamp, not of poverty, but of want.

"I'll tell you what it is," said Dick. "You

must come out and breakfast with me, and then we'll talk about getting you out of this place."

"I never breakfast away from home," laughed Dick. "Can't spare the time. See no visitors at all till after midday. Besides, I'm bound to let the house have all my custom."

"Then we'll breakfast downstairs," said Dick. "But first let's sit down and talk."

He was on the point of saying that his friend Reade was scouring all London in search of Arnold, but thought he had blundered enough for the present, and held his peace on that subject.

Arnold was genial and tolerably communicative, but Dick felt very much as if he were visiting a friend in the condemned cell, and when a comfortable smell of fry rose from the lower regions, he jumped up and said he must have breakfast.

They went down, and the appearance of Dick in full toilet, and looking by no means as if he had been up all night, created quite a stir. The count, who breakfasted in dishabille, left his coffee and disappeared, calling softly on a whole calendar of saints, and emerged presently with shaven cheeks, in which condition he was seldom seen before three in the afternoon. Celine went and fetched her playfellow, the toymaker's daughter, to come and look at the Milor Anglais, who had arrived, dressed like the head waiter at the Café Royal, to breakfast with M'sieu' Lee on her father's cutlets and claret.

"A man might know worse viands than these," said Dick. "I could write, not an ode, perhaps, but certainly a sonnet or two on a basis of cutlets like these. But," he added, looking round the place, "you must get out of this, old fellow."

"So I shall," answered Arnold, "when that editorship falls in."

"We won't wait for that," said Dick. "You must come and dine with me to-night. There's a man lately joined the club, a barrister, with no briefs but heaps of cash, who wants to drop a few thousands over a new paper. You shall meet him and he shall put you on the staff. He'll do anything for me, for I've introduced him to Cousin Joseph, who's going to take shares."

"I'm hardly in club form just now," answered Arnold, stroking his threadbare sleeve, with an odd expression.

"That's no matter," said Dick. "We'll dine elsewhere, on the quiet. You must come, it will be a new start for you." And before he left, Dick had named a meeting-place for the evening, and insisted on a promise from Arnold.

When our friend returned home that night he had been commissioned to write a series of articles for the new law journal to be started by Dick's friend.

Madame met him going upstairs to his room.

"Monsieur looks not well," she said. "He has the pain of the head, I think."

"Yes, but that is all," said Arnold. "Up very early this morning, Madame."

"I shall take some coffee at Monsieur's room," said Madame.

When she went up with the coffee, ten minutes later, Arnold was in a stony sleep on the bed.

#### CHAPTER XXXIII.—HOW MRS. WARREN REDUCED

MR. TRIMBLE.

LETTERS from Gilbert were received at Three Dykes, which said that his quest had been fruitless.

"He is jealous," said Marian, in an unguarded moment to Mrs. Warren. "That is why he has not succeeded."

Good Mrs. Warren bridled instantly.

"It is exceedingly wrong of you to say so, dear," she exclaimed, with some warmth. "Not one man in a thousand would have behaved as generously as he has done. He is in love with you himself, and he is doing his utmost to bring you to the favoured suitor."

"Yes; it was wrong of me. He has behaved very nobly," said Marian.

Mrs. Warren was pacified, and kissed her, and said she felt thoroughly distressed for her, and Gilbert would no doubt find him before long.

"Oh, if he could but find him!" said Marian. "I seem to have grown so selfish lately. I can think only of Arnold, lost and in want, as I am certain he must be. I weary all of you, and you are all so kind."

Mrs. Warren said they were all greatly concerned in the matter, but that it was quite natural that Marian's anxiety should exceed all of theirs, and she had shown no feeling which was not entirely becoming.

The truth is, however, life was made very uncomfortable at Three Dykes in those days; Marian allowed no peace to any of them. She was possessed by a fixed idea. She, and she alone, was responsible for what had befallen Arnold, and it was her duty above that of every one else to rescue and right him. What was to follow when this had been done she was no longer concerned to ask herself; but she made no scruple of letting every one see that Arnold had become her world.

By turns she coaxed and goaded her uncle, Mrs. Warren, and the vicar; not that she saw clearly what help, if any, they could give her; but she must endeavour to quiet her brain by proposing this thing and that, by urging one or another course on each of her friends in turn, and not sparing reproaches when she was shown the impossibility of almost every suggestion she made. As for Parson Paul, he became downright afraid of the Vineyard and its perturbed young mistress; seldom went near it till after the hour when Marian was likely to be a-bed, and used to hang out a signal of some sort from one of his upper windows when he wanted the society of the lieutenant. He used to storm at the poor lieutenant in a tremendous way, so that Lemuel began to be as much afraid of the Vicarage as Paul was of the Vineyard, and occasionally disregarded the signals, which made Paul angrier than anything else.

Mrs. Warren began to say that she must return to town, but Marian said her dear friend must on no account desert her; for though Mrs. Warren was scarcely more fertile in suggestion than the

others, she was at any rate a sympathetic listener, and this as much as anything else was what Marian wanted just now.

One day Marian had an inspiration. She ought to have had it long before, but that is nothing to the purpose.

"Why," said she to herself, "we have none of us communicated with Mr. Trimble! He must know everything. How absurdly careless and forgetful!"

She carried this notion about with her all day, and then took it to Mrs. Warren. Mrs. Warren entirely approved it, and said she wondered none of them had thought of it before.

"But it is just the way," she observed. "The most obvious thing to do is the thing one never does; I have often remarked it. You will write to him, dear, of course?"

"No," answered Marian; "I shall not write to him."

"Then what will you do, dear?"

"I shall go to him."

"Alone?"

"Yes."

"And where will you go to him?"

"I shall go to his office."

"Alone?"

"Yes."

Mrs. Warren let her book fall, and laughed.

"What are you laughing at?" asked Marian. "Can I not do that?"

"My dear child, no. It is utterly and preposterously impracticable."

Marian grew impatient.

"I am tired," she said, "of hearing that everything is utterly and preposterously impracticable. That is what you all say to all my proposals. Yet you none of you propose anything."

"Well, I am going to propose something," replied Mrs. Warren, calmly.

"And what is that, please?"

"Well, dear, we must go to work in a respectable and scientific manner. It would never do for you to call on this gentleman alone, in his own office. Think what a situation you would place yourself in. I would accompany you willingly, but it would not be a bit more respectable if we both went together. Indeed, we should find ourselves in as foolish a position as ever was. No, that is not the way at all. Let me see, he is a solicitor. Surely I know some one in that profession. Yes, there is Mrs. Seeling; her husband is a member of the firm of "Seeling and White," a firm, I believe, of very high standing. At any rate they send in very long bills, for they once undertook an annoying affair for me—when I could not get rid of a most troublesome tenant. It is a very interesting story, but never mind it now. Let me see, where was I?"

"You started with Mrs. Seeling," said Marian, not quite perceiving the drift of Mrs. Warren's remarks.

"To be sure. Well, I should think it very likely that Mr. Seeling and Mr. Trimble, being persons of eminence in their profession, are well known to each other. Very good; we approach Mr. Seeling through Mrs. Seeling, and Mr.

Trimble through Mr. Seeling. That is at once respectable and scientific."

"But Mr. Brunskill knows Mr. Trimble," said Marian.

"That makes a difference," said Mrs. Warren.

"And I think Uncle Lemuel used to know him a little."

"That is better still. But for all that my idea is not a bad one. We will go to town, you shall come to my house, and I will communicate with Mrs. Seeling. Through her we shall devise some means of approaching Mr. Trimble, both respectable and scientific. Your uncle must accompany us, and we shall set him to work in another way. What do you think of that?"

"It is the best thing we have yet thought of," answered Marian, delightedly. "We will go at once, and I will get Uncle Lemuel's consent to accompany us."

She asked Uncle Lemuel how he could possibly have omitted to communicate with Mr. Trimble respecting Arnold, and particularly respecting the severance of his connection with Mr. Trimble's firm. It may be mentioned that the vicar had had a letter from Mr. Trimble shortly after Arnold left his employ, but had suppressed it, not being quite clear as to the meaning of the solicitor's rather enigmatical epistle. The lieutenant, in answer to Marian, said it was certainly culpable that no one had written to Mr. Trimble.

Marian then gave him Mrs. Warren's proposals, to which the lieutenant said he could not object. He agreed to go with them to town, and two days later they were installed in Mrs. Warren's house in Bayswater. Parson Paul breathed an ampler air when they had gone, and he was free to range his pastures again.

"It will be better in London than at Three Dykes, at all events," Marian had thought, but when town was reached, and she glimpsed the streets stretching endlessly towards every point, and remembered through how many miles of brick and mortar they had driven from Mrs. Warren's house to the docks on their way to Madeira, her heart sank within her, and for the first time she appreciated the immensity of the task she had imposed on Gilbert.

"What is the matter, dear? you look quite dazed," said Mrs. Warren, laying a hand on her arm, as they were being driven from the station to her house.

"It is so big!" answered Marian, emphasising the last two words with a long-drawn sigh. "Who could find anything or anybody here?"

"Wait till you and I begin," said Mrs. Warren. "Men are not at all so useful in these affairs as they are supposed to be. I have noticed a singular inaptitude in them for inquiries of this sort."

The lieutenant bowed and smiled, as if acquiescing fully in this wholesale disparagement of the sex.

Gilbert, having been apprised of their coming, was an early visitor.

"My good knight-errant," said Marian, when he sat himself on the sofa beside her; "your labours have been greater than I believed. I do not wonder that you have not succeeded."



"True, I have not succeeded yet; but neither have I given up trying," was his answer.

He wondered, as he looked at her sitting there in her fresh beauty, her face kindled by the narrative he had given her of his unrewarded efforts, whether the object of their great concern was worthy of it. What would not Gilbert have promised and paid to know that her face had shone, or ever could shine, like that for him. She was animated, he had stirred her interest, she spoke to him without reserve or restraint. It was good to enjoy even this with her, though he knew that he was not the cause of her eagerness.

"Have you still some hope, then?" she asked.

"Hope? I live on it!" said he, with a forced gaiety, for in this way he could bring her to smile and look pleased. "Every day I strike some new path and follow it. It leads nowhere, perhaps, when I have followed it to the end; but I always have a reason to give myself for that, and I strike out again on a better principle. But I do not rely on myself only; I have my emissaries, who know the road better than I do. Depend upon it, one or other of us will come up with him before long."

"How good you are!" she said; "I think no one but you would have done this for me."

And the lover took this as his payment, and went away satisfied.

The lieutenant was for calling in person on Trimble at once, but Mrs. Warren peremptorily forbade this line of action. Nor would she suffer him to write; she knew, she said, a better mode than these of circumventing the man of parchments.

So the lieutenant, when Marian's importunities tried him too sorely, used to go out and ride on the knife-board of an omnibus, keeping an eye on both sides of the road at once, with a view to discover in any pedestrian the lineaments of Arnold.

A pleasant-looking lady called one afternoon, whom Mrs. Warren introduced to no one, but received in her boudoir, where they were closeted for upwards of an hour.

"What did you think of her?" asked Mrs. Warren afterwards of Marian.

"Of your visitor?" answered Marian. "I only saw her as she was going upstairs."

"That was Mrs. Seeling."

"Oh! Tell me everything you said and did, you two. Why was not I there?"

"You there, indeed! You would have spoiled everything. You would have been disrespectful and unscientific in your proposals, and nothing would have satisfied you. Mrs. Seeling and I are very clever and long-headed persons, and we know what may and may not be done with propriety. We have arranged the whole plan of the campaign, and operations will be commenced immediately."

"Tell me; please tell me," said Marian, excitedly.

"Well, then, there is to be a dinner-party."

"A dinner-party! What a dreadfully British way of beginning," pouted Marian.

"There is nothing like a dinner-party," replied Mrs. Warren, in a quiet tone of conviction. "Anything and everything may be done during

or immediately after a well-ordered banquet. I have never known it fail, provided you have a trustworthy cook; and Mrs. Seeling assures me that her cook is to be relied on in every dish."

"And what after the dinner, Mrs. Warren?"

"Coffee, my dear. Mrs. Seeling has the Turkish recipe. It is during the period of coffee that the affair will be completed."

"I don't understand in the least what you are going to do," said Marian.

"To be sure you don't, dear," replied Mrs. Warren, complacently stroking the girl's head; "but it is of no consequence, Mrs. Seeling and Susan Warren know, and that is enough. But you look so stupidly bewildered that I will tell you. Mr. Trimble is to make one at this dinner-party; you and I are to make two more. You will be dressed in white, and look very nice and interesting—that is all you will have to do. We may not call upon you even to open your lips the whole evening."

"I am sure I shall enjoy myself very much," said Marian.

"It is quite immaterial whether you do or not, my dear. Your part will be to create an agreeable impression, and nothing further."

"And what are you to do, Mrs. Warren?"

"First, Mr. Seeling, who is not to be in the secret at all, will open fire with a question which it will be given him to put. This will produce the desired effect on Mr. Trimble, and I shall do the rest. If you watch in a discreet manner from some quiet corner of the room you will see what you will see."

"And what is Uncle Lemuel to do?"

"We shall leave him at home. Sarah will get him a nice little dinner, and afterwards he will read the evening paper, or walk in the park; the fullest liberty will be given him."

"And will this help us to find Arnold, Mrs. Warren?"

"It will be a poor look-out if it does not," replied Mrs. Warren.

On a night soon after this Mr. Trimble remained behind when his clerks had left the office, and put on festive raiment in his inner room. What did he know of plots or machinations as he smoothed his tie and gave a nice set to his coat!

When he had finished his toilet he took a turn round the office and glanced into Mr. Jones's room, the same that Arnold had occupied. It was scrupulously neat, not a stray paper visible, but Mr. Trimble frowned and looked dissatisfied. "There's no finding fault with the rogue," he muttered, as he went out.

He took a cab, and gave the number of a house in Russell Square.

Mrs. Warren and Marian were late in arriving.

"Is he here?" whispered Mrs. Warren, when she had shaken hands with her hostess.

"Yes; he has just come."

"Show him to me," said Mrs. Warren, adjusting her glasses.

"Behind you, at the fireplace, talking to my husband."

"Ah! a solid man, with a slow-working brain

and a droop of the eyelids. He reminds me of my brother Edward, whom I could always manage."

A small party, chiefly professional, and most of the guests acquainted with each other. The males were already talking shop—where two or three lawyers are gathered together, the talk is inevitably and invariably shop.

"Chubb's had another decision reversed." "Yes, the third in as many weeks. They say he can't get over it." "A poor lot of Q.C.'s, this last batch; only one college man amongst them." "I don't believe in college men. The three cracks amongst the advocates never took a degree in their lives." "There's a new man just come out who'll do something good before long; Earl his name is. I've put two or three small things in his way, and he's pulled them all off. A west countryman; they have long heads there." "Ah! he's connected with newspapers, isn't he? [This from Trimble.] I distrust a man who's connected with newspapers;" and so on.

To Mr. Trimble, as the guest of highest standing in the profession, Mrs. Warren and Marian were both introduced.

"What have you done with Arnold?" is what Marian would have liked to say, but she had been bidden to be very silent on that topic, and all she said was that she had *not* seen the new Law Courts, Mr. Trimble having questioned her thereon.

Dinner. Soup, fish, and with the *entrées* a little dry champagne.

Mr. Seeling leaned across the table and said in a careless tone to Mr. Trimble, "What has become of young Lee, who was with you so long?"

Mr. Trimble, who was eating larks with every symptom of relish, narrowly escaped being choked by a leg-bone. He frowned, reddened, disengaged the bone, looked up, and replied, "He is a bankrupt; that's all I know of him."

"What a horrid person!" thought Marian, and then her heart bled for Arnold, a bankrupt.

"It was too sudden," thought Mrs. Warren. "He is choleric, and lark-bones are really very dangerous things. I wonder any of us have the heart to eat them; but since they are here, and really very nicely cooked, it would be a pity to waste them. I must remedy matters after dinner."

Mr. Seeling said no more about Arnold, the subject being evidently a disquieting one; and in due course the dessert made its appearance. By the time this stage was reached Mr. Trimble was once more of a cheerful countenance.

Under the combined influence of coffee and music, a little later on, Mr. Trimble turned a kindly and not too speculative eye upon the company at large, and began to be disposed for slumber.

Mrs. Warren, watching her opportunity, saw that she must delay no longer. She seated herself beside him, and opened up in this way:

"I heard a name mentioned to you at dinner in which I am greatly interested."

"Whose name was that, madam?" inquired the solicitor, smiling on her

"The name of Mr. Lee."

Mr. Trimble roused himself and looked at Mrs. Warren, with an expression half of annoyance and half of incredulity.

"You knew him, madam?" said he.

"I have the pleasure of a slight acquaintance with him, but I am very intimate with friends of his in the country."

"Hum! Yes. He had friends, I believe."

"And still has," said Mrs. Warren, feelingly—"friends who are very greatly distressed on his account."

"What has become of him?" said Mr. Trimble.

This was a question Mrs. Warren was not prepared for; in fact, it was the very question which, later on, she had intended to put to Mr. Trimble. Did Mr. Trimble know no more than the rest?

"Do you not know?" she said.

"I don't know where he is at present," replied Mr. Trimble.

"I wish you would tell me all you do know," said Mrs. Warren, with the softest, most persuasive air in the world.

Mr. Trimble devoutly wished he had gone to sleep just ten minutes ago, when it had first occurred to him as an agreeable mode of shortening the evening. He wished he had not accepted Seeling's invitation. He wished Mrs. Trimble would summon him home by telegram; but above all he wished Mrs. Warren at the other end of the drawing-room. Unfortunately he had no wishing-cap, and he found himself still face to face with Mrs. Warren, who had just made a very awkward request.

But he remembered he had spoken somewhat ungraciously in reply to his host's question at the dinner-table, and thought that if this lady were a friend of his troublesome ex-manager, and an intimate friend of his ex-manager's friends, it was probable that his words had left a somewhat displeasing impression on her mind. This, at all events, must be removed. So he set himself somewhat unwillingly to comply with Mrs. Warren's request.

"Young Mr. Lee, madam," said he, "came to me in great urgency some months ago, just after I had promoted him to the highest place in my office, and requested to borrow the sum of £250. I was fool enough to lend it to him. I beg your pardon, that is not a nice expression. Let me say rather that I was unwise enough to accede to his request. He was very pressing about it, and as I had always found him an honest and steady lad, and had great faith in him, I could not bring myself to deny him."

Marian, seated in the farthest corner of the room, with a music-stand betwixt herself and a too ardent young barrister, watched this colloquy with interest the more intense that she could not of course overhear a word of it.

"May I ask when this took place?" inquired Mrs. Warren.

"It happened either immediately after Christmas, or within a day or two of the new year. I find that I am never precise as to dates after business hours," replied Mr. Trimble.

"Christmas or the new year," thought Mrs.

Warren. "This explains much. It was just then that they were trying to get Marian away to Madeira."

She made a signal to Marian that the attack was progressing satisfactorily, and commenced to ply Mr. Trimble again.

"And what followed, if I may venture to ask, after you had generously advanced him this large sum?"

Mr. Trimble winced slightly, and more than ever wished himself asleep.

"Many things followed, Mrs. Warren, of a more or less painful nature. There is no need for me to enter into details of the daily routine of a lawyer's office. Enough that I very soon had occasion to repent of what I had done. I fear that by my absurd and most unprofessional readiness to comply with Lee's desire I did something to spoil a very promising lad."

"How could that have been, Mr. Trimble? Could so good a deed produce such unhappy consequences?"

"Madam, it was not a good deed; it was very much the reverse of a good deed. I unwittingly helped that young man to bring serious trouble upon himself, and we were both of us punished for it—I by losing an efficient helper, who might one day have been my partner; he by losing a position which few of his age and slight experience have enjoyed."

"It is most sad," said Mrs. Warren, earnestly; "but I am still not quite clear as to the nature of this trouble poor Mr. Lee brought upon himself."

"I have never been clear as to that myself," replied Mr. Trimble.

"What then—" began Mrs. Warren.

"But this I know," interrupted the solicitor, "that from the day I handed him a cheque for £250 a change for the worse came over him."

"He told you, I suppose, for what purpose he required the money?" said Mrs. Warren, more eager than she appeared respecting the answer this query might fetch.

"No!" exclaimed Trimble, with something of triumph in his voice; "that is just the thing he would not do. And when weeks went by, and he fell away more and more in his work, in his manner, in his appearance, I was driven to the worst possible conclusions. I felt convinced, and still do, that—you must pardon me, madam—that he had allowed himself to be entangled in some discreditable affair, something that would not bear to be looked into, and therefore that could not be confessed."

"And so, Mr. Trimble—?"

"And so, Mrs. Warren, he left me. His habits had become altogether incompatible with that strictness of conduct which is indispensable in such an office as mine."

"And you do not know where he is at present?"

"I do not. Steps were—hum! Steps were taken for the—the recovery of this large amount, and I believe that, as a matter of fact, Lee is at this present time a bankrupt."

"Poor dear splendid boy!"

This was Mrs. Warren's final comment on Mr. Trimble's story.

Mr. Trimble gasped, as if he had been struck smartly somewhere in the region of the waistband. The slight gesture with which Mrs. Warren signalled Marian at this stage would alone have suggested the analogy.

"Really, madam," said Mr. Trimble, when he had succeeded in freeing his tongue, "I do not understand your expression. May I be forgiven if I say that you seem to know more about this affair than I do?"

When Mr. Trimble had finished his story he had jerked his watch out of his pocket, as a delicate sign to a lady who had (or had had) a husband of her own, that Mrs. Trimble looked for his coming.

Mrs. Warren, of course, took no notice of Mr. Trimble's watch, and he was sorry now that he had pulled it out, for he could not in his agitation get it in again. There are few situations in which a man preserves less dignity than in the effort to get a large watch into a small fob.

"I know more, and I know less, than you do, Mr. Trimble," replied Mrs. Warren. "I know that you have formed a complete misconception respecting Mr. Lee and his misfortune. I believe that I now understand the whole matter, and if I am right, Mr. Lee has performed an act of the most heroic self-sacrifice. You speak of some discreditable entanglement, but the only affair of the heart in which Mr. Lee has ever been concerned is a most honourable attachment to a young lady of the highest character."

"Is that indeed so?" said Mr. Trimble, with some feeling.

"It is the case," replied Mrs. Warren. "You yourself have met the young lady, Mr. Trimble, and at no very distant date."

"You surprise me very greatly," said Mr. Trimble.

"She is here in this room," said Mrs. Warren. "You were introduced to her this evening by Mrs. Seeling. She is the niece of your old college friend, Lieutenant Dean."

"You astonish me profoundly!" said Mr. Trimble. "The beautiful and charming young lady who is now talking with Mrs. Seeling, I suppose?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Warren. "That is Miss Dean. It would not surprise me to know that it was for her sake, when she was dangerously ill in the winter, and her uncle (who is to her in the place of the father she lost when a child) could not procure the means to send her abroad as the doctors ordered, that her lover, Arnold, borrowed this sum from you. If it were so, you can understand his unwillingness to give you any explanation."

"Mrs. Warren, you have interested me in the highest degree," said Mr. Trimble, gravely, kindly, and with emphasis. "I am open," he went on, "not to argument only, but to conviction; and I should welcome the certain knowledge that there are matters in which I have deceived myself."

The good man in truth was completely flabbergasted.



"I thank you, Mr. Trimble," said Mrs. Warren. "Your expressions do you honour. But it is not right that you should have this matter merely at second-hand. I trust you will allow me to take steps to lay before you what I believe to be the full and entire truth."

"By so doing, madam," replied the solicitor, "you will lay me under a heavy debt of gratitude."

He made her a handsome bow, and she withdrew. Mr. Trimble, on her departure, found himself with something less than the consistency of a polyp, and his coffee-cup empty of stimulant.

"I believe I have made a great fool of myself," said Mr. Trimble, and rose up and went home.

#### CHAPTER XXXIV.—OF MR. TRIMBLE'S AFTER BEHAVIOUR.

"IT is all going excellently," said Mrs. Warren to Marian, when they were discussing the reduction of Mr. Trimble, on the morning after the dinner-party.

Mrs. Warren was satisfied that she had now got to the root of the matter. Arnold owed Mr. Trimble £250. Unquestionably it was for Marian he had borrowed it. Precisely what had followed, as regarded Arnold's relations with the solicitor, she did not know; but she guessed shrewdly enough that Mr. Trimble had been annoyed from the first at being kept entirely in the dark as to Arnold's object in procuring the loan, and that motives of pique and jealousy had had much to do with Arnold's ultimate dismissal, since dismissed he had evidently been. Undoubtedly, too, it was through Mr. Trimble's action that he had been made a bankrupt.

There was more to be learned, inasmuch as Mr. Trimble knew no more than Arnold's friends where Arnold was at present; but, at any rate, something had been effected towards clearing up the mystery in which the whole affair had been involved up to the night of the dinner-party.

"I am still a good deal in the dark," said Marian. "I did not much like his appearance; what sort of person did you find him?"

"I found him very like my brother Edward, dear," replied Mrs. Warren.

"But I never knew your brother Edward, Mrs. Warren."

"True, dear; I had forgotten. He had a very good heart when you reached it, but in his intellectual parts he was what I call fluffy. Now Mr. Trimble is fluffy; but I like him, for his foundations are correct, and he is willing to be persuaded. I have gone some way to persuade him that he has been behaving like a man without any wisdom; but his lights have not been quite clear, and we must all of us act according to our lights."

"But I really don't understand what it is that you have done, Mrs. Warren," pleaded Marian.

"My dear! did you not then understand my signals?"

"Gesture is after all quite a primitive mode of expression, you know," said Marian.

"I don't know anything about primitive modes of expression, Marian, but I signalled you as

plainly as possible in the drawing-room last night that I had—well, upon my word, you oblige me to use a most vulgar form of speech. My poor dear brother Edward had a painful habit of borrowing pugilistic phrases in his conversation, and when he got the better of a person in argument he spoke of having knocked that person out of time. It is a shocking style of speech, but your extreme slowness of apprehension, dear, which I wonder at in a girl of your attainments, compels me to tell you that I knocked Mr. Trimble out of time last night."

Mrs. Warren looked so thoroughly ashamed of herself in making this draft on the phraseology of her late brother that Marian stopped her laughter to offer a humble apology.

"But after all, dear Mrs. Warren," she went on, when the apology had been tendered and accepted, "what is the outcome? What was the use of proving to Mr. Trimble that he has acted unjustly towards Arnold? Poor Arnold! The mischief has been done, you see, and Mr. Trimble knows no more than we do where Arnold is at present."

"After this, dear," said Mrs. Warren, gravely, "I really must entreat you never again to have anything to do with what you call high mathematics. It is a study which seems to unfit people for grasping the most ordinary facts of our common daily existence. You positively cannot see what I have achieved? You surprise me. We have two things to accomplish. We have in the first place to find out where Arnold is. That we can do without Mr. Trimble's assistance. When we have found him we have, in the second place, to bring about his reinstatement in his profession. For that we shall need Mr. Trimble's help. Mr. Trimble has, as I believe, made the poor young man a bankrupt; he must undo that, for I believe it can be done in such a manner that no stain or stigma need remain. Very well; now, as the result of what I told him last night, Mr. Trimble is already favourably disposed towards us. He begins to see that he has been in the wrong. We shall prove it to him clearly before we have finished, and I am certain that he will do then whatever we ask of him. Now, my poor child, do you begin to understand?"

Marian put her arms round Mrs. Warren's neck and kissed her on both cheeks.

"Dear Mrs. Warren," she said, "you have the best brain of us all."

Mrs. Warren received this encomium as no other than her due, but she returned Marian's salute with warmth.

"And now," said Marian, "what is the next thing to be done? Am I not to be allowed to beard the ogre at all?"

"I do not know whether you are to be trusted," replied Mrs. Warren, whereat, of course, Marian looked much aggrieved. "I don't mean, dear, that you would not behave yourself with propriety, but I doubt whether you would quite understand what to do, or how to do it."

"You shall instruct me, Mrs. Warren," she answered, meekly.

"I could not in any case think of letting you go alone," said Mrs. Warren.



"Then you must go with me."

"No, I think I must remain in the background for the present; I have done enough at the front. But there is the lieutenant—is he to be trusted? You see we must be very careful not to spoil but to strengthen the good impression we have produced. I am convinced that the assistance of Mr. Trimble is necessary, and to that end we must first make sure of his friendship. Yes, I think that you and the lieutenant shall go together."

The lieutenant, for his part, was only too glad to be allowed to do something—anything. Lately he had been wondering why they had brought him up to town at all, his *rôle* in the detective service which Mrs. Warren had organised being the humblest possible. This going to and fro on the knife-boards of omnibuses was very well, but it led nowhere, unless to Shepherd's Bush or the Bank. This perambulating of the park was healthy enough as an exercise; but between the Round Pond and the Serpentine it is a narrow way, and Arnold was not in any of these places.

"Yes, yes; I will accompany her with pleasure," said the lieutenant, when Mrs. Warren unfolded to him the plan of the proposed new assault on Mr. Rupert Trimble. "But is Mr. Trimble prepared to receive us?"

"I will prepare him," replied Mrs. Warren.

Accordingly, very soon after this, she issued this brief order during breakfast:

"You will go to-day, both of you."

The old soldier took the word of command as a soldier should, without a syllable; but Marian, who was unused to military precepts, called for explanations.

"Where are we to go? How will he receive us? Is Uncle Lemuel to talk, or am I to talk, or is Mr. Trimble to talk, and which of us is to begin? and—"

"My dear, you have said more than enough," interrupted Mrs. Warren. "You will see Mr. Trimble at his office in Bedford Row. The reception he will accord you will, I imagine, depend principally on your own behaviour. I think that unless Mr. Trimble himself leads the way, you had better allow your uncle to open the conversation. Perhaps, dear, it will not be necessary for you to talk at all; but if you do say anything, I trust you will be very guarded in your language, and not allow yourself to be carried away by your feelings. Remember that Mr. Trimble's present disposition is a very friendly one, and that nothing must be said or done which might induce him to change it."

All of which was received in a duly submissive spirit by the lieutenant, as an orderly officer might listen to mingled counsel and reproof from his general; but Marian, as a young person unfamiliar with the discipline of war, reserved to herself the privilege of pouting.

"A cab will be ready at eleven o'clock to take you both to Bedford Row," said Mrs. Warren, when breakfast was over; and as the clock struck eleven wheels were heard outside.

The lieutenant had been waiting in the hall for at least a quarter of an hour, with his cane in his

hand, and his cloak, the only martial badge that remained to him, neatly draped over his arm.

Marian tripped down stairs in a grey dress, which Mrs. Warren herself had selected as a colour at once modest and becoming, which befitted an occasion of some gravity. The maid was waiting at the foot of the stairs with a yellow rose, but Mrs. Warren at once rejected it, on the ground that if Mr. Trimble had any familiarity with the language of flowers—and really persons in his curious and rather painful profession came to know so many things—he would at once recognise the inappropriateness of the emblem.

"What does a yellow rose stand for, then?" asked Marian.

"For that which is not true in your case, my dear," replied Mrs. Warren, as she dismissed the maid with orders to put the rose in water.

The lieutenant handed his niece into the cab and placed himself beside her, and Mrs. Warren shut the door on them, and gave them her blessing and the cabman the address.

"You don't feel at all alarmed, Uncle Lemuel, do you?" said Marian, for the lieutenant preserved a grave and silent demeanour, and kept arranging and rearranging his cloak on his arm.

"No, my dear, no; of what should I be frightened?" he replied.

"For my part," said Marian, "I don't feel a bit afraid of anything or anybody."

"It is very well, my dear, it is very well indeed; though for my own part I would not go quite so far as that."

They rode in silence until the cab turned into Bedford Row.

"Oh!" exclaimed Marian; "the cab is stopping; this must be the place."

"It is very likely, for we have driven a long way, but—what is the matter, my dear? You are not frightened?"

"Frightened! oh, no, indeed! But—yes, I suppose this is the place. To think that Arnold went in and out of this dingy dusty house for so many years. Do you think, Uncle Lemuel, it would be better if you—if you went in first?"

"No, Marian, assuredly not; we ought, I feel certain, to make our entry together; it was Mrs. Warren's wish that we should do so."

They passed into the outer office, where Master Tomahawk Jarvis, who thought Marian would be a charming captive to rescue from the clutches of an opposing tribe, inquired of the lieutenant his name and his business.

"Say Lieutenant Dean has called by appointment, if you please," replied the lieutenant, Mrs. Warren having schooled him thus far.

"Lieutenant Dean, by appointment, sir," said the Boy Chief, putting his head in at Mr. Trimble's door.

Marian's glance wandered timidly round the office; she wondered which of the clerks sat in Arnold's seat; she caught sight of Mr. Jones in the manager's room, and concluded he must be Arnold's successor. She wished she had not talked so bravely about not being frightened of anything or anybody.

"Walk in," said Mr. Trimble to the boy; but

he meant that Lieutenant Dean was to walk in, not the boy.

Marian and her uncle were ushered in, and the door closed behind them.

On the first visit of new clients Mr. Trimble generally decided at a glance whether to receive them sitting or standing, but he had already risen from his chair when Marian and the lieutenant entered.

The room looked just as it had done on the day when Arnold quitted it—or, for that matter, as it had done on any day in any year for twenty years past. The deed-boxes of "Green v. White," "Exors. of Simpson," and so on, occupied the same places on the same shelf, and the silver hand-bell, the sand-box, and the inkstand stood precisely where they always did on Mr. Trimble's desk.

Mr. Trimble shook hands with both of them, and was the first to speak.

"It is many years since you and I met," he said to the lieutenant.

"It is more than five-and-thirty," replied the lieutenant.

"Five-and-thirty years," said Mr. Trimble, slowly, "is a long time."

"It is fifteen years short of half a century," said the lieutenant.

"You are right, lieutenant," replied Mr. Trimble; "it is neither more nor less than that. It is fifteen years short of half a century."

"It is ten years more than a quarter of a century," said the lieutenant, encouraged to find how well he was getting on.

"It is ten years more than a quarter of a century," responded Mr. Trimble.

"We met last, if my memory does not betray me," said the lieutenant, "at the Great Exhibition of '51."

"That was a very fine display," observed Mr. Trimble.

"I have heard of nothing like it since," answered the lieutenant.

"But here," said Mr. Trimble, turning to Marian, for whom he drew a seat near his desk—"here is a young lady to whom all this is only a matter of history."

"Marian was not born at that time," said the lieutenant, who would not have believed that he could talk so fluently.

"There is no need to tell me that," returned Mr. Trimble, politely.

"My niece was not born for twelve or thirteen years after that time," said the lieutenant.

"I will call no witnesses in support of that statement," replied Mr. Trimble, with a gallant smile.

Indeed, each gentleman was persuaded that in a conversational point of view he was doing himself the highest possible justice.

Marian thought it was time they left chronologising and came to Arnold.

A pause ensued. Mr. Trimble sat down again at his desk, and the lieutenant took a seat beside Marian.

Mr. Trimble shuffled his letters and cleared his throat.

His visitors, did they but know it, could not have come upon him in a more favourable mood. It was a charming day, and Mr. Trimble, whose temper shifted with the barometer, was charmingly disposed. The man had much warmth at his heart when one got down to it; we have seen him a man of impulse, jealous, and, for a man of his trade, somewhat sensitive; who could act with meanness or generosity, as the mood impelled him. He did a thing in haste, and in seven cases out of ten he repented it at leisure. He lent Arnold £250 in haste and repented it at leisure. He dismissed him from his service in haste, and that also at his leisure he had since repented.

The conversation Mrs. Warren had forced upon him at the dinner-party the other evening had impressed him deeply. It had done so because in a moment it had let in a flood of light upon what had until then been a mystery to him. It made him see Arnold and his conduct as, perhaps, it had scarcely been possible for him to see them before.

The matter had been greatly on his mind since then, for at bottom he was a man of thorough honesty, and, once roused, he did not rest till he had sifted an affair to the uttermost.

He took himself to task, brought under review his whole conduct in relation to Arnold, and came to the conclusion that if Mrs. Warren were faithfully informed as to what she had told him and as to what she had suggested, he had acted with something less than common fairness.

Arnold's persistent secrecy in the matter of the loan had angered him; Jones's tongue had done the rest. He was bound to acknowledge that these two things had been the determining motives of his abrupt dismissal of the best man he had on his staff. If, then, Mrs. Warren had given him the true story—or in part given and in part suggested it—he had been the dupe of his own jealousy and of Jones's machinations.

He was curious—nay, he was eager—to have the whole truth before him; until he had that he was not the man to confess or even to hint himself in the wrong.

"My friend, Mrs. Warren," he began, "if I may call her that on so short an acquaintance, was good enough the other evening to unfold some matters to me about which I had been a little in the dark. I need not say more definitely to what I refer. You are both, I believe, interested with me in what has certainly been rather a sad concern. To me it has involved much pain, apart from the fact that it ended by losing me the services of a valued helper. Mrs. Warren told me something, but not all; I think I gathered from her that you, lieutenant, or you, Miss Dean, or both of you, were in a position to tell me everything."

"There is at most but little to tell," said the lieutenant. "Last winter my niece was very seriously ill, how seriously she herself did not know. The doctors told me that the one hope of saving her life lay in sending her out of the country. I knew that this was impossible, so far as I was concerned. I prayed to God that He would help us, and He sent Arnold to be our

deliverer. Arnold and my niece have known one another from children; they grew up together. Arnold, who, when he was at home, lived almost as much under my roof as under his uncle's, was as my son, and I knew what Marian did not then know, that he loved her with more than the love of an old playfellow. Arnold was at home at this time. The very night that he heard from his uncle's lips how desperate her case was, he re-

as Uncle Lemuel could tell it, was told to me, and I knew for the first time how he had sacrificed himself for me, had ruined himself for me; how he had left you in disgrace, and had hidden himself, and—and—" Her lip trembled, but she mastered herself. Yet when she tried to begin again, she broke down afresh, and ended sobbing. "Arnold is lost to us, we have come to you, will you not help us?"



AN INTERVIEW WITH MR. TRIMBLE.

turned to London, and the next night he came back bringing with him bank-notes to the amount of £250.

"With these he came to me on the following morning, and forced me to take them for Marian's sake. My conscience went against it, but the choice was between life and death. I took his money, my niece went to Madeira, and it is but a short time since she returned in full health. Arnold was the instrument, under God, whereby her life was saved."

"All this is as my uncle says, Mr. Trimble," said Marian; "but it is but yesterday since I knew it. When I came home there was no news of Arnold; he did not write, I found that he had not written for long. One day I learned that neither Uncle Lemuel nor Mr. Brunskill knew anything about him; then the whole story, as far

Tears had flowed in this room before now, and though the lieutenant's eyes were filmy, there was no moisture in Mr. Trimble's. But he was ripe for explosion, and he exploded.

"Heaven forgive me! I have done very wrong," said he. "I should have been this lad's friend, I have been his worst enemy. No, not his worst, for I fear I have let myself be the cat's-paw of a man who can be nothing but a rascal." And Mr. Trimble glared at the door as though he would, if he could, pierce it and Jones together. "I have been a very stupid man, a very credulous man, an insensate man, a wicked man. Do you know what I have done? I have dismissed this poor Arnold, this Lee, from my service because I let myself think he was deceiving me, and playing double. That was bad, but I have done worse. I have made a bankrupt of him.



But he must be righted; I will right him myself. It is all the justice I can do him. Where is he?"

"Alas! that is what we do not know," said the lieutenant.

Mr. Trimble, still simmering after this thoroughly characteristic outburst, rapped his desk impatiently with his knuckles, and then catching sight of his bell, took it up and rang it violently.

"Mr. Jones!"

That gentleman appeared immediately.

"Mr. Lee's last address?"

"Robert Street, sir, close to this; but Mr. Lee is no longer there."

"How do you know that?"

"I called there, sir, not long since."

"What business had you to call? But no matter; where is he now?"

"The person of the house could not give me any information, sir."

"I don't know what business you had to ask for information."

"I, sir! Why—"

"Yes, yes, I know; that will do."

"Is there nothing further, sir?"

"Not at present."

Mr. Jones withdrew, slightly discomfited, and wondering what this might bode.

"And this fellow," growled Mr. Trimble, half to himself and half to his audience—"this fellow pretended to be Lee's friend. Poor Lee! But he shall be righted."

"But," objected Marian, sadly, "no one knows where he is."

"Tut! my dear young lady," replied the solicitor, a little testily; "do you think we cannot find a man when we want him! I would wager he is within a mile of us at this moment. We unearthed a man we wanted in San Francisco last week, and he was a better hand than Arnold at hiding."

"How can we thank you?" said Marian. "You are indeed more than kind to us."

"I am doing now what, if I had had my eyes open at the first, it would never have been necessary for me to do. I will have no thanks, if you please," replied Mr. Trimble.

"But you are kind indeed," said the lieutenant, "and I do not forget that we lie under a heavy debt to you: for Arnold's debt is not his, but mine, and it shall be my duty—"

"That," interrupted Mr. Trimble, "is a thing which can be talked of at any time, and is certainly of no consequence at present. We have now to find this poor Arnold, and then to right him."

"Will not this righting of him be a difficult matter?" said the lieutenant.

"He is a bankrupt, poor Arnold!" said Marian. "And they say that leaves a stain for life."

"I tell you," said Mr. Trimble, energetically, "he shall be set upon his legs sounder than ever he was. His bankruptcy shall be as though it had never been, for I myself will annul it."

CHAPTER XXXV.—"I THING I SEND THE DOCTOR AT YOU."

WE left Arnold in a dead sleep upon his bed. The entry of Madame with the coffee did not rouse him; and Madame, feeling the chilliness of the room, and observing that the lodger shivered in his sleep, fetched a couple of old shawls from her own room, and put them over him.

"I thing I send for the doctor," said Madame to herself, as she took her way downstairs again.

At about midnight Arnold awoke, desperately cold in his lower extremities and uncomfortably hot in his head, an absurd arrangement, as he pointed out to himself whilst undressing.

"Ah! Madame has been here," he said, seeing the coffee, which Madame by mere force of habit had placed to keep hot on the hob over the empty grate.

"As I shall have to pay for it" (though Madame, by the way, had not put the coffee to his account) "I may as well drink it," he went on, moving across to the fire-place. "Ugh! cold as the hob. Well, thanks to Madame all the same; it was good of her to tramp upstairs with it."

He went on with his undressing, his brain in a rather somnolent state, until he recalled the proceedings of the earlier part of the evening, and the commission for work which he had received in connection with the new paper. Then he was sanguine again, and thought of nothing but the better days that were coming.

He was half disposed to fetch out pen and paper at once, but a wretched shivering fit seized him, and he sat down on the bed, and listened to his teeth chattering. Clearly a man could not do justice to himself or his editor in this ridiculous condition of body.

"Sleep it off!" thought Arnold, "and turn out better 'copy' in the morning." So he finished undressing, and got into bed, and slept more comfortably than might have been expected.

He slept for twelve hours, with scarcely a sound, and rose up feeling better. The new work had put heart into him. But Madame, when she saw him, kept on saying, "I thing I send the doctor at you."

Arnold laughed; the notion of sending the doctor to a man who had just had a promise of unlimited work at a paying price pricked his sense of humour.

He rattled two-and-sixpence in his pocket and called for a whole bottle of red wine at a shilling. The barber himself was generally content with half a bottle at sixpence. He called the count to share it with him; and the count, who had no false pride about him, drank his share, and tendered a cigarette in return for Arnold's hospitality.

Then Arnold went up to his room, wrote and dispatched his first article, and by return of post received a letter from the editor complimenting him on his style. The editor was a new hand, who did not think it beneath him to commend good work.



Arnold was in great feather, and began to think he might soon write home again. He had had many thoughts of those at home, since he had voluntarily cut himself off from all communication with them. Had Marian returned from Madeira? What had she said or thought when she knew of his long silence? Had they told her of his disgrace? and what had she said or thought of that? He never believed that the lieutenant would betray his trust to the extent of revealing their secret; but if he had preserved it faithfully, how hard must it have been for Marian to think of him as he knew that she had always thought in the past.

This, of course, had been the bitterest drop in his cup—that Marian should have heard of his disgrace and known not how to explain it. He had boundless faith in her, but he knew how sorely her faith in him must have been tried, and often he was tortured when he asked himself how long her faith would endure.

He was sanguine now, for he foresaw the day when he might leave this creeping in the labyrinth, and go back to her and tell her everything, and ask if it were in her heart to reward him?

For a few days all went bravely with him. He shook off the disease of the mind that had been stealing on him; it would have been well had he been able to do as much for his body. Want of food, and the ceaseless strain of work carried over from the day into the night, and the depression born of frequent visions of a time when work might fail entirely—the cumulative effect of all this had been to induce a condition of body in which he was ripe for sickness of the worst sort.

With so many potent causes in operation, the opportunity of collapse is readily furnished. A sudden *coup de vent*, a slip in the street or on the stairs, a chill, a cold, persistent headache—in any one of these the victim who is prepared may quickly find his account.

Madame, who had a keen eye to her customers, noticed that Arnold had lately cut himself down to siege rations. She said one day, when he had dined on a small bowl of soup, "Mistah Lee, why you eat so small? You used be have good hap-petite. You 'fraid of you bill? Hey! dat not of no account. You heat, and you pay me w'en you habel."

This was just before the turn had come in Arnold's fortunes. He thought now that he might avail himself of Madame's generosity; but he had been cozening Nature for too long a day, and she wanted her revenge.

There was a dresser in the Middlesex Hospital who had his lodgings in Soho, and used sometimes to come to the Restaurant Parisien for his supper. He, too, was one of the strait-pursed fraternity, and had grown friendly with Arnold. He took to rallying him on his bad looks.

"You'll be giving us a call one of these days, old fellow," he said, laughing, and nodding in the direction of the hospital. "I'll get them to make up a bed for you," he added.

Arnold put it off as carelessly.

"You're wanting a new subject for the dissecting-room, eh? Well, don't flatter yourself that you'll get me."

"I could carve you, my dear Lee," said the friendly dresser, "to a nicety."

"And as you did it you would chuckle in your throat to think that you owed me five shillings."

"I'd send it to a medical charity, on my honour," said the dresser; and they found this such a racy joke that they laughed until they woke the cigar-merchant sleeping in a corner of the room, who said, when they told him what they were laughing at, that it put him in mind of the best anecdote in his repertory. And he straightway proceeded to tell it to them.

#### CHAPTER XXXVI.—FOUND AND—

"BUT Mr. Trimble does not find him," said Marian.

"He has not had time," answered Mrs. Warren. "It is only three days since you were there."

"And really, my dear," said the lieutenant, recalling his peregrinations on public cars, "London appears to be a place of very considerable extent."

The fact is, however, they were all three somewhat out of heart. There was a reaction after the excitement of finding and winning over Mr. Trimble, the one only thing they had accomplished. Gilbert had not been to them for some days, which could not but mean that he had been no more successful than they.

Mrs. Warren insisted that a little patience was all they needed, and the lieutenant echoed all she said; but they themselves began to be secretly of opinion that Arnold would be found what time it pleased him to reveal his whereabouts, and not sooner.

They were sitting over the breakfast-table, and the talk, in which they harped always on the same topic, was beginning to flag, when the servant announced,

"Mr. Reade."

Marian, who had been crying, made haste to escape by a side door, and vanished just as Gilbert entered. There was news written on his face.

"You have found him!" exclaimed Mrs. Warren.

"No!" said Gilbert; "but some one else has."

And he recounted the adventure of Bell, which Bell himself had told him the night before. With what interest and curiosity they heard him may be imagined.

The lieutenant could hardly wait till Gilbert had finished, and then jumped up to fetch Marian, who, he said, must come down at once and hear the whole story from Gilbert's lips.

But Gilbert stayed him, and said, with a smile, and a look behind it which there was no mistaking:

"I should prefer that you and Mrs. Warren told it her between you."

For doubtless to poor Gilbert this was a heavy message that he bore. But he feigned, with a laugh, as though he were merely bashful of telling her, which he might well enough pretend, seeing his

news was that he, who loved Marian herself, had found for her the man she loved better.

The lieutenant silently grasped his hand, and Mrs. Warren looked very kindly on her nephew, and remembered that saying of hers about him, which she kept in her own mind.

However, there was business in hand.

"Does he know of our search for him?" asked the lieutenant.

"No," said Gilbert. "Bell told him nothing of that."

"I think perhaps it was wisest," replied the lieutenant.

"There is no doubt about that," said Gilbert, "for he was evidently bent on keeping close for the present, and to have told him that a search was on foot would probably have resulted in making him change his quarters."

"And how did your friend find the poor boy, Gilbert? I mean in what state?" asked Mrs. Warren.

"Don't be too particular about that, Aunt Susan," answered Gilbert. "We have found him; let that suffice you for the present."

"But you don't mean that he is starving, or— or anything of that kind, do you, Gilbert?"

"Oh, dear, no! nothing of the kind. Why, he lives in a French restaurant."

"A person must pay for his food whether he lives in a restaurant or anywhere else," said Mrs. Warren.

"But when are we to see him?" inquired the lieutenant.

"Well, that I take it is as you please," said Gilbert. "If you want me to be your guide I am ready to go with you at any time."

"Marian will certainly want us to go at once," said the lieutenant.

"I think you had better go this evening," said Mrs. Warren. "You must take your chance of seeing him. If you don't find him let the person of the house not say that you have been, and you must go again to-morrow."

"Are you of this mind, lieutenant?" said Reade.

"What Mrs. Warren says is always the best that can be said," replied the old soldier, who had no mind of his own while under the dominion of Mrs. Warren's.

"Then I propose we start at about six this evening," said Gilbert. "You had better come and dine with me at the club, lieutenant. We might meet young Bell, who would perhaps tell us more, and we can start from there."

This was agreed upon and Gilbert left, and Mrs. Warren went upstairs to tell Marian, who sat disconsolate on the great divan in the drawing-room.

"Well, then, they have found our Arnold!" were Mrs. Warren's first words.

"Oh! but, indeed, is it true?" cried Marian, jumping up and going to meet Mrs. Warren.

"Yes; some friend of Gilbert's, who knew that Gilbert was looking for him, met Arnold in the street late one night, on his way from a newspaper-office. Arnold took him home with him; he lives in Soho, at a French restaurant. We

have the address, and Gilbert and the lieutenant are to go to see him to-night."

"But does Arnold know? Are they certain to find him? Will he receive them?"

"Arnold knows nothing. It would never have done to tell him, for you see, dear, the poor fellow has been deliberately hiding, and would perhaps have run off somewhere else if he had learned that we were looking for him; but be sure that Gilbert and the lieutenant will find him to-night."

"Did you learn nothing about him?—how he is, what he looked like, what he is doing?"

"My dear, do not be too curious at present. No doubt he is doing very nicely, for I believe these French restaurants are very expensive places to live in, but of course we know very little just now. The great thing is that we have discovered him. To-morrow, no doubt, we shall have him here, and then we shall know everything, and everything will be right."

Yes; this Marian herself believed. Arnold was found; to-morrow he would come and see her. Would he have any reproaches for her that she, albeit unwittingly, had brought all this trouble on him? But might not she also reproach him that he had given her all these unhappy days? Ah! what mattered thinking. To-morrow she would see him, and it would be well with them both.

The streets were beginning to be dusky when Gilbert and the lieutenant were set down at the entrance to Wardour Street, whence Gilbert proposed they should make their way on foot. In a few minutes they came to the Restaurant Parisien, and went in.

"M'sieu' Lee? No gent'men, he is not here," said Madame.

"But he is living here, surely?" said Gilbert.

"Hélas! Non, messieurs. M'sieu' Lee live not here."

"This is the Restaurant Parisien, is it not?"

"But yes, gent'men. Mais, M'sieu' Lee, he live not at me 'ouse any more." And Madame looked genuinely concerned.

"What do you mean?" said Gilbert. "Do you mean that he was living here and has gone away?"

"Hélas, oui! it is that. Gent'men, I thing M'sieu' Lee ve'y sick. I thing he so sick indeed. I'm a sure of it. I thing it."

"Sick? Very sick? But what makes you think that? Do you know it, or not?" said the lieutenant, wretchedly alarmed.

"Gent'men, it jus' this a way," answered Madame, drawing them into a quiet corner of the room. "I see since a fortnight that M'sieu' Lee he don't heat. I spik at him and say, 'M'sieu' Lee, w'y you don't heat zeze time,' an' he say, 'Madame, I no got me my happetite.' 'Mais,' I say, 'you mus' have you happetite; heat like w'at you used,' I say, 'and pay me w'en you habel.' Well, he heat a leet'l mo', but it sim like it don't did him no good. Eh bien, one day he come an' say, 'Madame, I got me the mal au tête, and some colds of my legs; I go away a leet'l an' get me well.' I say, 'You mo' better stay w'ere you

is, M'sieu' Lee,' an' I fetch the doctor at you.' Mais non, he say he know a doctor w'at like to take him in a whiles an' get him well, an' then he come back at me 'ouse. I thing that doctor mus' be the young doctor w'at used come some times an' heat his petit souper 'long wis M'sieu' Lee, mais he don' come no more since M'sieu' Lee go away, so I can't hask him."

"Mr. Lee, then, is gone?"

"But yes, gent'men. He go away since four days, an' I not see him again."

Gilbert looked at the lieutenant, and the lieutenant returned his look, but neither of them spoke.

"Gent'men," said Madame, "you are the friends of M'sieu' Lee?"

"Yes," answered the lieutenant—"yes, certainly we are. We came here very anxious to see him."

"Well, then, messieurs, I ve'y hangshus see him also. Mais, look, I thing I don' see that po' M'sieu' Lee any mo'."

"What do you mean?" said the lieutenant.

Madame lifted her shoulders expressively, and replied, "I thing poor M'sieu' Lee ve'y sick."

To this the lieutenant made no reply, but he said, "We thank you, Madame, for what you have told us. Perhaps you will see this doctor you speak of, and he may be able to tell you where Mr. Lee is. I will come to you again in a day or two. Come," he added, gravely, turning to Gilbert, "let us go; we have learned all that Madame can tell us."

They quitted the restaurant, and bent their steps westwards. There was a worse ordeal to come—namely, the telling to Marian what they had heard from Madame.

The lieutenant looked quite woebegone, and Reade went about to comfort him.

"My own opinion is," he said, "that our young friend has merely played a ruse on us. He got wind somehow of what we were doing, and has gone off somewhere else, probably close by, and we shall come upon him in a day or two at latest. We are, at any rate, on the track, which is more than we could say before."

"I don't know what Marian will say," was the lieutenant's reply.

"She is a sensible girl," said Gilbert, "and will take a sensible view of it."

"You will come home with me?" said the lieutenant, nervously, for Gilbert's fair broad shoulders were good to shelter behind.

But Gilbert liked the prospect no better than the lieutenant, and pleaded a late engagement elsewhere. They came within a stone's throw of his club, and he said a hasty good night, promising to call early the next day.

The lieutenant, in a far from comfortable frame

of mind, went on his way alone, and getting to Mrs. Warren's house found that lady eating a solitary supper in the dining-room.

"What news?" said Mrs. Warren.

The lieutenant sat down and passed his hand across his eyes, with a gesture that bespoke a world of disquiet within him, and looked at her without answering.

"Ah!" said Mrs. Warren, slowly; "you have not found him."

"And am not like to, I fear," answered the lieutenant.

"How is that? What do you mean, lieutenant?" said Mrs. Warren, growing alarmed in her turn.

The lieutenant began to tell her all that Gilbert and he had received from Madame.

In the midst of his recital Marian came in. She had caught a word or two at the door, and the expression which came over the lieutenant's face when she entered the room and their eyes met, told her more.

She turned very pale, but said quietly enough to her uncle, "You bring bad news, dear uncle?"

"Indeed, dear, I do not bring such good news as I had hoped to bring," he answered.

"You have not found Arnold, Uncle Lemuel?"

"No, dear, we were not fortunate enough to find him this evening."

"How was that?"

"Well, it seems he has gone from this place he was living at."

"Did you hear why he went?"

"We heard nothing positive or definite. The landlady, to be sure, has some notion that he was ill, and went away on that account. But it seems most unlikely that he would go away if he were ill, for this landlady—an elderly Frenchwoman, dear, and quite motherly in her manner—appears to have been kind to him, and would evidently have taken care of him in sickness. Mr. Reade suggests that Arnold had come to know, by some means or other, that we were looking for him, and has taken lodgings near by that he might escape us for a time, and this I think is very probable."

"Very probable indeed; in fact, quite the most probable thing, my dear," said Mrs. Warren, in a confident tone.

"No," said Marian, "I think not. The landlady is right; he was ill, and he has gone—oh! where has he gone? No; we shall not find him now, we are too late. And I—I am all to blame." And her unnatural calm gave way, and she broke into violent sobbing, and this passed into hysteria.

They had much ado to get her to her room, and while Mrs. Warren was undressing her the fit came on again, and she was ill with hysterics half through the night.



## NUREMBERG.

BY LINDA VILLARI.

"Quaint old town of toil and traffic, quaint old town of art and song,  
Memories haunt thy pointed gables, like the rooks that round them throng."

I.



A DORMER AT NUREMBERG.

SINCE the Middle Ages have gone out of fashion, and Renaissance art and literature filled the place in our affections formerly

occupied by the romance of mediæval Germany, Nuremberg is much less visited than it was a generation ago. Nowadays, travellers to Tirol and Italy find that the old free city is out of their way; and, tempted by the well-known attractions, musical and artistic, of the Bavarian capital, prefer the direct route *viâ* Frankfort to Munich.

Yet Nuremberg nobly repays a deviation from the beaten track and the delay of slower trains. For, even in nursery days, long before we had heard of its art treasures and memories, was there not a magic sound in the mere name of Nuremberg? Was it not endeared to us by cherished toys with a certain turpentiney smell — farmyards and markets, hunts and towns, and the deliciously ugly, high-coloured wooden nutcrackers, fashioned like dwarfs with screws in their bodies, that have now vanished altogether from shops and play-cupboards? Did we not hear of Nuremberg eggs,

and yearn to possess one of those early timepieces, long before we knew the history of the wonderful town or trained our lips to call it Nürnberg, or learnt to revel in legends of robber knights and episodes of the Thirty Years' War? And so, whenever in after years we came across views of its picturesque streets in books or galleries, have we not gazed on them lovingly, as on the face of an old friend; and, having meanwhile gained some notions of Albert Dürer and Hans Sachs and other notabilities of the place, determined to see it with our own eyes at the very first opportunity?

My opportunity came at last; and once in the train bound for Nuremberg, every sight on the road seems to bring one nearer to mediæval Germany, and is a fitting prelude to its charms. The storied prettiness of the Rhine district left behind, ripening vines give way to festoons of hops and plots of tobacco; you pass through forests of fir and larch, and come to fields of gold brocade where the lupines are in bloom. Woodlands merge into pleasant meadows watered by swiftly-running streams; every village is crowned by a ruined castle; and there are storks' nests on clustered roofs about the red church spires. Flaxen-haired children are driving flocks of fat geese; here and there is a battlemented monastery; then come tracts of moorland flushed pink and purple with heather; you dive into hill-sides; you sight dark masses of pine-trees beyond a winding river crossed by an occasional ferry; you halt at mediæval towns capped by crumbling yellow walls of palace and prison, and before long at the spick and span station of manufacturing Fürth (where most of the toys and wood carvings are now made). And then you see a confusion of dusky, jagged roofs pierced by lofty spires and high walls; massive towers loom above the greenery of a steep hillside, and you know that your goal is reached. This is Nuremberg, the "jewel-casket of the German empire." Your first impression is that it should rather be named the city of wonderful roofs. Mighty roofs heave their four and five rows of dormers high in air above a forest of lower dwellings, with roofs of every degree of steepness, covered for the most part with small inverted tiles of reddish-brown hue. This arrangement gives them a soft and curious shagginess that greatly adds to their effect. Driving first round the town, before passing its gates, you see that it is almost entirely surrounded by dark-red walls, studded by numerous steeple-crowned watch-towers, and further guarded by a dry moat a hundred feet wide and fifty deep, now draped with vines and planted with vegetables



and fruit-trees. The River Pegnitz runs through the city, and issues from it in two arms at either end; its islands and covered bridges, with smaller bridges (*hinterbrücke*), swung underneath, supply deliciously pictorial incidents of towers and sheds and mills and timber-yards, with fascinating peeps up and down stream into the interior of the town.

St. Sebald is the patron saint of the older part of the city near the castle, St. Laurence of the portion across the river, dating from the thirteenth century. History is silent as to the origin of Nuremberg, and makes no mention of it before the eleventh century; but there was a castle on the rock in earlier times, and, being a strong defensive position, dwellings sprang up in its shelter, and gradually stretched to the river bank. In the absence of authentic knowledge we may fall back on tradition. According to one legend the castle was originally a Roman watch-tower, *Neronis speculum*, constructed by Nero's legions, hence the name *Neronesberg*. And gradually, so many inhabitants of the Nordgau flocked to it for protection from hostile tribes that the Roman soldiery were absorbed in the native population. The men of *Neronesberg* were a hardy, lawless race, and soon distinguished themselves by their victories over the Goths. Afterwards the Romans returned, established a stronger colony, and the subdued natives shared their masters' victories and defeats.

Another legend ascribes the foundation of the town to St. Sebald and his pious followers, while an old chronicle, "*Gründling's Chronik*," says that it was founded by inhabitants of Tirol and Bavaria, driven from their homes by the destroying hordes of King Attila. As soon as history steps in we learn that in the eleventh century Nuremberg was already a thriving town, increased rapidly in strength and importance, became one of the chief free cities of the empire, was frequently visited by the kaisers, and enjoyed many special rights and privileges.

The prosperity of Nuremberg, like that of Venice, began to decline after the discovery of America and the new passage to the East, but until then it was the greatest German marts, had a vast foreign trade, and was the storehouse of the precious Indian wares poured into it from Italy for the north. And, as in Venice, art flourished simultaneously with commerce, and the merchant princes of Nuremberg were famed for their culture and taste. Its aristocracy dates from a famous tournament given there in 1198, when Emperor Henry VI granted patents of nobility to thirteen burgher families. Several assemblies of the empire were held there in the fourteenth and sixteenth centuries. In 1532 Nuremberg adopted the reformed faith, suffered much during the Thirty Years' War, more during the Seven Years' War, and reached the climax of its misfortunes through the requisitions of the French in the Napoleonic campaigns and the overthrow of the German empire. After an ineffectual attempt to obtain the protection of Russia, Nuremberg was finally incorporated in the kingdom of Bavaria in 1806, and shared in its political troubles. Of late

years the prosperity of Nuremberg has steadily increased, its trade has attained an enormous development, and the preservation and restoration of its monuments are cared for in a truly artistic spirit.

And now, having disposed of necessary facts, let us feast our eyes on the wonderful old town. Passing through the "Lady Gate," with its massive sixteenth century fortifications, the *König's Strasse* lies before us, and we are in the Germany of the Middle Ages. What matter modern shop-fronts or gliding trams? We hardly see them; can only look at the wonderful houses on either hand, their steep, jagged roofs, their gables and stepped gables, their pepper-caster towers, projecting casements, bays and oriels and mullions, carved doors and eaves and balconies, fantastic gargoyles and cross-timbered fronts. In short, all the exquisite irregularities and details of mediæval domestic architecture. And, as we look, we think of Grimm's household tales, the beloved dog's-eared treasure of our childish days. Yonder broad-shouldered inn, *Zum grünen Weinstock* (the green vine) might well be the lodging where the soldier with the blue light played his naughty pranks on the king's daughter.

But now the street widens; other gabled avenues branch off from it, and we are face to face with the red-brown bulk of St. Laurence. There it is, the beautiful church of the twin towers, with its sculptured portals and grand wheel windows! It almost seems to fill the square in which it stands, and where ancient red houses, deep-porched, with jutting galleries and many-storeyed roofs, are set about the-stones of the precincts.

We wandered round the church to admire its exterior, and dally as it were with the wonderland within, but a fierce easterly wind gave an edge to our desire, and we speedily knocked at the side entrance appointed to sightseers. (A wonderland indeed—rather a perfect symphony of form and colour! St. Laurence is certainly one of the most beautiful, perhaps one of the finest Gothic interiors in Europe, with a special charm of its own, that makes your first moments in it moments breathless with delight. Presently you begin to analyse your sensations, and study the details of the lovely scene that has stirred your sense of beauty to so reverent a joy. St. Laurence is very lofty and admirably proportioned, being 322 feet long by 104 broad. Its pointed Gothic arches spring from their tall, slender shafts with the grace and somewhat the effect of a grove of palms. Windows of richest stained glass lend a magic glow to the delicate avenues of stone, and on all sides are picturesque details: monuments, statues, paintings, and relics of ancient days. Midway up the nave is suspended the coloured group in wood carved by the famous Veit Stoss, and known as the "Angels' Greeting." Sculptured saints and virgins project from the columns, and make you in love with the naïve realism of early German art. One wooden Madonna is absolutely romping with her babe. The side chapels are lined with quaint, rich tapestries from the designs of Albert Dürer, representing Scriptural scenes.

(There are many pictures of the Nuremberg school, of which the best are those of Wohlge-muth, Dürer's master; several interesting mural tombs and curious crucifixes.) But the chief art

most peaceable way. One by one, the convents and monasteries were suppressed, and when the Catholic bishop of Bamberg called on the Swabian Bund to oppose these measures by force, he was



THE MARIENTHOR.

treasure of the church is, of course, the Ciborium, or "Sacraments Hauslein" of Adam Krafft, erected against one of the pillars of the choir. It is a poem in stone. Its leading motive is the crown of thorns, but all the scenes of the Passion are represented on small tablets in high relief; its base is supported by the kneeling figures of the sculptor and his two assistants. It is in the shape of a five-sided tower, gradually tapering to a curled finial sixty-four feet from the ground. Every detail is a marvel of grace and delicacy, and the faces of Krafft and his men are full of life and expression. They had worked on this masterpiece for four years.

In this beautiful church you are grateful to the happy tolerance that has preserved the art relics of Catholicism in the temple of a purer faith. Nuremberg was one of the first cities to protest against the sale of indulgences, to adopt the tenets of Luther and Melancthon, and in 1530 it subscribed to the Augsburg Confession.

This great change was accomplished in the

told that the Bund had no concern in the matter, and that the free city claimed the right of freedom of conscience.

So much for history, but we cannot leave St. Laurence without relating some of the old-world legends attached to its walls. The cathedral was begun in 1278, but the fifteenth century was growing old before its completion; and when the north tower (finished in 1498) was commenced there was a great squabble among the builders. The master mason was unjustly dismissed by the intrigues of two of his men, who were jointly promoted to his post. But the accomplices soon quarrelled, and, vowing a mortal hate, each sought the other's destruction. One day they had to mount the half-built tower together to inspect the works, and as one leant forward from a window the other rushed on him and tried to throw him out. But the first man turned on his assailant, gripped him hard; both fell, and both were dashed to pieces on the stones below. It chanced that their ill-treated predecessor was crossing the

square at the time, and was standing still gazing at the tower that he was to have built just when his two enemies came crashing down within an inch of him. The town council heard of his miraculous escape, and likewise how the dead men had ousted him from his post. So they reinstated him as master builder, and decreed him the right of recording on the tower stones in what manner God had chastised the guilty and preserved the life of the innocent. But the master builder refused to exercise this privilege, and only craved permission to destroy all trace of the dreadful event. He had the window walled up, and it remained so for centuries. And even after the gilded roof was struck by lightning in 1865, and half the tower had to be rebuilt, the blank window was still left untouched. Only in 1874 public opinion was roused on the subject, and satirical rhymes circulated on the offence to taste of this blind window. So now, north and south towers have an equal number of openings.

Another legend recounts how in the thirteenth century a monk was solemnly walled up in the south-western corner of the church, where the bell-ropes hang. The criminal was young, his offence slight, and general horror and pity were excited by his dreadful doom. People shuddered as they passed that darksome corner, but for the sacristan's pretty daughter it seemed to have a curious attraction. She had wept bitterly on hearing the fate of the young monk whom she had so often seen praying at the altar, but her pity did not affect her appetite, for it was noticed that this had suddenly increased. One day the bell-ringers of St. Laurence were surprised to see a rat spring from a hole in the wall with a fresh cabbage-leaf in his mouth. They talked of the strange sight; a watch was set, search made. And when the hole was enlarged, behold! it led to the niche of the condemned monk, who was found not only alive, but well nourished, after having been buried for weeks! The sacristan's daughter had supplied him with food through the crack in the wall. The affair made a great noise. It was the hand of Providence, cried the townsfolk. And so the prisoner was pardoned, and allowed to go free. There the story ends, but we hold to the idea that he did not go alone.

But the most picturesque of the many legends, of which the cathedral is the scene, is that of the "Mass of the Dead."

A lady of the Imhoff family, being left a widow in her youth, could in no way resign herself to God's will, remained sunk in grief, and attended every service at St. Laurence in the vain hope of obtaining relief by prayer. Even in the coldest winter season she was always to be seen at early mass. One All Saints' Eve she was awakened from her first sleep by the sound of the church bells. The moon was still shining, but the lady thought it was the first break of day, and, rising from her bed, wrapped herself in a thick cloak and hastened across the square to the church. Its doors stood wide open, and an unusually large congregation was already assembled. Kneeling in her accustomed place, she saw that the priest was already bending before the altar, and

the candles burnt with so strange a light that the faces of her fellow-worshippers appeared ghastly pale. And when the priest turned round she recognised him as one who had died and been buried during the past year. She glanced right and left with terrified eyes, and on all sides were persons she had once known but who were no longer living. As she sank back in her chair in mortal dismay there glided close to her an old friend whose death she had recently mourned, and whose body she had helped to clothe in the garments of the grave. In faint, far-away tones the friend whispered in her ear: "Beloved Clara, as soon as the bell rings for the elevation of the Host fly thou quickly from the church, or Death will chastise thee for disturbing by thy presence the souls of the dead." And having uttered these words, the form vanished from her side, and Widow Clara fled towards the door as fast as her trembling limbs could carry her. She heard a dreadful rustling and clattering behind; it seemed as though the whole ghostly company were in full pursuit at her heels. As she hurried through the churchyard she saw that all the graves were gaping, and fell fainting on her own threshold. There she was found by her attendants, who, alarmed by hearing her rise and go out in the middle of the night, were coming to seek her just as the church bells struck one. The moon had gone down, and the deepest stillness reigned in the cathedral precincts. The next day the cloak, which had slipped from the lady's shoulders in her terrified flight, was found torn into tiny fragments and scattered among the gravestones.

## II.

(ST. SEBALD'S, the oldest of the Nuremberg churches, stands in the heart of the older half of the town across the river, opposite the Rathhaus at one end, the picturesque, balconied Pfarrhaus at the other, and flanked by the fine bulk of the Moritz Capelle. It is a grand old building, full of interest, and is considered one of the best specimens of ecclesiastical architecture in Germany. But it lacks the harmony of form and colour, the varied charm of St. Laurence, and so should be seen first.) On entering its doors there is no repetition of the thrill of delight experienced in the latter church, and you look on its beauties with calmly critical eyes. (It is of mixed styles; the older portions of the nave and St. Peter's, or the Löffelholz Chapel, in the western choir, being of the early rounded Gothic of the tenth century; while the rest of the interior and the towers were completed four hundred years later, and are of the purest pointed Gothic.)

The sculptures on the northern portal, the "Bride's Door," are very interesting, and represent the parable of the Ten Virgins; while niched into the outer wall of the choir is an entombment in high relief by Adam Krafft, that is perhaps the finest of his productions. The glory of the interior is of course that well-known masterpiece, the bronze tomb of St. Sebald, by Peter Fischer and his five sons. For thirteen patient years (1508 to 1519) the artists gave their skill and



energy to this work, and each day saw some fresh perfection added to its details. The bones of the saint are enshrined in a dome-shaped sarcophagus wrought with ornaments of silver and gold, and surrounded by a bronze balustrade, with rows of exquisite little images of the utmost delicacy and finish. There are the twelve Apostles, the Fathers of the Church, and a crowd of smaller figures and groups representing the miracles of the saint. This wonderful balustrade rises in an arch above the sarcophagus, and bears the infant Saviour on its summit. The whole monument is fifteen feet high, and, like Krafft's Ciborium, is supported on the crouching figures of its creators in their working dress. Here, too, are some fine painted windows by Hirschvogel and Kernberger, and a crucifix by Veit Stoss, the famous wood-carver, who afterwards spoilt his life by committing a forgery, and suffered imprisonment in the town dungeons. This church, too, can boast of many legends, but they are all monkish tales of the miracles wrought by St. Sebald, both in his life and after his death. Previous to the Reformation his remains used to be carried in procession once a year, in a coffin covered with roses, and escorted

by the chief dignitaries of the town. Sufferers from headache and rheumatism had only to crawl backwards and forwards under the bier to be miraculously eased of their pains. Tradition also declares that Emperor Wenzel received baptism in the rude old font in St. Peter's Chapel, but unfortunately it is plainly the work of a later period.

Before turning to secular buildings a word must be said of the beautiful Frauenkirche, the chief Catholic church. It was built in the fourteenth century, on the site of a Jewish synagogue, and fronts the market-place, where fruit and vegetables are sold in the quaintest little shops, ranged in tiny streets like a doll's town. It has a splendid sculptured portal of dark red stone, surmounted by a curious sixteenth-century clock. The interior has been recently restored, and, though in good style, is rather overladen with peacock-blues and sage-greens. Excellent music is to be heard here. A choir practice was just ending as we entered, and a few bars, sung by a delicious tenor, made us regret having lingered so long outside; for we had crossed the market-place to get a nearer view of the Schöne Brunnen, a very graceful, pinnaced fountain of fourteenth-century work. The town has many fountains, among them the quaint little well in the poultry-market behind the Frauenkirche, known as the *Gänsemännchen*, from the little figure on it of a countryman with a goose snugly tucked under either arm. This is a spirited little bronze, and attributed to one of Fischer's pupils. Then, there is the still quainter Bagpiper Fountain, in the street where Hans Sachs lived, supposed by tradition to commemorate the escape from death of a too convivial piper; for, being found dead drunk in the street one night during the great plague in the fifteenth century, he was thrown among the corpses in the dead-cart that was making its usual round. Outside the walls, on the way to the graves, the man came to himself, and recognised the ghastly company into which he had fallen. Finding his groans for help unnoticed by the driver, who was plodding along on foot at the horse's head, he began to sound his pipes, was presently rescued, and lived to a good old age.

The Rathaus, opposite St. Sebald's, is a very imposing structure, and having been partly rebuilt about 1616, in the Italian style, has a fine Renaissance façade of mellow red stone. The great council-hall, in the ancient part of the building, is adorned with noble frescoes, from the designs of Albert Dürer, representing the triumphal procession of Emperor Maximilian I. The old free city that, as was its boast, "stretched its hand thro' every clime," played so great a part in German history that a special interest is attached to the hall in which so many scenes of the drama were enacted. Here kings and kaisers were received in state, and wine streamed from the fountain, in the wide window behind the dais, on the thirsty crowds below. Here Master Albrecht Dürer came to take the reward of his great work. Here was the solemn decision made to discard the old faith in favour of the doctrines of the



THE GÄNSEMÄNNCHEN FOUNTAIN.



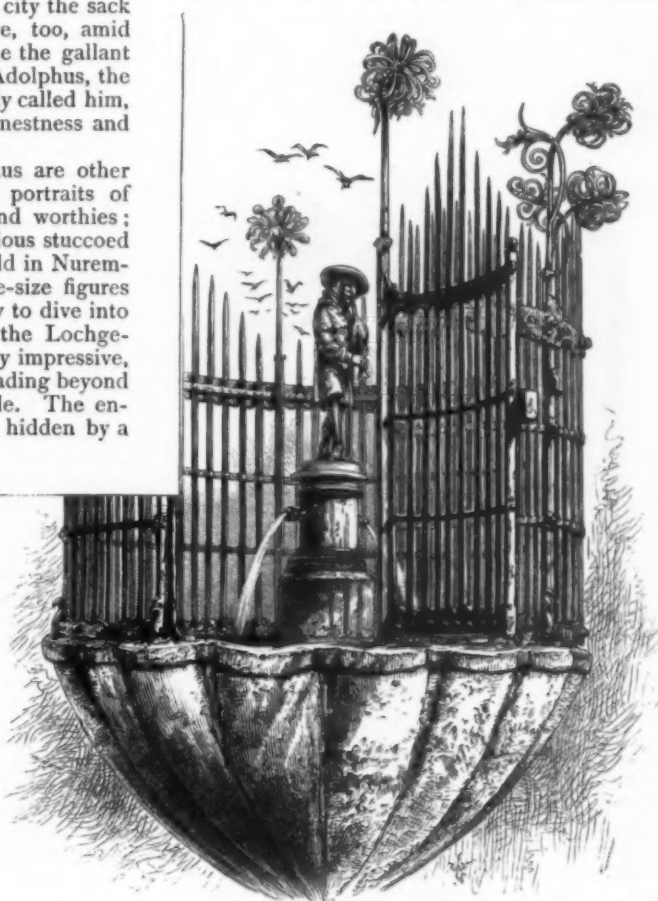
Reformation, and here the burghers penned their defiance to the prelate of Bamberg.

Here, too, they sat with anxious faces discussing the news of Tilly's approach—the dreaded Tilly, who hoped to repeat in their city the sack and slaughter or Magdeburg. Here, too, amid the jubilant cries of the people, came the gallant champion of their faith—Gustavus Adolphus, the "snow king," as his enemies jeeringly called him, who won all hearts by his genial earnestness and brilliant deeds of arms.

On the second floor of the Rathaus are other state rooms containing interesting portraits of Maximilian I, and other emperors and worthies; and in the main corridor is a very curious stuccoed ceiling representing a tournament held in Nuremberg in the year 1434, and with life-size figures partly coloured. We had no energy to dive into the dungeons beneath, known as the *Lochgefängnisse*, but they are said to be very impressive, and to have several secret passages leading beyond the town walls and up to the castle. The entrance to one of these passages was hidden by a moveable stone neatly fitted into the wall of one of the dungeons, and it led into the moat between the Thorgarten and the Laufer Gates, and was guarded at intervals by sixteen doors provided with strong and complicated locks. Another secret way had no less than seventy-two doors, and issued in a wood outside the Frauen Gate. And down to quite recent days these passages were inspected every year by the authorities at Easter-time, just as the cellars of our House of Commons are visited at the opening of session. They are now, however, partly ruined and impassable. There are many traditions of the horrors of these underground dens, and it is said that prisoners often confessed to crimes of which they were innocent, preferring death itself to detention in those dismal depths. Here, too, were the torture-chambers and the condemned-cells, and we have seen an extract from the head gaoler's account-book with his ghastly tariff of charges for different punishments. His feelings seem to have been considered if not his prisoners', for while the rather severe exercise of "flogging a person with whips or rods" only brought him in forty-five kreuzers, he received one florin and thirty kreuzers for using the thumbscrews, and a uniform payment of three florins for chopping off a hand or finger, nose or ears.

But, as I have said, we were content to leave the dungeons unvisited, and preferred returning to the bright sunshine and fresh autumn wind in the streets, where so many pleasant sights were to be seen. Of course we stood on the *Fleischbrücke*, or "Butchers' Bridge," proudly called by the citizens the *Rialto of Nuremberg*. It has a single arch it is true, and is built of grey stone, but

that is the only similarity. Why force comparisons? Nuremberg is not Venice, and the charms of the green Pegnitz, with the gabled buildings on its banks, its tree-set islets and sturdy, round-capped



THE BAGPIPER FOUNTAIN.

watch-towers, are all of the north, northern, and recall no memories of the Grand Canal.

Many of the Nuremberg houses have well-preserved interiors as mediæval as their gabled fronts, with treasures of wood-carving in their wainscoted chambers, and open galleries round picturesque courts or overhanging the river. But you cannot see all Nuremberg in two days, and we had yet to visit the castle and the vast collections in the German Museum. So, taking a carriage, we drove about through streets and squares to gather a general impression of the fascinating town; only peeped into the ground-floor rooms and courtyard of the exquisite *Pellersche House* built in the Venetian style, and contented ourselves with outside views of other famous mansions. Even the broad-shouldered timbered house in which Albert Dürer lived and worked was left unexplored. We had reserved it for our last day, and then found that our precious hours were gone, and the train for Munich had to be caught.

Nuremberg cherishes the memory of her famous men. A stately statue of the great painter, modelled by Rauch, stands in the old milk-market, now the Albert Dürer Platz, and the noble face and homely figure of Hans Sachs is a genial presence in the Hospital Square. You must come to Nuremberg and gaze at the mean little house of the "Cobbler Poet" and Master-singer to fully appreciate the beautiful lesson of



HOUSE OF HANS SACHS.

his life. His name has been lately made familiar to many ears by Wagner's opera of "The Meister Sänger," in which he plays the part of a jovial *deus ex machina* with a taste for music and song, a neighbourly heart, and great industry in his trade. But he was much more than this. The simple sixteenth century burgher, who earned his bread by sticking to his last, and gave his leisure to poetry and the drama, was in fact a man of genius, was versed in the learning of his time, and may be called the father of the German stage.

This is what the historian Gervinus says of him: "Hans Sachs stands at the middle point between the old and the new art; he drew into his poetry history, the whole circle of science and common life, broke the bounds of nationality, and gave German poetry its characteristic stamp. He was a reformer in poetry as truly as was Luther in religion and Hutten in politics."\*

He was a rapid and voluminous writer, and left behind him thirty-four folio volumes in manuscript, containing no less than 208 plays, sacred and secular, 1,700 comic tales, and nearly 5,000 lyric poems. His plays broke down the partition between the religious stage and the secular drama, and brought the theatre into sympathy with the

citizen life of his time. All his subjects, whether Bible stories, fables of antiquity, legends of old Germany, Italian, Greek, and Roman tales, or events of his own day, were treated by him with the simplest realism. He frequently superintended the representation of his own pieces, and seems to have been a capital stage-manager. Some writers say that in 1550—i.e., twenty-six years before the first wooden theatre in London—the first German theatre was erected at Nuremberg for the production of one of Sachs's comedies. Others declare that his sacred pieces were acted in the church where the meeting of the master-singers took place, and that the poet's secular plays were given on a cart or an improvised stage in the open air.

Sachs was as much beloved as admired by his fellow-citizens, and was a power in the town. He eagerly embraced the tenets of Luther, greeted them in 1523 with an allegory entitled "The Nightingale of Wittenberg," and by numerous poetical flysheets greatly assisted in their propagation among the people.

A lesser Nuremberg poet, Adam Puschmann, wrote on him after his death, and described how he had seen him in a vision as

"An old man,  
Grey and white and dove-like,  
Who had in sooth a great beard,  
And read in a fair great book,  
Beautiful with golden clasps."

Sachs lived to the good old age of eighty-two, and his remains, like those of Dürer and all the chief worthies of Nuremberg, lie among the thickly-set stones and flower-beds of the St. Johannis graveyard on the hill beyond the castle.

Probably the pleasure-loving poet often took an active part in arranging the carnival shows and processions for which the "old town of art and song" was so renowned. There was the Cutlers' Guild, for instance, which enjoyed special privileges for service rendered to the State in the revolts of 1348 and 1349, and used to parade the city on the night of Shrove Tuesday in a festive procession, of which the great feature was a sword-dance on a platform of uplifted shields. Then the butchers and pork-butchers gave famous shows, and the latter used to carry through the town a monster sausage 500 yards long, and after solemnly distributing huge slices to the councillors at the Rathhaus, consumed the remainder at the banquet of the guild. Every craft, indeed, had its special entertainment; and though these ceased during the troubles and distress of the Thirty Years' War, they were afterwards revived and maintained with more or less vigour almost to the present day. And what could be a better scene for carnival frolics and holiday crowds than these gabled streets? These fantastic casements and corner bays seem fitting frames for the fair young heads and blue eyes of burgher maidens eagerly gazing between their flower-pots on the stream of revelry below.

\* Baring-Gould, "Germany, Past and Present."

## AN OLD MAID'S STORY.

I WAS spending a winter on the Riviera, amid sunshine, bitter winds, flowers, dust, and flies.

It was a lazy, desultory life, despite all my efforts. Fine days spent in the grey olive-yards, or on the warm, rosemary-clad slopes of the hills; chilly windy days passed in stuffy hotel-rooms, in company with people as idle and as ill as myself. One day I was sitting in the hotel-garden, which was sweet with heliotrope—cherry-pie we used to call it in the little flower-garden at home—white stocks, and fragrant-leaved geraniums. From my sheltered nook I could see a great stretch of cobalt sea, a distant pearly headland, delicate and diaphanous as a dream, and a foreground of brown rocks and rough aloes. I was day-dreaming, thinking of England, with a touch of homesickness, recalling narrow lanes, fringed with primroses and faint white violets; brown beech hedges that keep their russet leaves until the tender young ones push them off; green meadows dotted with daffodils; cool grey mornings and chequered skies. My rest was disturbed by the unwelcome voices of the two hotel gossips—a middle-aged man with an unctuous manner and drawling voice, and a fat old lady with a white face, that was covered at intervals by freckles, and with parti-coloured hair, greyish, with green lights in it, presumably not natural. She always spoke in the subdued tones which most people use in a sick-room.

"You don't say so!" she was saying, in her fat, husky whisper.

"Yes, Mrs. Mackay," her companion answered. "I assure you Villa Chiara has been taken by Sir Eustace Bemerton. He is there now. They say he can't last more than a few weeks. When you come to consider the life he has led—"

"Ah? I know nothing of it," said Mrs. Mackay, scenting the carrion from afar. "He was very wild, you were saying?"

Mr. Brudel's voice dropped lower, but I caught his concluding words—"and now he's all alone, dying, Mrs. Mackay, dying in a foreign land, without a friend or relation near him."

"You don't say so! Poor creature!" moaned Mrs. Mackay, with that sort of satisfaction that a shocking story produces in some people. "A kind of judgment for his evil life."

But I had heard enough, and more than enough, to disturb my peace, and I slowly returned to the hotel. Sir Eustace Bemerton was my mother's cousin. He had been the disgrace of his family. He had not only gambled away his own fortune, but he had ruined every one—friends, dependents, servants—who would trust him. His honour was tarnished. Men blackballed him at clubs, and most houses were closed to him; and now, at fifty-five, he was dying alone, poor and forsaken, far from home. It was clearly my duty to go to him and offer what help I could.

Villa Chiara was a little deserted house, standing low down amidst a tangle of orange and

lemon trees, and with grey olive woods stretching away behind it. The broken gate was propped up with a stone. The pathway to the house lay through peasants' gardens, little plantations of orange and Japanese medlar-trees, beneath which were patches of sweet grey Parma violets and double scarlet anemones. A peasant girl, with a blue handkerchief tied over her brown head, was digging in a waste plot of ground, where there was a thicket of red roses, a row of peas, and a background of tall picturesque weeds. The air was heavy with the scent of the flowering pittosporums, and drowsy with the chirping of the cicadas. Behind the house, and to the left and right, stretched the gnarled branches and massive trunks of the grey-green olive woods. The door was open, and I could hear a low querulous voice.

"These wretched Italians never can do a thing properly," and a tall, thin figure tottered out into the porch. He was terribly emaciated. The eyes were sunken, encircled with black lines, and shining with a peculiar brilliancy. He was so thin that his clothes, which were in the height of fashion, hung on him like rags on a scarecrow. Directly he saw me a change passed over his face. He took off his hat with a ghastly attempt at gallantry and with a smile that was meant to be killing upon his lips.

"I don't think you know me," I began, with a shudder of pity; "I am a cousin of yours;" and I proceeded to explain.

"Ah, quite so, quite so!" he answered. "Very kind of you to come and call upon me. I had no idea I had any relations so near me, or I should have done myself the pleasure of calling. I am temporarily obliged," he continued, with a wave of his hand and an emphasis on "temporarily," "to pass a few weeks in a warmer climate—a great deprivation, my dear cousin, to a hunting man; I miss the exercise in a way that ladies"—he tottered to a bench as he spoke—"can hardly comprehend. Won't you sit down here? My villa is a mere peasant's hut—the only house that could be procured so late in the season." He was interrupted by a fit of coughing that shook his whole frame. "A chill that I caught shooting last autumn," he said, by way of explanation, "and that I cannot get rid of. I've no confidence in the doctors now. In the old days they used to give one some mixture or other, and a mustard plaster, and one was all right again in a day or two; but they have lost the knack of that now."

He talked on about the weather, the beauty of the Riviera, and the last bit of gossip, while I listened. It seemed to me like a skeleton trying to be coquettish; there was something indescribably ghastly in the efforts of this dying man to appear unconscious of his position. He knew and I knew the comedy we were playing. It made my heart ache.

"Ah, what? going already, my dear cousin?" he said, as I rose. "Come again, come again; I



appreciate ladies' visits, I assure you. Miss Mildmay is good enough at times to cheer my solitude. I fancy I see her now, coming through the trees—an excellent person, not beautiful, as we all know, but a good soul, a good soul!"

I turned, and saw a lady who might have been about forty-five, advancing towards us. She was very plain: a long nose and high cheek-bones, a sallow complexion, and a large, ungraceful mouth. The eyes were the redeeming feature. They were large and blue, not specially beautiful in shape, but very pleasing in colour and expression—kind eyes, through which you instinctively felt an honest, affectionate soul must look. There was something tremulously eager in her face as she came to meet us. I knew by intuition that she must have loved that poor man; perhaps—for who can say how enduring love is?—she loved him still. She blushed as she took his hand and asked him how he felt. She had a little basket in her hand, which she took into the house; it contained some little delicacies for the invalid. When she came out again she had regained her composure. I had found it difficult to talk to Sir Eustace, but I admired the bright, cheerful manner in which she interested him and talked his talk.

As we walked home together that evening I learnt that Miss Mildmay had met Sir Eustace many years ago, that she had entirely lost sight of him, and had come across him again here.

Every other day she and I went to Villa Chiara together. Miss Mildmay tried repeatedly to speak to him on religious matters (I confess I had not the courage to attempt it), but he always evaded the subject. Anything that could have the most distant allusion to death seemed to fill him with superstitious terror. But one day—it was then very near the end—when Miss Mildmay went alone to him, she returned in a more hopeful frame of mind. He had, she said, asked her to read the Psalms for the day to him, and his parting words had been to beg her to come and read to him again. He died on the following day.

That evening Miss Mildmay and I went out in the soft moonlight and wandered through the dim woods. Overhead the wide sky was lit with opalescent rays that touched the grey olives with silver. The air was full of a vague penetrating fragrance. Far away were the sounds of the frogs croaking round the tanks in distant gardens, and the rhythmic beat of the tideless sea on the dark rocks. As I listened to my companion the whole story of a life rose before me. I seemed to see the white house with pillars, the broad green lawn, a "bird-haunted lawn," edged by lilacs and laburnums, and guelder roses that shed their snowy flowers when you gathered them; the pleasant fields dotted with elms, sloping down to the rapid little river that sang to itself as it flowed through broad pastures, fringed with yellow flags and ragged-robin and forget-me-nots. There Josephine Mildmay grew up, together with Tom (who was in the army), Ned (the clergyman), Cissy (the pretty one), and poor Charlotte, who died. Josephine was the eldest of the family. She "came out" at the Breckenford Hunt Ball, in white tarletan and sandal shoes, and with a

wreath of pink roses on her head; and she danced every dance. In those days each partner seemed to her more charming than the last. The Manor House was always full of merry young voices, and laughter and quick footsteps, and the days were all too short. Then, the next spring there was a new clergyman at Willingden, a silent, rather heavy fellow, but honest and kindly, and anxious to do his duty in his parish. He meant to marry; the red-brick parsonage covered with ivy and monthly roses was incomplete without a mistress; and he admired Miss Josephine's brightness and good-temper. She was pleased with him too; and so matters dawdled on. There was plenty of time. Then came the cricketing season, which was always a gay time. Miss Josephine, in white muslin and alternately a blue or a pink sash, went in the family carriage with her mother, a good-natured, sleepy old lady, to all the matches near. One lovely day in August, when the corn was still uncut and making golden shimmers whenever the wind rustled through the ripe ears, Josephine, in her best gown and wearing a nosegay of lemon verbena and jasmin, went to the great cricket match at Braden Park. It was the most important match of the season. Lord and Lady Braden entertained all the country side. There was usually too a large party staying in the house—fine gentlemen and superfine ladies, who displayed the latest fashions and gave themselves foolish airs with the quiet country neighbours. Josephine felt a little bewildered as she followed her father and mother through the well-dressed crowd. Presently they passed a lady and a gentleman standing apart from the rest, beneath a spreading beech. The lady was very pretty, with delicate high-bred features, a fair complexion, and bright brown eyes like those of a hawk. There was something haughty, almost malevolent, in her face, although it was so pretty. Suddenly Josephine caught her foot in a hole in the turf, and down she went, to her dismay. She was not hurt, but much ashamed of herself, and as the gentleman came forward to help her up, the tears, which were always ready enough with her, rose to her eyes. He saw it, and with kindly tact tried to cover her discomfiture. He introduced himself to Mrs. Mildmay—Sir Eustace Bemerton, staying at Lord Braden's. Presently he was deep in conversation with Josephine, and the lady under the beech having glanced scornfully at the simple country girl, gathered her cachemire shawl round her, turned her back upon them, and rejoined the rest of her party.

That afternoon seemed to Josephine the pleasantest that she had ever spent. Sir Eustace, partly because he wanted to pique Mrs. Fairfax (the lady with the hawk's eyes) and partly because he really liked Josephine's frank and simple ways, spent all the afternoon with her. They wandered together through the conservatories and grape-houses, and over the velvet lawns, and under the massive cedars, until the purple shadows slipped down over the grassy slopes of the hills. That day was one of many. Either Mrs. Fairfax required a long course of neglect, or else Sir Eustace really enjoyed Josephine's company; how-

ever it might be, he came several times to call at the Manor House, and then invited himself—the squire was only too hospitable—to spend ten days there. Those ten days seemed all too short for poor Josephine, to whom he made sunshine and summer, and who had lost her honest unsophisticated heart. She had liked the young clergyman as one likes one's brothers and cousins, but she loved Sir Eustace as a woman can love once only in her life. It was an episode to him, a mere romantic incident—to her it was the story of her life. He had some compunction as the days wore on, and he could not fail to see that she took literally all his pretty speeches and tender sayings; but there was a great charm in her perfect simplicity and in her unfeigned admiration of all he did and said. At last, however, he grew a little weary of it, and feeling that it "could lead to nothing"—for he could "not possibly afford to marry a girl without money"—he said good-bye and rode away.

"I shall hope to see you in the autumn," he said, as he tenderly pressed her hand when they parted.

Josephine counted the days till the autumn came, but when the squire wrote to invite Sir Eustace to come and shoot his coverts with him early in December—the best coverts—there came no answer for a long time, and then a civil note regretting that other engagements rendered it impossible for Sir Eustace to accept Mr. Mildmay's kind invitation. So the dull days wore on. The young clergyman had ceased to come to the Manor House; he had seen that he was not wanted. He had withdrawn himself, with a sigh or two at first, poor man! but was consoling him-

self with Canon Dorwell's youngest daughter. This, though it troubled Mrs. Mildmay, never disturbed Josephine. When Miss Kitty wrote to tell her of her engagement Josephine sent her in return the prettiest, kindest letter of congratulation.

The years slipped on, taking with them Josephine's youth and the pleasant old days. Cissy married a neighbouring squire; Charlotte died after a long and painful illness; Tom reigned in his father's stead, and the old home broke up. Then Miss Josephine came abroad.

The story was simple enough—a story that has repeated and will repeat itself a great many times, I suppose. But to me the wonder and the interest is always fresh. Whether it be a noble thing or a grievous one I do not pretend to say, I only state it as a fact, that there is no man so base and degraded but what some woman can be found who loves him devotedly, and would give her life to do him service. It is not the good people only that are loved; the bad ones have their share, and more than their share, or how, indeed, would this world go on? I cannot but fancy that such devotion, wasted though it seems, must do the worthless object of it some good. So many earnest prayers, so great a love that could last through such long and weary years, could not be quite in vain.

On the following day Sir Eustace was buried in the quiet little cemetery, overshadowed by the eucalyptus-trees. The coffin was covered with white roses and Parma violets, placed there by loving hands. There is a white cross now at the head, with his name, and the dates, and a verse from the Psalms.

ANNE FELLOWES.

## NATURAL HISTORY NOTES.

### CORNISH CHOUGHS.

WHY the prefix Cornish has attached itself to *Pyrocorax graculus* is not apparent, since the coasts of Wales, Ireland, and Brittany are equally the home of the red-legged chough. In these localities they are invariably found as cliff-birds; but they are to be met with in other regions, where they do not frequent sea-cliffs. I am told that flocks of them were lately noticed in the land of the Pharaohs. There are certainly vast colonies (also of the yellow-billed variety, *P. Alpinus*) in the mountains of Northern Spain.

Choughs were formerly common enough on both shores of Cornwall, so much so, indeed, that there is something uncanny about their gradual disappearance. Camden, writing in 1580, speaks of them as "carrying sticks of fire and stealing money;" Carew, some years later, calls them a "slaughter of the county." Where the first obtained his information does not transpire, nor is it clear on what grounds such interesting creatures should

be dubbed a "slaughter." Tradition affirms that the soul of King Arthur passed into a chough, wherefore no Cornishman would shoot or injure a "Cornish daw." Very pretty; but, it is to be feared, scarcely correct as to the conclusion drawn from the premise. Shakespeare speaks of the "russet-pated chough," probably alluding to the jackdaw. Choughs are now quite local in Cornwall, and found only along the north coast; there their wild cry, and rapid, buoyant flight are in keeping with the desolate grandeur of their surroundings, and delight an ornithologist's heart not less than the masterly wingmanship of the peregrine, the intermittent "cloch, cloch" of the raven, or the keen chase after a flushed snipe of the little observant merlin.

As a set-off to the opinion of Carew may be quoted the words of that eminent naturalist, of whom the story runs, that being away from home on one occasion, his bird-man wrote to him. "The great Bustard has laid an egg: *in the absence*

of your Lordship, I have set it under the largest goose I could find."\* He, like the writer, has kept these birds, and writes: "I know no more graceful and docile birds than the red-legged choughs;" to which he might have truly added, "nor more charming and affectionate pets."

The whole plumage is of the purest black, so black that a "piece of charcoal would make a white mark," relieved by the brilliant sealingwaxed of the long, slender beak, and long, slender legs. Choughs are such ladylike birds; they dress in exquisite taste. No aiming after effect, nor straining to arrest the eye by the introduction of any discordant colouring. The primaries extend even beyond the square tail. The male is larger than the female. The whole build is quite different to that of jackdaws—much more slender and elegant. Choughs are long-winged birds, like falcons; jackdaws are short-winged, like hawks. They speak a different language also, which no doubt is implied by different names. In Cornish jackdaw is "tshawc,"† which is just what a jackdaw says; chough is "tshauha."

Their ways upon the ground much resemble those of a starling, now striding along briskly, peering between blades of grass, and when deciding—by some clairvoyance beyond human capacity—that a grub is down below, punching and tearing a hole in the turf with the bill, working it larger and deeper, with a hammering, twisting motion, until, at a depth of about two inches, the prey is invariably nipped, drawn forth, and swallowed. It is wonderful the number of crane-fly grubs which will be thus obtained on a piece of newly-mown lawn. Then again, picking out loose pieces of mortar from the walls, and exploring any crevice in house, garden-border, or tree-root, capable of screening a woodlouse, spider, centipede, or earwig. The natural food is entirely small insects, and the aforesaid and other grubs, but not worms, slugs, or snails. A by no means uncommon pastime is to stand in the shade of a beehive when the noonday sun draws out the drowsy drones. Suddenly a darting jump forward is made, a drone snatched while on the wing, and a hasty retreat effected until a favourable opportunity occurs of repeating the experiment; but never a *bee* molested. The drones, of course, have no sting.

In semi-captivity bread-and-milk, bread-and-butter, and small cooked scraps form the supplementary diet. I use the word semi-captivity advisedly, because it is hopeless to expect to keep choughs in health for any time if cooped up in any aviary of ordinary size. Their free, wild temperament must have unlimited scope for exercise, and will brook no confinement. In nine cases out of ten, if at all shut in, they soon die of asthma. The only chance is to give them absolute liberty, without cutting a single feather, and even that is not an infallible preventive, for the young seem disposed to the disease when three or four months old, as a kind of distemper; but

after a bout of it, if nature proves stronger than the complaint, they will, with freedom, live out their natural lives.

The docility of these creatures is remarkable, and, I think, quite unique. They are shy and wary, and ever ready to loudly rate any stranger from the secure look-out of the housetop, and well discharge the office of watch-dog, in giving timely warning of any intruder—human, canine, or feline—by a peculiar scolding note, different from the ordinary call, and different also from the high-pitched scream of terror;\* but they soon become attached to their master. They like to keep near him when he is out of doors, following at his heels, and waiting about to take a neighbourly interest in any gardening or other operation in which he may be engaged; or, should he sit down to read the paper, promptly hopping on his knees, and remaining there quite still, to be stroked on head, back, and wings. This is a kind of delight of which they never tire, but are ready at all times to enjoy.

Except at bedtime. The usual roosting-place with one, indulged in winter beyond her fellows, is one particular part of a mantelpiece, close to a cage of harvest-mice; whose perpetually revolving wheel and noisy antics would seem calculated to interfere with her rest, but evidently do not; and once on the roost, preparing to settle down for the night, all docility vanishes in an instant. If the friendly finger be then put forward to caress (which just before would have been welcomed in passive acquiescence), with hissing lunges of disapprobation a most deliberate attack follows, backed by grip of talons. Even two young birds, inseparable companions by day, the moment they mount their roosting-board thirst for battle. Heads down, tails up, wings trailing, beak and claw in active work, they join combat at very close quarters; but after a few rounds they agree to be friends again.

Of thieving propensities they are innocent, but that, having much idle time on hand, they apply a good part thereof in mischief cannot be denied. An open window is a signal for any movable article, especially ink-bottles, to be pulled about, and if possible thrown down; sheets of paper, pens, packets of garden-seeds, and boxes of matches cause them a degree of amusement, provocative of many silent comments from the servants; flowers newly planted, if not protected, are pulled up out of pure, wanton wickedness, and woe betide any seedlings or pot-plants in a glass-house to which access has been burglariously obtained! But then some indulgence may well be shown to birds which will, when summoned, respond by flying round the tall elms, alighting on the sill, jumping on the writing-table, and sitting there patiently on the chance of their plumage being brushed with the feather of a quill-pen; or will follow their master any permitted distance from home, "waiting on" him like a falcon, but without the slavery of training.

A. H. MALAN, M.A.

\* But it appears this story is "a mangled version of a very old one about one of the famous eagle owls in the keep at Arundel."

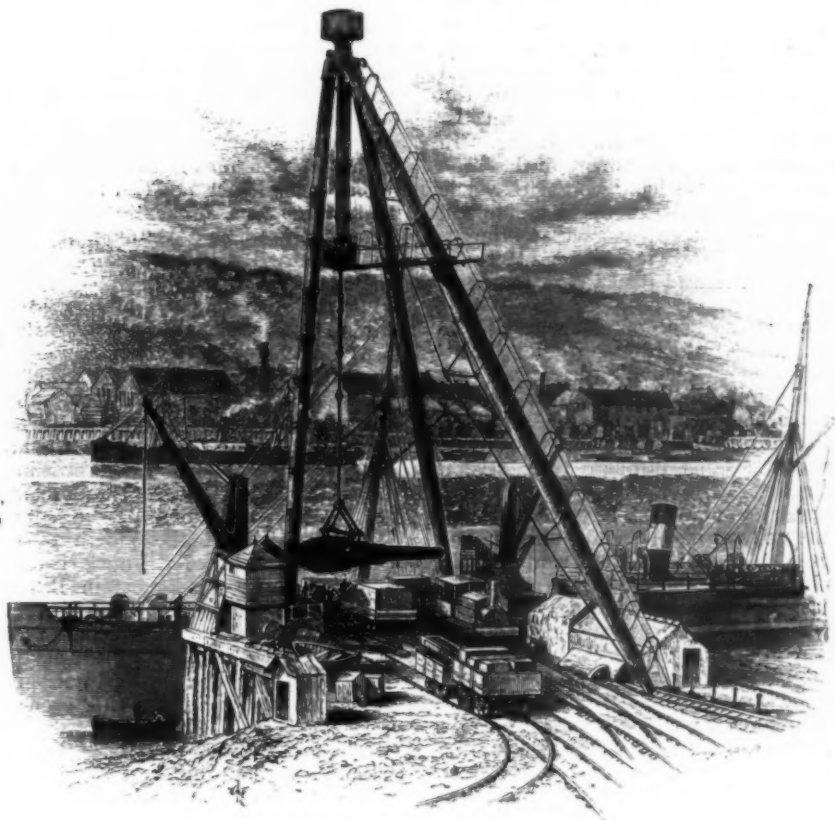
† Pronounced now "chaw."

\* *i.e.* When swallows denote a hawk somewhere in the field of vision.



## "ARMSTRONG'S."

A VISIT TO ELSWICK.



THE GREAT CRANE. A HUNDRED-TON GUN IN MID-AIR.

ON a fine day the busy, coaly Tyne is a pleasant river: but on a wet one, with an easterly wind, it is seen at its best—that is to say, under an aspect which no other stream can yield. And it was at its best that we saw it when we last approached Newcastle.

The furious wind came driving in from the eastward, and the bitter rain slanted through it, bringing down the soot and impurities in flakes from the dense clouds above. Low in the air hung the smoke as it rolled to the west over the city. Earth, air, and water, all were carboniferous. Coal is cheap on the Tyne, and so are chemicals. Smoke there was of all varieties, ranging from unmistakable black through a gamut of greys to fleecy white; hundreds of chimneys there were of all heights, pouring forth their voluntary contributions, to be swept and cleansed by the torrential rain which pattered on the deck in impetuous drops. As we followed up the narrow windings, towers and chimneys would appear and disappear,

their vertical lines cut into disjointed segments by the fumes from neighbouring stacks thinning off on their way to the west. Here and there in the darkness a gleam of fire would peep from some forge or furnace-hole above the wall of waste heaps forming the river bank. The ships in the stream, moored in twos and threes, stood out cheerlessly against the foggy background. Hulls in frame, hulls ready for launching, hulls just launched, would show their fair and bulky proportions as the gusts for a minute lifted the driving fog. A bird or two, looking quite white by contrast, would come sailing along and lightly drop to the surface of the water in search of a morsel of food; and out of the darkness ahead of us would loom the clinker-built tugs and broad-beamed lighters on their seaward way. A squall clears the cloud a little, and we see a wire railway to the left, or rather—for the wires are invisible—the trucks go floating through the air like rectangular balloons. Then the curtains drop again, and then comes

another gust, another rift in the pall, and there in front of us is the swing-bridge and the high-level, and we are at the pier. Up through the cruel rain we go, past the old church, now the cathedral, of St. Nicholas, past the railway-station and down the road to Elswick.

Elswick is the pride of Newcastle; and Newcastle is now of considerably more importance than when Hadrian built the Pons Ælii over the Tyne and planted the garrison at its foot to defend the wall which was then the Roman border. The great arsenal of the north has no rival in Britain. Krupp's works at Essen are the largest on the continent of Europe, and yet the Essen works do not include shipbuilding. In the admirably situated establishment on the Tyne peace and war go hand in hand, and side by side there spring into being the mighty war ship and the peaceful penny boat, the ships that bring us our food, the machinery that receives and stores it, and the guns and cruisers that we are forced to build for its protection.

In rendering an account of a recent visit to these famous works, which employ ten thousand men, cover more than fifty acres, and run for more than a mile between the river and the railway, let us begin with the ore and end with the ironclad, following the engineering, the guns, and the ships through their several stages. Our first care, then, is the raw material—a huge pile of Spanish hæmatite stretching along the railway like an embankment, and worked by the men as if it were a mine. In front are a few truck-loads of pig-iron brought from the blast-furnaces that stand near the hammer-shed, where the mighty thirty-five tonner is shaking the earth with its curiously deliberate beat.

The three furnaces rise boldly from their foreground of sand, over which the water-jets are playing. Around the three towers, eighty-five feet above us, there runs the balcony from which the fires are fed; and the cages of the hoist laden with ore and fuel are rising with instalments of the meal. Two barrow-loads of ore, then two barrow-loads of coke, then two barrow-loads of lime, then two barrow-loads of ore, then two barrow-loads of coke, and then two barrow-loads of lime—twelve barrow-loads altogether—are thrown on the conical furnace-lid, and then the weight becomes too much for the lever, and down slips the mouthful into the gullet of fire.

A quarter of a mile to the east of us, past the ore bank, are the steel works, only partly built as yet, with their sheds arranged in terraces up the slope of the ground. Here are the half-dozen producers, to give the gas for the two Siemens's furnaces, which can, if pressed, turn out their four hundred tons of ingot steel per week. The gas goes by brick flues to the back of the furnace, and there, entering and mixing with the air, bursts into flame and begins its ardent work. The waste heat warms up to redness the chambers through which it passes off, and into these red-hot chambers the fresh gas and air are turned and heated before they enter the melting-chamber. Nine tons and more of mild scrap steel, and over a dozen tons

of pig-iron with three tons of ore, have gone to form the fluid now in the furnace, and as a few of the fist-like lumps of ore are scattered in, we see them thrown up and danced on the glowing surface like a shower of meteors. To test the mixture, a spoonful is occasionally taken, much as a cook samples the broth as it boils; but the large ladle by which the charge is carried is six feet across and five feet deep, and holds a score of tons.

From the steel furnaces our attention is directed to the peaceful engineering sheds, where the shears that form one of the landmarks of the Tyne were made. And here are other cranes of the same species—*Grus elswickensis*, ironically speaking—in various stages of development. Here are some of the limbs of a specimen for Malta Dockyard, which, when complete, will stand 96 feet high, weigh 700 tons, and lift 160 tons. Like the rest of these hydraulic cranes, it is to be direct acting, with the cylinder in the air and the piston-rod taking the place of the chain, which is so frequent a source of danger. Here are some cranes being made which are to lift laden trucks from a low-level railway to a shoot thirty feet above, into which they are to be tipped so as to send the ten tons of coal they contain down into the ship's bunkers, and these are to be workable at such a rate as to lift and shoot by each hoist four hundred tons per hour.

A great deal of dock machinery is in hand. Here are elevators for the Surrey Commercial Docks, and an immense amount of varied work for the Tilbury Docks at the mouth of the Thames; and here are the Bute dock gates for Cardiff, destined to be the largest in Britain, each leaf weighing 140 tons, and being 40 feet wide by 43 feet high. Around us machines of almost every class are seen in almost every stage—whips and jibs, and pumps and jiggers, hoists and lifts, and traversers and winders, and even lighthouses; and of course bridges, fixed, draw, and swing. For movable bridges Elswick has a world-wide reputation, and of the two classes, draw and swing, there are no better examples in existence than its 400-ton drawbridge at the Kettendyk Basin at Antwerp, and the 1,400-ton swing-bridge between Newcastle and Gateshead, which has taken the place of the old arched structure at the foot of Stephenson's High Level.

All these bridges are moved by hydraulic power, and, indeed, it was for the making of hydraulic machinery that the Armstrong works first came into existence in 1847. "Armstrong's" is the familiar yet significant name by which they are known in all the country side. It is an old story now how the Newcastle solicitor became an engineer; how, in 1836, Sir William, when travelling through the Craven valleys, noticed the "mountain rills, which, descending the steep slopes of the hills, expended their energy in the production of streaks of foam, thereby adding to the beauty of the landscape, but fulfilling no purpose of utility," and how he was thus led to invent and gave the world the hydro-electric machine, the hydraulic crane, and the accumulator. It is familiar to all of us how he invented the gun that bears his name, and, presenting his patents to the Government in 1858, became for some time the head of

Woolwich Arsenal, introducing into our service in three years over 3,000 guns of from six to six-hundred pounders; and how, in 1863, the year he was President of the British Association, he rejoined Elswick, which has now, with the Walker shipyard, become the property of Sir W. G. Armstrong, Mitchell, and Co., Limited, with a share and debenture capital of over two millions.



*W. G. Armstrong*

And now we enter the foundry, a gloomy, sultry hall, some ninety yards long by seventy wide, doing duty for the cave beneath Mount Etna. Here the modern Vulcans, in shirtsleeves and with unbroken legs, are still casting thunderbolts, though not those of Jove, and instead of being helped by the two golden statues of their own make, are assisted by the eight long travelling cranes from the engineering-shops we have left.

The floor is covered with "moulds." Here is a "pattern" come in from the pattern-shop, and laid on the flat "turnover board." On it the bottom half of the moulding-box is laid and filled with sand, which seems to be nothing but well-pressed loam. Then it is turned over and the sand swept off the face smoothly down to the edge of the box. The parting sand—burnt loam, in fact—is scattered over the face, the top of the moulding-box is put on and filled in as the bottom has been, and a small piece of wood—the "git"—is thrust in to leave the hole by which the metal is to enter. Then the top is lifted off, and, thanks to the parting sand, comes away easily without disturbing the contents of the bottom box. Carefully is the pattern taken out, and the two halves of the box again brought together; and then the crane brings the metal in the cauldron, and we see it poured into the mould.

Around us castings of all sorts are in progress, and from the boxes into which the molten metal has been poured leap spiteful little jets of flame

as slowly, very slowly, it cools. Some of the men are busily moulding, one is sifting or "riddling" the old sand to make it ready for another casting. Others are carrying small ladlefuls of glowing metal and pouring them in for shells.

When shells are cast and it is necessary to chill the points, the moulds have a metal end. Metal being a better conductor than sand, the heat escapes more quickly through it, and the molecules, being more rapidly cooled, form a hardened rigid mass. These shells are of all sizes, from seventeen inches in diameter downwards, the smallest weighing but three pounds, the largest about a ton! Just over the way is the shell-shop, where they are taken in and finished, and stand arranged in groups like brightly-painted sugar-loaves in a well-lighted grocery store.

As we again pass the blast-furnaces—which we are told can turn out in full work over 87,000 tons of pig per year—we look in at the beam-engine with its weigh-bar gearing, which has steam cylinders a yard in diameter, blast cylinders of eight feet, and a fly-wheel of twenty-five feet. To feed this giant—which drives the blast through eleven stoves while it is being heated up to 1,450 degrees Fahrenheit—there are ten 75-foot boilers, and as each of these holds 3,360 gallons, the ten together require 150 tons of water to fill them. They are, of course, heated by the gas which comes off the furnaces, and which is brought to them in pipes almost as large as those in which the blast is carried. In the good old days the country was alight from the flames that poured out of our blast-furnaces, but in this age of steel we know better, and all the wild blaze is economised.

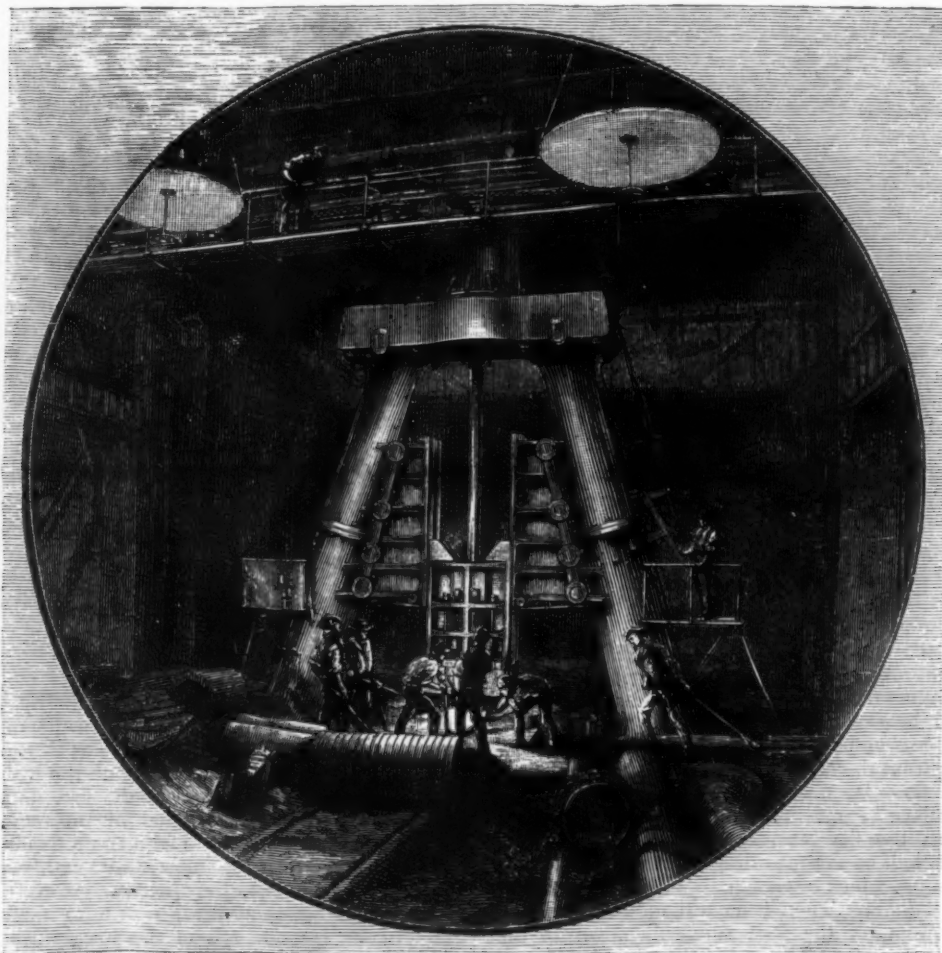
And now we enter the hammer-shed, where the huge thirty-five-tonner is doing its thirty-six strokes per minute on an ingot that is being swiftly forged into the shape of a gun. At every thud the ground shakes, and a deep dent is made in the mass, which, began by being cylindrical, was then beaten into a square, and is now having the angles of the square knocked in so as to form an octagon. The ingot is hanging on the hydraulic crane which brought it from the fire, and it is being moved and manipulated by the men, who with long capstan-bars thrust into the hooks of a many-branched carrier affixed to its end, seem to twist it and turn it as they please. At every blow the lump is flattened in as if it were a stick of liquorice. The dull red of the mass flushes up vividly as the blow is delivered, and the brightness of the glow throws the surroundings into gloom. We are in front of the hammer, the men are behind and above us, and at each angry flush of the glowing bar a little lad leaps forward with a broom and sweeps the anvil free of scale. Leisurely and cruelly the blows follow in regular succession. When the high-level bridge was building close by, the hammers were kept going on the piles, striking sixty and seventy strokes a minute, and the pile-heads were frequently aflame with the percussion; but the steam-hammers of those days were but pigmies to this, and their fussy little slaps were but flea-bites compared to the deliberate belabourings of this monster among machine tools. The steam lifts it up and the



steam drives it down, and the power of the steam added to the weight of the head gives a blow that is tremendous; the wonder is that the walls of the shed are not shaken to pieces as they jolt at the shock.

Having seen the forging, we go to the boring-shop. On our way we notice eight men staggering under a piece of railroad iron, and here are masses to which that rail is but as a straw to a

of four inches, and a fifth course of six inches, giving a total thickness of over two feet. The powder-chamber will be twenty-one inches in diameter and seven feet long, and hold a charge of 900 lb., and it is calculated that it will drive a 2,000 lb. shell with a velocity of 2,000 feet per second, the energy being equal to 56,500 foot tons! The comparison of guns is now based on energy, and extreme range is disregarded; but



THE GREAT STEAM-HAMMER.

gatepost, slowly and resistlessly revolving as if they were struggling in vain to keep still. Here is a cumbrous cylinder over forty feet long, destined in time to become one of the 110-ton guns of the Benbow. A piece has already been cut off its end to be tested,—and before it is completed the number of tests the gun will have to undergo will amount to 368! To finish such a gun at least fifteen months are required, working night and day. There will be five thicknesses—a barrel of five inches, a second course with the shaped muzzle of six and a half inches, a third course of three and a half inches, a fourth course

it is worth noting that this gun will have a range of about fourteen miles, and will be able to shoot clean over London and bombard Hampstead Heath from Woolwich Common.

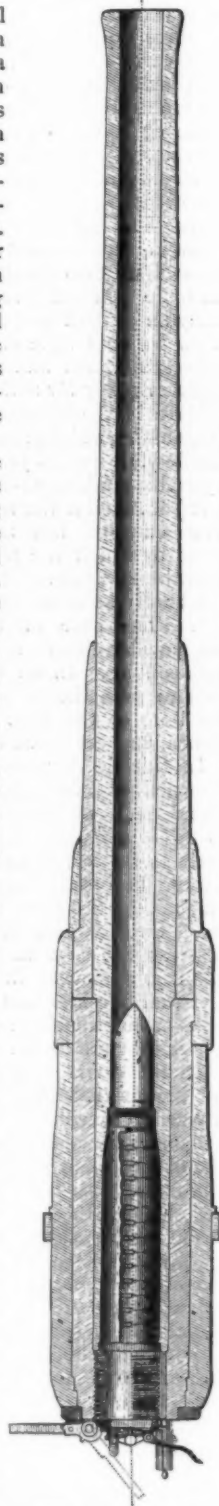
All the world's ordnance is now "built up" on the principle invented by Sir William Armstrong. When the gun was a homogeneous mass the strain of the firing was practically borne by the parts immediately close to the bore, and the thickness of the metal gave but little additional strength. Now each layer of the gun is in a state of tension to begin with, and this has to be overcome before the normal resistance of the metal comes into

play. First there is a steel tube, carefully turned; on to this tube is slipped a ring or coil, which when cool is too small to pass over it, but which when heated expands, and is slipped into position, gripping the tube with tremendous force as it cools. Over this coil another heated coil is slipped in similar fashion, and ring after ring is added until the gun is complete. The ring fits on as the tyre fits on a wheel, the shrinkage giving the requisite strength.

Formerly guns were made of compositions known as gun-metals; now steel can be made having all the needful toughness and elasticity. The ingot, as we have seen, is cast and forged, and then it comes here. At first it is rough bored, should it not, as in the case of the Benbow gun, have been cast hollow. To bore it is a long job, continuing night and day from Monday morning to Saturday afternoon, and takes, even in the case of a thirty-foot barrel, more than a week. It is a work of exceeding care, for the slightest deviation in any direction would spoil the ingot.

After the rough boring the tube is taken on the crane to the oil-pit to be tempered by being raised to a red heat and dipped; and it then comes back for the fine boring. In our 110-ton gun this will occupy three months, during which time the cutters pass up the tube three or four times, each pass taking two or three weeks, each paring away a thinner shaving than the last, until in the final pass perhaps only the five-hundredth of an inch will be removed.

The next process is turning the outside to receive the coils, and this is now going on with the gun in front of us, the bright steel shavings curling off



SECTION SHOWING HOW A  
BRECHLOADER IS  
BUILT UP.

like lengthy paper spills, looking so innocent, and being really so hot that our hands cannot hold them. As the huge lathe goes slowly round—and some of the lathes have twenty-foot chucks and sixty-foot beds—the cutter seems to strip the shavings off as easily as a finger-nail would gouge them out from a cylinder of soap, and the rest seems to travel up the slide no faster than the hour-hand of a clock.

The turning being ended, the barrel is ready for the hoops, which are forged in the hoop-shop at the other end of the factory. The hoop is taken to one of the twenty-five-foot drilling-machines. Its inside is cut out to be just a little smaller than the barrel. It is then taken back to the forge and re-heated by gas to a less than a red heat, and it is then slipped over the barrel, while cold water is run through the bore to keep all cool. When this is done the gun is upright in a pit, the rings being dropped on to it by the crane.

The gun is now built up and ready for rifling. A 110-tonner will take a month on the rifling machine. A drum the size of the bore is thrust down it. At the end of the drum is a tooth-like cutter, which can be set at any pitch, and as it comes back out of the gun it cuts a groove, which it has to traverse again and again until it is of the requisite depth and width. Were there no other arrangements the groove would be straight, but by means of the sloping bar on which the framework travels a rack is worked against a pinion, the pinion receives its twist, and the drum, gradually turning as it retires, gives the spiral curve of the rifling. As the slope of the guide is constant the curve is constant, and the pitch of the rifling can be altered at will by the pitch of the bar. Over each groove the cutter has to travel perhaps a dozen times, and, as there are eighty grooves to finish, the cutter may have to make over 900 journeys, at every journey taking off from a fiftieth to a twenty-fifth of an inch. Were the cutter to go wrong, the fourteen miles it may have had to travel up and down the bore would have been travelled in vain, the gun would be spoiled, and £15,000 of work and material thrown away.

We are next initiated into the construction of the breech. We admire the ingenuity of the interrupted screw, and are shown its action. The breech-piece is a mass of steel, with a screw-thread which, instead of running right round, is broken with four smooth intervals. The screw in the gun is similarly interrupted with four smooth intervals in quarter sections, which thus occupy altogether half the circumference. The breech is closed with a hinge, and as the thread of the breech alternates with the thread of the gun, it shuts direct, and when it is in position a quarter turn of the lever locks the threads into each other, tightening all up, and giving the bite and strength of a screw of half the length. The screw runs the full length of the breech-plug, and this is considerable. In a 110-ton gun the breech-plug is 30 inches long. In the Krupp guns the breech-piece is not hinged, but consists of a ponderous wedge, which has to be withdrawn by main force.

To prevent the escape of powder gas an elastic

steel cap is fitted on the front of the breech-screw. The back of this cap is flat, but the front of the screw is slightly dome-shaped, so that the cap only bears against the face of the screw at the centre. When the gun is fired the pressure of the gas bends the cap back over the face of the screw, forcing the flange of the cap close up against the tube, and rendering escape impossible. The firing arrangement, with its levers, all of which must be in position before the hammer can strike the primer, is another triumph of ingenuity; and at last, after seeing how the gun is not fired, we have everything in position, with the breech safely locked, and with a pull of the lanyard the hammer strikes the primer and off it goes. The primer is a cartridge in a close-ended tube of flexible metal, and it is fired without any hole being made in its base. In the large turret-guns the primer is fired by electricity, entirely under command of the officer on duty. In the 110-ton gun hydraulic machinery is used to turn the breech and load the gun.

When the guns are rifled, cleaned, and completed, an impression in gutta-percha is taken of their insides, and they are taken away to be proved, unless they are for our own Government. One of the trial ranges is at Ridsdale, thirty-five miles away to the north-west; the machine guns are tried near Rothbury; and the big guns go to the tidal range near Silloth, on the western coast.

There is one gun being made at Elswick which is not on the coil principle. This is "the riband gun," on which principle the armament of the *Esmeralda* was constructed. First comes the long steel tube as on the other system, and then this, instead of being clasped by steel hoops, is wrapped round and round by a riband of steel. The riband is about an eighth of an inch thick and a quarter of an inch broad, and is wound on cold from a drum. There is heavy brake power on the drum, and the steel strip is wound off in a state of high tension. The strain is varied with each layer, and in a 10-inch gun there are fourteen layers. This "wire gun" was thought out thirty years ago, but it is only within the last six years that the notion has taken practical shape. If, however, all we hear about it is true, the ordnance of the future will have to shuffle off its mortal coil and assume the spiral, in which, according to Goethe, civilisation has ever advanced.

And now let us descend from guns in general to guns in particular. We may as well begin with the one nearest to us, the smallest as it happens. It is a 7-lb. screw gun for mountain warfare, and is seven feet long, with a bore of two inches and a half, sending its projectile from three to four thousand yards. The gun itself weighs 400 lb., and, with its carriage, ammunition, and gear, is carried by six mules. The first mule takes the muzzle part, which is fitted into a leather cup at the screw end to protect it from damage; the second mule takes the breech part, which has also its cup, the screw end in this case being carried pointing to the rear, while that of the muzzle points to the front; the third mule takes

the axle and the fittings; the fourth mule carries the wheels of the gun, one on each side; the fifth mule carries the trail of the carriage; and the sixth mule carries the ammunition. It thus takes two mules to carry the gun and three to take the carriage; and thus dividing the weight, it has been possible to get artillery up valleys and into positions in Afghanistan and elsewhere where the ordinary fixed-wheelers could not go. A strange-looking affair is the gun and its carriage when in sections, but when the sections are all screwed up into their proper places, and we see the mule gun ready for action, we find that it is really an elegant weapon, showing but little trace of its peculiar style of travelling. The time required to unload and piece the gun and carriage together ready for action is under one minute.

Here is the field-gun of the future—the new 12-pounder, which is now being issued to our Horse Artillery. It weighs 7 cwt., is 7 ft. 8 in. long, and has a 3-in. bore, taking a 4-lb. powder charge, projecting a 12½-lb. shell at the rate of 1,800 feet per second. The carriage has an elastic spring arrangement by which the recoil is eased off, but this, with the means of sighting and working the gun, can hardly be described without a technical drawing. The bore of this gun is 3 inches, but the powder-chamber is 3.625 inches, and is 11 inches long. In all breechloaders it may be as well to note the powder-chamber is larger than the bore of the gun. In a 43-ton gun, for instance, it exceeds the bore by 4 inches.

In this finishing-shop the guns are polished, browned, and varnished, and guns of all sizes are round us in various stages of completion. Close to us is a sturdy howitzer—a howitzer, it may perhaps be as well to say, being a short gun with a large bore, throwing large shell at high angles, and taking the place of the almost obsolete mortar. Over yonder is a great 30-tonner, with a bore as big as a man's head. Here is a little Gatling, and away there half a dozen mountain guns, all bright, clean, and smart. No very large guns are in the shop, for they have to be finished where they are made.

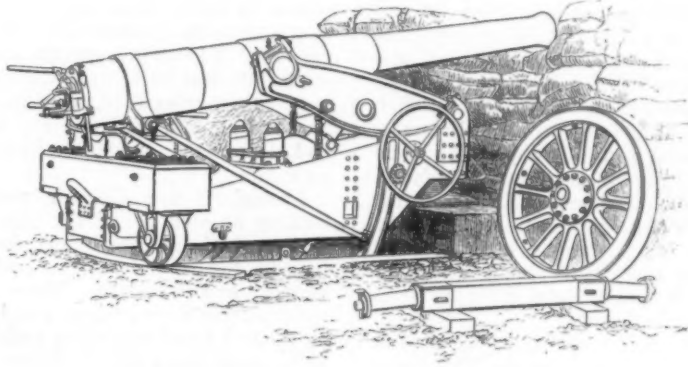
In the carriage-shops we are in a new world of ingenuity. Here is a six-inch gun on a Vavasseur carriage, in which the recoil is all exhausted in a few inches. What a contrast to the old wheeled carriages, with their long backward run checked by the breech-ropes in the vessel's side! In this compact contrivance the hydraulic resistance is gradually increased, so as to bring the gun to rest as quietly as on a cushion. When the gun is fired the cylinder is full of water and the valve wide open, but as it recoils the valve, worked by a spiral movement, is gradually shut off, and, as the exit lessens, the resistance of the water increases, and at last entirely absorbs the force of the backward thrust. This six-inch gun is stopped dead in eighteen inches. It is curious with what ease these large guns are aimed and elevated. A slight turn of the handle brings the piece round or up or down as quickly as if it were being held at the shoulder, and so true is the gearing that the required position can be obtained as accurately as if we were



working with the fine adjustment of a microscope.

In the centre of the shop is a gun mounted on the new Elswick hydropneumatic disap-

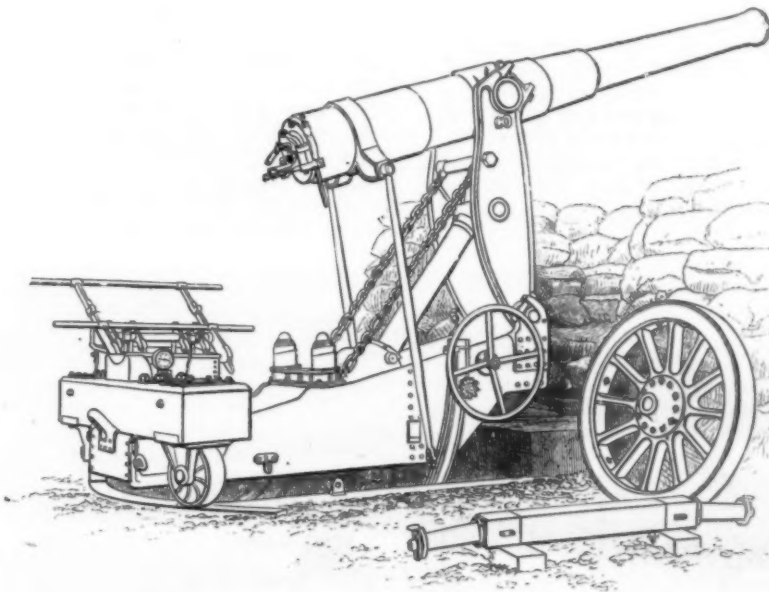
gun being fired the recoil brings it down into the pit to be loaded. As it sinks it works a piston, which, driven into a cylinder, sends the water it contains into another cylinder containing air.



THE ELSWICK DISAPPEARING CARRIAGE—LOADING POSITION.

pearing carriage. The idea of the gun, as it stands, is that it should be sunk in a pit, say on one of our chalk downs near the sea. The flat shield would then act as the roof of the pit, and the gun when loaded would rise

The air is compressed, and the force thus stored up is that which, when the gun is loaded, raises it up again to fire. No expensive armour plates or fortifications would be required with this carriage. The gun would remain in sight only long enough to



THE ELSWICK DISAPPEARING CARRIAGE—FIRING POSITION.

through the space that is left for it, and be aimed either by the man going up in the usual way, or by means of the two mirrors, which show below what is going on above and outside. The

fire. The enemy at sea would sweep the chalk hill in vain for a sign of its presence other than the smoke, and should he be fortunate enough to hit on the exact position he would not only have

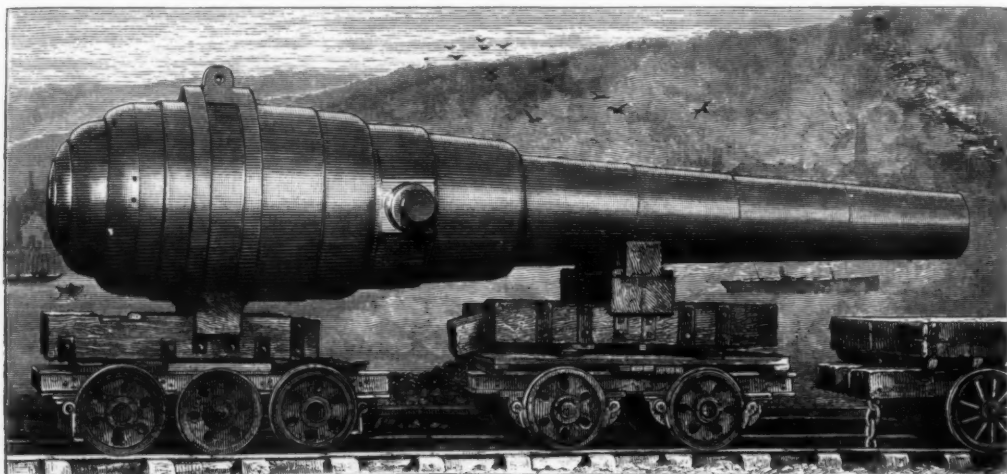
to get the direction, but he would require to have the range so truly as to drop his shell into the hole through which the gun appears.

The carriage and its fittings weigh almost twice as much as the gun itself. A 110-ton gun complete weighs 300 tons. At the other end of this shop we come upon the carriages for the Benbow, nearly finished. One of the strangest of the very latest developments of modern monster gunnery is the abolition of the trunnions. Instead of the gun being held in place by the projecting arms at the side, it has now abandoned the arms for grooves, and rests in corresponding grooves in the carriage. This has been necessitated by the desire to reduce as far as possible the size of the opening in the turret armour through which the gun fires. At first sight a trunnionless gun has a curious crippled look about it, though its limbs have been shrinking for so many years that their total disappearance is not to be wondered at.

As we have returned to our guns, we may as well say something here about the machine guns, which have hitherto adroitly slipped out of our notes as we came across them. The largest of these is the Elswick machine cannon, which takes a 6-lb. shell. This gun is worked on a pillar, and is easily recognisable by its curious leather-covered shoulder-piece, by which it is manipulated. To work it three men are required. One works this shoulder-piece, and by it aims the gun; another puts in the full cartridges and catches the empty ones, and another opens the breech and fires. As the handle is lowered the breech is closed and the gun is cocked; as the handle is lifted the empty cartridge-case is thrust from the gun. The breech-block is linked to the body and mounted on a non-recoil carriage, whose two recoil cylinders prevent it in any way interfering with the men. This gun, which has a bore of two and a half inches, can fire from ten to fifteen shots per minute, and is specially designed for use against torpedo-boats, as it can be swung about in every direction.

The Gatling gun is a much lighter affair. It consists of ten rifle barrels, grouped like a victor's fasces round a central spindle and covered with a cylindrical tube, simply for appearance' sake, to make it look more like a gun. To the breech is fixed a drum with 104 bullets, and these are thrust forward, fired, and the empty cartridges withdrawn by highly ingenious mechanism, the time required to fire a drum-full being two and a half seconds. The barrels are the same bore as those of the Martini rifle, and the gun, with its new automatic Accles feed, can discharge its twelve hundred shots a minute at any angle of elevation and depression, and even immediately beneath its stand.

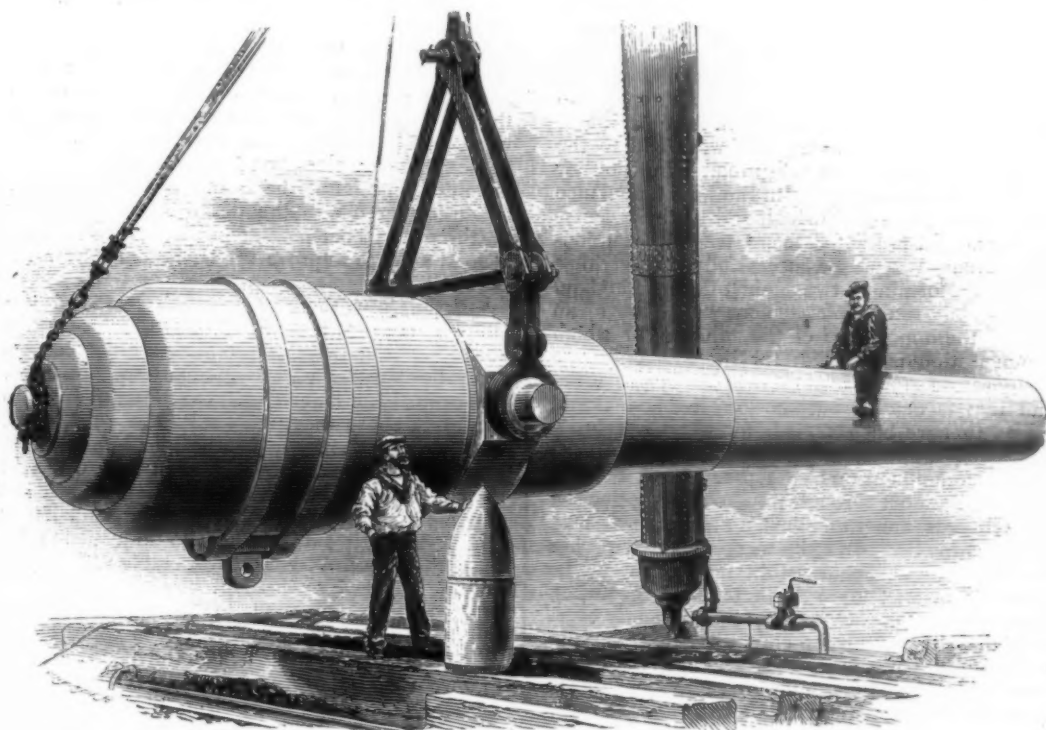
Elswick is the English manufactory of the Gatling as well as of the Hotchkiss guns and shells, which we saw being made in such numbers in the shell-room, to which for a minute we may as well return. These Hotchkiss shells we see from their coming rough from the mould up to their brass ring being polished on the lathe. Every shell has a threefold ring of soft metal just a little larger than itself. The shell fits the bore of the gun exactly; the brass, being larger, is squeezed into the grooves, takes the rifling, and gives the twist. The shell being put in point foremost through the breech, the charge is put in behind it in the powder-chamber, and when the explosion takes place the ring squeezed into the grooves takes the place of the old studs that used to work such havoc with the guns. Shells are round us of all varieties. Common shells, shrapnel, Palliser, chilled steel, and case-shot. Now that steel is used instead of iron the shell-wall is much thinner and the death-dealing contents more abundant than of old. Now a six-inch shell holds 12 lb. of powder; in the iron age it held 7 lb. One of the most interesting shells is the shrapnel, which runs up to 1,700 lb. in weight. The whole of the inside of the shell is filled with ounce bullets, and melted rosin is then poured in to fill up the interstices and save the leaden spheres from being shocked into jam by the ex-



A HUNDRED-TON MUZZLELOADER.

plosion. As we peep into the mass, looking like marbles set in glue, our thoughts are carried back to the days of the old Victory, when, as she came round the stern of the Bucentaure, she let fly into her cabin-windows a sixty-eight-pounder carronade, "loaded with one round shot and a keg containing five hundred musket-balls." In those days such wholesale practice could only take place at short range, while now our six-inch guns send their shrapnel, containing 916 bullets, as many miles as the carronades did furlongs, and they are burst at the required moment by means

What the Elswick stock of tools is worth we cannot say, but there are over eight hundred machines in the ordnance works alone. There are nine steam-hammers besides our gigantic friend, and there is a band-saw an inch and three-quarters wide which cuts through iron like cheese—strong cheese—though it makes a painful fuss about it. Besides the steam cranes and hydraulic cranes that do the work in the shops, there are seven cranes at the jetties for putting the guns on shipboard; and there are the lofty hundred-ton shears which form one of the features of the



HOISTING A HUNDRED-TON GUN

of an ingenious time-fuze. On the other shells we need not linger. All hollow shells are carefully smoothed and lacquered inside, for were the surface to be left rough the friction would probably fire the powder. Hard at the point and tough in the body, the shells for penetrating armour have to be forged and bored and tempered, and then filled with just enough powder to ensure their bursting after they have passed into the ship.

Talking so glibly of making these shells might lead an outsider to imagine that it was a very simple matter, and that the machinery required was nothing very great. What the future may have in store for us in such matters we know not. There is probably coming a time when the molten metal will be poured in at one end of a machine and the varnished shell appear at the other; but at present the processes through which each has to pass are many, and the lathes seem to be innumerable.

river. There are large stationary steam-engines—one has a driving-band a yard across, and is at work in a house that is absolutely spotlessly clean; and there are seven locomotives dragging guns and ingots about the yard. There are many 40-ft. boring machines and long rifling machines. There are planing machines 21 ft. by 8 ft. 6 in., and several 20 ft. by 8 ft. In one of the shops we passed a plane with uprights 10 ft. apart and 20 ft. high; and in another shop there were pointed out five new lathes 60 ft. long with 40 and 42-in. centres, which cost £12,000.

Amongst all this machinery there is of course much risk of accident, and in some of the shops we came across little boards attached to every pillar with "danger bell" in red letters inscribed thereon. Above each board is a wire which runs to a bell in the engine-room, so that in case of danger or disaster the engine can be instantly



stopped. Among nearly ten thousand men hardly a day passed without some one having his arm crushed, his hand nipped, or his leg broken; and though everything is done that can be done for the prevention of accidents, carelessness will assert itself and claim its average of victims. To provide against these accidents an "Accident Compensation Fund" exists, whose latest report shows the injuries only reach 7·4 per cent. From this report we find that out of 316 cases occurring during the twelvemonth the percentage of danger, etc.—the etc. being the personal equation—is as follows: Engine-work, 8·0; outside erectors, 16·5; ordnance, 6·1; foundry, 7·9; blast-furnace, 22·4; steel-works, 18·0; from which here, as elsewhere, it will be noticed that those amongst the guns are safest. The income of this fund exceeds £2,000, and is derived from the workmen, who subscribe every week in proportion to their wages, and from the masters, who each week add to the fund double the amount subscribed by those they employ. In connection with the fund ambulance classes have been established, and of the seventy-eight who last presented themselves for examination, seventy-two passed successfully, thus giving a percentage of ninety-two against the All England rate of sixty-six. No statement would convey an idea of the importance of the injuries for which compensation is granted, for there is only one injury whose gravity is not left to the imagination, and that is death; but the lowest amount paid seems to have been 2s. 3d. for a bruised knee, while the highest was £150, the total of the allowances amounting to £1,500.

As we pass out through the shops we notice the little boards hanging about on which each man registers his time, and the work on which he has been engaged. The day-shift men begin in the morning at six; many of them arriving earlier, however, to read the newspapers, for nearly every shop has its newspaper club. To this the subscription is a penny a week, which, as the numbers run into hundreds, allows of a large selection of literature. Every night the daily papers are given away, and the weeklies or monthlies lent out; and every three months there is a sale by auction of these higher-class periodicals, the successful bidder buying the second-hand right for the next quarter, and taking the old numbers as the new ones come in. At six o'clock the bell rings and the whistles in the shops sound, and business commences. As the men come in past the time-office they take their piece or time boards from the rack, where each is placed against its proper number. These time boards are kept hung up on the work throughout the day, and about a quarter to five at night the men chalk on them how they have been employed, and the foreman goes round the shop and signs the record, which, as the men leave, is thrown into the time-office box. The statements on the boards are entered into the time-books, and as the week is reckoned from Thursday to Wednesday night, there is no difficulty in working out the wages-list ready for Saturday. At one o'clock on that day the men receive their wages at the time-office. For every time board thrown in during the week there is a

tin box with a similar number, and as the men pass by in rotation each receives the tin box with his pay. As the men arrive in the morning they leave their cans of coffee on a tray, and at half-past six the cans are taken to the cookhouse and warmed for breakfast, which comes at eight. In half an hour the bell goes again, and at eleven a labourer takes round a tray and collects the men's dinners for those who dine in the shop.

Having fairly settled the shells for the present, we enter the shipyard. A busy scene it is, and a noisy one; and in truth the restless activity of the shipbuilders is far more exhilarating than the wearying creep of the resistless lathes. In the yard are seven slips; and parallel with the river bank, and a few yards off fronting the slips, are the shops, so that the arrangements are as handy as can be. Much of the land on which the yard is built has been reclaimed from the river, and the pile-driving has been great. The angle smiths are placed on an embankment formed from the deposits of the island of the Meadows, which has figured in the description of so many north-country boat-races, and which is now being cleared away to improve the navigation of above-bridge Tyne.

Off the jetty there is now being refitted the Chilean cruiser Blanco Encalada, after twelve years' service; but the prominent object as we enter the yard is a new Austrian torpedo vessel, almost ready for launching. On the adjoining slip is a black board with "H.M.S. Rattler, 491," on it, signifying that she will be the four hundred and ninety-first ship built by Mitchell and Co. and their successors, the present company. Next to the Austrian is an improved Scout, and if her engine-power is only sufficient to do justice to her lines, the Scout will have considerable difficulty in holding her own against her.

The next, in frame up to her armour-shelf, is the Renown, an ironclad of 10,000 tons, building for her Majesty's navy. Only three months ago were the orders received from Whitehall, and here she is sufficiently advanced to show her immersed body. As we look down from the slope into the wide basket of steel, round which the men cluster like particularly busy bees, we cannot help wondering how so complicated a skeleton could be shaped and fixed in the thirteen weeks. Below, on the ground, the men are cleaning up the casting of her ram, which has just been brought here from the steel foundry. It is of a size we should marvel at were not our eyes by this time become indifferent to the gigantic, and were not the formidable slab so dwarfed by the reversed arch of the towering hull. As we take our final look at the interior the girders with their span and number make the ironclad in her present state resemble the long roof of a railway-station laid on its back; and there is brought home to us, as was never brought home before, the derivation of the cathedral "nave" from "navis," the ship—turned keel upwards.

As vessels are launched stern foremost on the ways made out into the river—the builder's framework being knocked away all but the central cradle, which falls to pieces as it floats—the hulls in

process of construction have their bows away from the bank. And uncouth monsters they look in their early stages of development, as they here seem to have crept up out of the stream on their way to the line of shops to watch over the fitting of their future vestments, on which the drillers and rymers—those "aitchless bards of mechanical skill"—are so industriously employed.

We glance at the moulding loft, where the plans of the ships are enlarged and laid down to full size to give the patterns for the foundry, and once more entering the ordnance yard, stroll round a gun lying ready to be taken to the shears and shipped. In the course of its building it has undergone 220 distinct operations, and is now passed as proved. Its sale price is a fair fortune—perhaps £20,000 or more. Blocked up on the trucks it seems to crush them with its weight. For a ship to carry such a load is a serious matter. But the giant crane will lift it in its beak as if it were a child, and place it with all due gentleness on the floor of the hold. There it will be packed and secured so as to be unshiftable in a seaway, and there it will remain until it reaches its destination, when it will be picked out by other cranes to ride in a carriage of its own, and become the pride of its friends and the terror of its foes.

And now we are off down the Tyne to Mitchell's old yard at Walker, belonging to the Armstrong Company, who have thus two ship-building establishments on the river. In this yard between two and three thousand men are employed, and thirty thousand tons of shipping can be turned out each year. Cargo and passenger craft are in progress around us, and among the minor fry are the new penny steamboats for the Thames. Here were built the Faraday, the huge double-ended cable-ship of 9,000 tons displacement; the Silvertown, another cable-ship, formerly called the Hooper, whose building took only a hundred days; the Hankow and St. Osyth, the first full-powered vessels to make the Australian voyage; the Staunch gunboat; the Tyne trooper; and some four hundred other vessels, including more foreign warships with unpronounceable names than any dockyard in the world. Among the more recent foreigners have been those patterns of swift armed cruisers, the Giovanni Bausan and the Esmeralda, and off the yard at present are the two improved Esmeraldas for Japan.

Judged from her model and her photograph taken instantaneously as she was flying through the water at over eighteen knots an hour, the Esmeralda is all such a vessel should be. Her size, 3,000 tons, is not out of the way for the work she is designed for; and her armament—two 26-ton breechloaders, six 5-ton breech-

loaders, two 6-pounder Elswick rapid-fire guns, and six machine guns—is the most powerful carried by a ship of her class. Designed, built, and armed by the Armstrong Company, she is naturally looked upon by them with considerable pride. During the discussions last year, when the lamentable weakness of our Navy was revealed, and the first steps taken towards its re-establishment, this ship was in the forefront of the battle of the types. "Sixty Esmeraldas" one gallant admiral required for the protection of our commerce; and while other authorities were satisfied with a lesser number, all agreed that she could manœuvre round our own cruisers and attack them at her ease, and that unless we possessed some ships to equal or outsail her, our trade would be at her mercy.

It may be said that these cruisers, with their military masts and protected tops, are not particularly beautiful. Perhaps not; but beauty after all is a matter of the age in which we live. The past is always beautiful; and sailing-boats were never so nice as when they were first invented. When the Phœnician maiden went floating out to sea with her lover, and the fair Phœnician, holding out her drapery, stood in the bow of the boat as swiftly it drove to shore, surely the rig of the cruiser was at its best! The lady's drapery gave us the lateen—a graceful sail, but nothing to compare with that it took the place of. The lady's graceful figure in time became the mast—was that an improvement? The arms became the yardarms—another atrocity!—and eventually to those arms there came the stunsail booms. Alas! And at every change man sorrowfully thought of the beauty he had lost. Now all the old canvas has gone, with its snowy wings from the watersails to the moon-rakers, and we have to console ourselves with a flattened funnel and a drum-headed pole, both assuredly to disappear in the onward march of invention!

Armstrong's—vast, complete, and perfectly organised as it is—is now of national importance; and in bidding it farewell our first thought is of the past, when Elswick was practically a Government department; our second, of the future, when the same fate will probably befall it. Our third, and last, is of the good time, that is so long in coming, when guns and warships will have become so costly and complicated, that no enemy can contend against them, and the nations will have reached the same level as ourselves in holding the economy of labour as the worthier object of man's ingenuity—regarding destruction as a dire necessity even if it is employed for the safety of the race in the cause of peace.

W. J. GORDON.

## THE OLD HOMES OF ENGLAND.

ALTHORP, THE HOME OF THE SPENCERS.



ALTHORP HOUSE.

[By permission, from a photograph by Mr. Charles Law, Northampton.]

AMONG the noble old homes of our English aristocracy, we doubt if it be possible to visit or to wander over one more interesting than Althorp; it is crowded with memories and associations. Horace Walpole, who visited everywhere, in 1736 writes, contrasting his visits to Althorp and Blenheim: "I saw Althorp—Earl Spencer's—where are a vast many pictures, some mighty good; a gallery with the Windsor beauties, and Lady Bridgewater (Elizabeth, third daughter of the great Duke of Marlborough, whose beauty was proverbial—as Pope says,

'An angel's sweetness, or Bridgewater's eyes'),

who is full as handsome as any of them; a bouncing head of, I believe, Cleopatra, called there the Duchess of Mazarin. The park is enchanting. I forgot to tell you I was at Blenheim, where I saw nothing but a cross housekeeper and an impertinent porter, except a few pictures." Horace Walpole's letters frequently refer to Althorp; but the most pleasing references are in the memoirs of John Evelyn, who tells how he went to see "Althorp, about four miles from the ragged town of Northampton; 'tis placed in a pretty, open bottom, very finely watered, and flanked with stately woods and groves in a park; the house a kind of modern building of freestone; within, most nobly furnished; above all, admirable and magnificent, the several ample gardens, furnished with the choicest fruit, and exquisitely kept;" with a great deal more from the same faithful and affectionate pen. But this first visit was only the commencement of that long and unreserved friendship with the family which found him a frequent and welcome guest.

So much for what some of our esteemed literary penmen of centuries since thought of the old house. But memories flock through its chambers of quite another kind. If it seem to emerge before us with more distinctness as the home of the Spencers about 1640, we must yet carry our memory back much further. Here, in 1603, appears to have been a grand revelry, when the queen of James I, with their son, Henry, were entertained on their first entry into England, and on their way to London. Ben Jonson was there, and wrote a famous masque, or entertainment, for the occasion. At this time Sir Robert Spencer was the master of Althorp; and the king, as an expression of his regard for Sir Robert, elevated him to the peerage; and the new lord put up, in memory of the honour conferred by the king, the famous hawking-stand, still one of the great objects of pride to the owners of Althorp.

The first Baron Spencer appears to have been not only princely in his wealth and in his disposition, but a man of unblemished reputation; and it is very honourable to know that, although so faithful to the king, he did not hesitate to give such warnings with reference to the dangerous encroachments of the monarchy on the people's liberties, as, while they brought him rebuffs from the king, might, had they only been pondered with attention, have warded off some of those calamities which in later days overtook the Crown. There is a pleasing little anecdote of this first earl. He was speaking something in the House of Lords, shortly after he took his seat there, of what their great ancestors did, which displeased the Lord Arundel, who, as an



ancient writer says, "was a very proud and violent man," and "Arundel cuts him off short, saying, 'My lord, when these things you speak of were doing, your ancestors were keeping sheep,' twitting him with his flocks, which he took delight in (a characteristic also of the later earls). Spencer instantly replied, 'When my ancestors, as you say, were keeping sheep, your ancestors were plotting treason!' This hit Arundel home, and it grew to some heat in the House." The Lords debated upon it, and many were disposed to excuse Arundel for his speech; it, however, could not be justified, and the Peers commanded that he should give Spencer satisfaction, which His Greatness refusing to do, he was sent a prisoner to the Tower until his temper should cool itself, which it did in the course of a little while, and upon his apologising to the Peers he was set at liberty.

More pensive shadows fall over Althorp; it was the scene of another royal visit of a very different character from that we have mentioned above. Althorp is very near to Holmby House; and Charles I, in those days when he might be said to be almost in hiding, and in exile, found a refuge in both houses, but especially at Althorp. He was at Althorp when he first saw that marauding party, of which history and fiction have told us, headed by Cornet Joyce, a man obscure enough in himself, but well known both to the historian and the novelist. From Althorp Charles went to Holmby, and from thence to Carisbrook; and we know the rest.

We have said that a throng of memories crowd upon the mind in visiting Althorp; but that is truly a happy remark of Gibbon, when, in his memoirs of his own life, he says: "The nobility of the Spencers has been illustrated and enriched by the trophies of Marlborough, but I exhort them to consider the 'Fairy Queen' as the most precious jewel of their coronet." Famous names and characters of women imperial for their beauty, and men mighty in all the arts of statesmanship, press round us as we come into personal acquaintance with the long-drawn galleries and rooms of the ancient house. It is not so long since we had, perhaps, a better opportunity than that afforded to most visitors for a thorough survey of its manifold treasures. A friend from Boston, in the United States, before leaving our shores, expressed one great ambition; it was to see Althorp—perhaps not so much on account of its ancient associations with the Sunderlands and Marlboroughs. Our friend is a lover of old books, and he especially desired to gaze upon—perhaps to touch—some of those most precious gems in the collection which is at once the wonder—perhaps the envy—of the world of scholarship and learning. Could we help him? To the many illustrious peers of our land, he might have asked the help of our introduction quite in vain; but in this instance, very singularly, we were able to help him; and, through the courteous graciousness of the earl, we obtained an introduction to the librarian and the housekeeper, and the splendours of Althorp were open to our survey. And truly the delights are manifold. We suppose the family history is on the grand staircase—a stair-

case which, in the year 1669, stirred the admiration of Cosimo III, Grand Duke of Tuscany, who says: "The ascent from the ground floor to the noble storey above is by a spacious staircase of the wood of the walnut-tree stained, constructed with great magnificence. This staircase, dividing itself into two equal branches, leads to the grand saloon, from which is the passage into the chambers, all of them regularly disposed after the Italian manner, to which country the earl was indebted for a model of the design; and it may be said to be the best-planned and best-arranged country seat in the kingdom, for though there may be many which surpass it in size, none are superior to it in symmetrical elegance." So far, the Grand Duke of Tuscany. And for architectural effect, no doubt, the staircase is the most imposing and majestic feature of the mansion. On the ground floor, and before the eyes in the delightfully easy ascent of the staircase, where the visitor is fronted by the stalwart figure of the first earl, and around the entire galleries, hang the portraits of all the men and the women who have made the family memorable. There is the portrait of the fair Sacharissa—Waller's Sacharissa, the lady to whom probably the staircase owes, if not its existence, its graceful harmony and charm. She was the first Countess of Sunderland, remarkable apparently for her personal worth as well as for her charming presence. She and Waller both lived to a great age. It is said she was never at any time vain of that beauty which has made her immortal; but when far advanced in life, having outlived all the arch-loveliness which had inspired the poet in his youth, she inquired of him, in raillery, when he would write such fine verses upon her again. "Oh, madam," said he, "when your ladyship is as young again!" We quite agree with Grainger when he says it would have been more pretty and gallant had the poet replied, "When we are both young again." And there is old Sarah of Marlborough, one of the ancient grandmothers of the family, renowned not only as the wife of the duke, and for her great personal wealth, but as hungry and active in every kind of political and domestic intrigue. And there is her daughter, the charming Sunderland, whose beauty stirred even the raptures of Isaac Watts into verse as he surveyed her charming face and figure on the Pantiles at Tunbridge Wells:—

"Not Blenheim's field, nor Ister's flood,  
Nor standards dyed in Gallic blood  
Torn from the foe, add nobler grace  
To Churchill's house than Spencer's face.

The warlike thunder of his arms  
Is less commanding than her charms;  
His lightning strikes with less surprise  
Than sudden glances from her eyes."

But to particularise would be impossible, unless we were indeed making out a catalogue. Such galleries, such a succession of family portraits, seem like a haunting procession of spectres! How they thronged the busy court, and moved

along the great highway of life! How well they were known along the Strand and the Mall—beautiful women crowding along the Drums of Ranelagh; strong men, crafty in the cabinet, battling on the field; senators and diplomatists! As we walked along and looked at them all, and then renewed many impressions of the same faces in the long gallery, also treasuring many family portraits, the sweet verses of Caroline Bowles upon her own family portraits, as she was leaving

How when the living prop's mouldered and gone,  
Heart-strings, low trailing left, clasp the cold stone.

'Daughter,' ye softly said, 'Peace to thine heart:  
We, too—yes, daughter! have been as thou art,

Tossed on the troubled water, life's stormy sea,  
Chance and change manifold proving like thee.

Hope-lifted—doubt-depressed—seeing in part;  
Tried—troubled—tempted—sustained as thou art



THE STAIRCASE.

them behind her, came forcibly to our recollection:—

"Silent friends, fare ye well! Shadows, adieu!  
Living friends long I've lost, now I lose you.

Taken from hearth and board, when all were gone  
I looked up at you, and felt not quite alone.

Not quite companionless, while in each face  
Met me familiar the stamp of my race.

Thine, gentle ancestress! Dove-eyed and fair,  
Melting in sympathy oft for my care.

Grim knight and stern-visaged! Yet could I see,  
Smoothing that furrowed face, good-will to me.

Bland looks were beaming upon me, I knew,  
Fair sir! bonnie lady! from you, and from you.

*Our God is thy God, what He willeth is best;  
Trust Him as we trusted: then rest, as we rest.'*

Silent friends, fare ye well! Shadows, adieu!  
One Friend abideth still, all changes through."

But the picture gallery! After all, how that strikes a stranger! We were not prepared for the magnificent assemblage of treasures from all the illustrious chiefs of the pencil. Probably there have not been many additions since the time of Horace Walpole; and he says of it, "The gallery at Althorp is one of those enchanted scenes which a thousand circumstances of history and art endear to a pensive spectator." Indeed, it is a mighty assemblage, mostly of historical portraits. The room is a hundred and fifteen feet in length, twenty feet and a half in width, nineteen feet in height. Perhaps some of the grandest



HUNTING OR HAWKING STAND.

gems of the household are scattered through other rooms, notably that magnificent piece, Rembrandt's mother, by himself, in Rembrandt's finest style of bronze and gold; and the "Sea Calm," of Cuyt; and the "Masked Ball" of Poullemberg; and many another gem. But here are Rembrandts and Reynoldses, and all the artists between their eras, and many before :

"Also some beauties of Sir Peter Lely,  
Whose drapery hints we may admire them freely."

Here is an extraordinary gem, Diana of Poitiers, by Janet. Some lovers of art have made pilgrimages to see this picture alone. Here are Hans Holbeins and Anthony Mores, and some pieces very characteristic—Henry VIII with Will Somers, the jester; and here are portraits by Rubens; and here is the most fascinating and satisfying portrait of Nell Gwynne. And these treasures of the canvas are not only in this room—they are strewn abundantly through all the rooms of the house; it is not too much to say that the masterly enumeration of our great poet realises itself here in—

"Judges in very formidable ermine;  
Generals, some all in armour, of the old  
And iron time, ere lead had ta'en the lead:  
Others in wigs of Marlborough's martial fold  
Huger than twelve of our degenerate breed;  
Lordlings with staves of white or keys of gold;  
Nimrods, whose canvas scarce contain'd the steed;  
And here and there some stern high patriot stood,  
Who could not get the place for which he sued.

For ever and anon, to soothe your vision,  
Fatigued with these hereditary glories,  
There rose a Carlo Dolce, or a Titian,  
Or milder group of savage Salvatore's;  
Here danced Albano's boys, where the sea shone  
In Vernet's ocean lights; and there the stories  
Of martyrs awed, as Spagnoletto tainted  
His brush with all the blood of all the sainted."

We are not quite certain if every one of the above poetically enumerated artists be represented at Althorp, but there are many others not mentioned by the poet, and certainly the impressiveness of such a comprehensive gallery is stamped upon the mind.

So far we had wandered over this region of history and of art; permitted also to look into the more private chambers of the household, in every one of which was something to interest the eye. But we were not yet introduced to that mighty assemblage of treasures which, perhaps, beyond any others, makes Althorp famous, and certainly venerable, to the scholar or the book-hunter. Even from the elder days of the family the Spencers seem to have been mighty book-collectors. Lord Sunderland, the head of the family, and Prime Minister under George I, accumulated a noble library. The accumulation commenced with his father, and John Evelyn makes mention of it. "I dined," says he, "March 10th, 1695, at the Earl of Sunderland's; met Lord Spencer; my lord showed me his library, now again improved by many books bought at the sale of Sir Charles Scarborough, an eminent physician, which was the very best collection, especially of mathematical books, that was, I believe, in Europe."



And again John Evelyn says, "Lord Spencer, A.D. 1699, purchased an incomparable library;" but this library passed from Althorp to Blenheim, where it was long regarded as its brightest ornament. The Earl of Sunderland, who was the son-in-law of the Duke of Marlborough, appears to have surrendered the library to Blenheim in consideration of a debt of ten thousand pounds which he owed to the duke; but the present vast collection appears to owe its origin to George John, the Earl Spencer. This George John was the second Earl Spencer; his father, the Honourable John Spencer, to whom he had succeeded, was created an earl, but he died comparatively young; and here, beneath the new earl, the family seems to have passed into a new *régime* of wealth and splendour. He was First Lord of the Admiralty during that period, in the earlier part of the present century, when the British Navy reached its highest pinnacle of renown; but, resigning this post in 1807, he devoted his time and wealth to domestic society and literary pursuits, with his wife Lavinia, the daughter of the first Earl of Lucan; and, without doubt, the passion of his life now became book-collecting, and he devoted himself not only to the increase of such a library as was already at Althorp, but to the formation of that which is, we suppose, the finest private collection in Europe.

In this he was aided by that extraordinary enthusiast in all rare book-lore, his librarian, the Rev. Thomas Frognall Dibdin. These two Argus-eyed book-hunters kept themselves alive and awake to every public or private sale where it was possible to get any rich or rare library curiosity which might find its way to the stores of Althorp.

We must refer our readers to the various costly works of Dibdin, especially to his "Literary Reminiscences," for an account of the growth of the library, the accumulation of books by the accession of rare and beautiful editions or unique copies, and notably the purchase by Earl Spencer at Naples of the great library of the Duke of

Cassano. With evident gusto the earl writes to Dibdin: "The books, before this letter reaches you, will, I hope, be on their way to England on board of H.M.S. The Rochefort, of eighty guns, from which they will be landed at Portsmouth. But what is to be their *ultimate* destination? You naturally anticipate it; and therefore, without preface, they are now *all mine!*"

In our visit, instructed by the earl, the most courteous and obliging librarian threw open the casements of the library and showed the tables with wonderful editions, which it seemed scarce lawful for human fingers to touch—not merely from the rarity of the edition itself, but from the frequent cost and splendour of the bindings. Do our readers remember—have they paid a visit to that little room, the palace of art, known as the Tribune, in the Pitti Gallery at Florence, where, after traversing amidst the splendours of the longer rooms and galleries, the visitor finds himself surrounded by the selectest marvels of taste—Raphaels and Andrea del Sartos and Michael Angelos? Some such impressions come to the mind of the lover of old books in this which we may, perhaps, as appropriately call the Tribune of Althorp. Here is an astonishing collection of Bibles and Testaments and Psalters—rare editions of every language and every age; and here the rarest editions of the classics; and here that rare and splendid "Beccacio," for which the earl gave a thousand pounds, in its costly binding, like precious dust in a stately cenotaph. "Is it impertinent," we said, "to ask if you have any approximate idea of the worth enshrined in this room?" "Oh, no; the value is about a hundred thousand pounds." And all the great Italians, the noblest county historians, and the stateliest editions of Clarendon and Shakespeare, and the mighty monarchs of English letters, find themselves enshrined within these shelves. What a wonderful state of wealthy repose, of assured security and quiet, and restfully harmonious taste, such a magnificent collection as this implies! How impos-



THE DAIRY, ALTHORP.

sible such an accumulation as this seems in a land exposed to the blasts of revolution or to the possibilities arising from the precariousness of human property, and the fluctuations of family wealth! No; such treasures can only be found in those homes where the family boasts, as it has been called, of the clear age of ages—the unbroken patrimonial descent of ancient families seeming almost to constitute a strong breakwater through the vicissitudes and waves of time.

Such is Althorp. It has been fortunate in finding an historical chronicler such as the old librarian, Frognall Dibdin, whose very costly and magnificent volumes, the "*Ædes Althorpianae*" and the "*Bibliotheca Spenceriana*," while not very ready to the hands of ordinary readers, are certainly amongst the most entertaining pieces of literature and chronicles of art in our language. The visitor approaching Althorp might imagine from its railway station that he was entering some considerable town; but, indeed, there is only the house, with the dependencies belonging to the establishment. Brinkton Church, however, where the long line of the Spencers find their last resting-place, and to which parish Althorp belongs, has many interesting claims to notice, and we must hope that, as space forbids any especial attention to it here, this interesting building and its associations may form the subject of some future paper. Nor should we forget that originally the family of Washington appears to have had its first birthplace in this old village seclusion.

Fifty years since the name of Althorp was upon every lip as that of one of the leading men in the carrying the great Reform measure, the immediate coadjutor with Earl Grey, and Brougham, and Russell. He was one of Brougham's most intimate friends, and to him Brougham dedicated his delightful discourse on Natural Theology. It is said by his biographer that his correspondence with Brougham upon this and kindred subjects, such as the immateriality of the soul, and the evidences of Divine revelation, would fill a substantial volume. There is a pleasing anecdote of him mentioned by Lord Glenelg, the author of some of our sweetest hymns, that when staying at

Althorp he was remarkably impressed by the earl's conduct of family worship, and especially by a prayer which was new to him, but which was read by the earl. Glenelg was struck by its appropriate references to the servants of the household, and, inquiring of Lord Spencer, he said that he had prepared it himself, especially as, while the servants constituted the largest proportion of the congregation at family worship, they seemed to be altogether overlooked in any prayers of which he had any knowledge. This is a very pleasing and amiable incident, and, perhaps, derives something from our knowledge of the piety and exquisite taste of Lord Glenelg. But of this late earl, that in him which did not devote itself to the affairs of the State and the Cabinet—of which he was an active and powerful member—was devoted, like that of his first great ancestor, to a life of farming.

The old earl's bookmanship appears to have been not without its influence in somewhat embarrassing his affairs, and, grand and noble as the pursuit had been, it had told even upon his wealth; so, retiring from the Chancellorship of the Exchequer, his successor appears to have wrought hard to marshal the exchequer at home and reduce it to good order. He must have been a delightfully simple and natural character. Earl Russell tells an odd story of his sitting by him in the House of Commons when he announced his intention to resign his place in the Ministry in the vernacular phraseology, "*The pig's killed!*" But his influence in the House was of the highest and most honourable kind. Once, when Croker had prepared a most elaborate statement of facts, Althorp replied that he had made some calculations entirely refuting them, but had unfortunately mislaid or left them behind him, and therefore could only advise the House upon his bare statement to reject the amendment. The House did so in mere faith in the honesty of the man. Such are some of the pleasing associations from ancient and modern times with the home and family of the Spencers. The last chapter of their illustrious record is more than worthy of all that has preceded.

E. PAXTON HOOD.

## NOTABLE BLIND FOLKS.

### II.

IT was reserved for a blind man to reveal to the world numerous facts concerning the life and habits of bees, till then undiscovered by the keenest observers. Francis Huber was born at Geneva in 1750, and in his boyhood studied so ardently that at fifteen his eyes were failing him, and at seventeen, in spite of the best skill of Paris, he was doomed to blindness. Huber was in love with Marie Aimée Lullin, daughter of one of the syndics, but the father was unwilling to have a blind son-in-law, and forbade the union. Marie, however, determined to be faithful, and pleaded

that Huber's need of a guide made it all the more obligatory on her to keep her troth.

For seven years the young couple waited, till Marie at the age of twenty-five was her own mistress, and then they were married. The syndic resigned himself to the inevitable and ultimately became reconciled. For forty years the wedded pair lived together; the lady was not only the companion and loving wife, she was also Huber's reader, amanuensis, secretary, and—as he said—"a good pair of eyes to him, a right hand in all his troubles, and a light for his darkest days."

Possessed of ample means and leisure, Huber devoted himself to the study of bees. In the patient and constant observations required, a faithful servant, Francis Burney, was the untiring helper. He would steadily watch a hive for twenty-four hours at a time to procure the required facts. These observations Huber directed and arranged, and produced his celebrated works on the subject of bees. Much doubt and ridicule had to be got over before the world would accept the assertions of a blind man as more correct than the theories of previous naturalists. He survived his beloved wife a few years, and then at the age of eighty-one came the serene close of a happy and honoured life.

A blind physician would to most seem an anomaly, and many patients would naturally shrink from putting themselves under the care of a doctor who could not see them. But Hugh James, M.D., of Carlisle, triumphed over the obstacle of blindness and attained to eminence for his skill in treating diseases. He began life as a surgeon, but the gradual failure of his eyesight precluded him from success in this branch. Before becoming quite blind he graduated as a physician, and when his eyesight was totally gone at the age of thirty-five, he laboured in his calling with diligence and success. He was most exemplary in gratuitous labour among the poor, in the course of which he contracted the disease which carried him off in his forty-fifth year.

There are many other names that might be mentioned in connection with literary, scientific, or scholastic pursuits, but we prefer now to turn our attention to those instances in which the disadvantages of blindness have been overcome by persons engaged in the more active walks of life. And we will first say a few words about blind travellers.

The most noted of blind travellers, and one whose published narratives form interesting contributions to English literature, was James Holman, born at Exeter in 1786. He lost his sight at the age of twenty-five whilst a lieutenant in the navy on the west coast of Africa. He at first devoted himself to literature to occupy his mind, but finding his health fail determined upon a course of travel. He had been eight years blind when he set out alone on a prolonged continental journey. In 1822 he published a narrative of his three years' experiences, and then set out to traverse the whole length of the Russian Empire, and return from its eastern extremity across America to England, thus going round the world. He travelled on till he had got two thousand miles beyond Tobolsk, when the Russian authorities sapiently took it into their heads that this blind man was a spy. It is probable that his blindness was thought to be only assumed, but however this may be, express orders were sent out from St. Petersburg to send him back to the Polish frontier, which was accordingly done. Returning through Austria, Saxony, Prussia, and Hanover, he reached England after an absence of two years and a day. Two volumes were soon published with an account of his journey. A curious incident is recorded as happening at

Tobolsk. Hearing a noise he could not account for whilst dining with the governor, he asked what animal it was that was making a snorting noise at about the level of the table. Great was his chagrin to find that the noise came from a diminutive town-councillor who had a habit of making a continuous snorting noise at meal times. From 1827 to 1832 Holman was engaged in a journey round the world, afterwards described in four volumes. His naval training was of considerable service to him, sometimes as a source of amusement and sometimes by enabling him to help in times of emergency. He astonished the sailors by heaving the lead or climbing to the masthead as efficiently as they could, and one night by seizing the helm and obeying the captain's orders he saved the vessel from destruction. When in Africa he suffered much from the chief difficulty that besets the path of the blind, the inability to guard against unexpected obstacles. In riding through the woods he was often bruised or scratched by boughs of trees. In Ceylon he ascended Adam's Peak, and writes as excitedly about the prospect as if he had really seen it. He says: "I felt all its beauties rushing into my heart of hearts." Lieutenant Holman died in 1857. A stone in Highgate Cemetery marks his resting-place.

Our glance at notable blind men would be very incomplete if it did not include a notice of John Metcalf, the road-maker, who wrote a curious autobiography, and the story of whose life is also well told in Smiles's "Engineers." He became blind through smallpox in his fourth year, and had no advantages in the way of education. He was, however, active, quick-witted, and uncommonly persevering. In spite of his blindness he was renowned among his boy-companions for his skill in tree-climbing, orchard-robbing, horse-racing, and swimming.

As he grew up he acted as guide to travellers, and as fiddler at rural festivals. Bowls, wrestling, boxing, cock-fighting, and horse-dealing filled up his time, and the latter pursuit he managed to make very profitable. He fell in love with Mary Benson, the daughter of the landlord of the Granby, at Harrogate. But the girl's relations thought she might do better for herself, and persuaded her to accept a rival suitor. The banns were duly put up, but on the eve of the wedding day Mary eloped with her blind lover, and next day they were happily married, to the disappointment of Metcalf's rival and two hundred expectant wedding guests at Harrogate. After two children had been born peace was made with the family of the bride, who when asked how she came to refuse so many good offers to marry a blind man, said, "I could not be happy without him; his actions are so singular, and his actions are so manly, that I couldn't help liking him."

In 1745 Metcalf joined a troop of volunteers as bugler, and was drafted to the army of General Wade. He was at Falkirk, Culloden, and other battles, and at Falkirk nearly lost his life; he only saved himself by following the clattering horse-hoofs of the flying dragoons. After his military life Metcalf engaged in the woollen trade,



in horse-dealing, and in a little smuggling. But in these various pursuits he seems to have come to the conclusion that the northern roads were not what they should be, and that he could make them better. He had already proved his capacity for measuring timber or stacks of hay, and by a process of his own giving the cubical contents.

He took to road-building with his usual vigour, began by taking small contracts, and ultimately became one of the greatest of road-makers. He constructed in all (says Smiles) about a hundred and eighty miles of turnpike road, for which he received about sixty-five thousand pounds. He made all his own plans and estimates, and personally superintended the workmen. His most remarkable work was the nine miles of road across deep marshes between Blackmoor and Standish foot. Men of experience declared that the solid bottom of the marsh must be reached, but Metcalf avoided this costly plan by laying a foundation with bundles of heather and ling laid across each other. His road lasted twelve years without repair, and the same principle was long afterwards adopted by George Stephenson in making a railway across Chat Moss. Metcalf was a hale and hearty man of seventy-five when he made his last road, and then retired to his farmhouse at Spofforth, where he lived to be ninety-three. Ninety great-grandchildren survived him.

As an instance of a blind mechanic we may mention Joseph Strong, some account of whose life is preserved by Wilson. He was born at a village near Carlisle in 1732, and lost his sight from smallpox at four years of age. He early showed both musical and mechanical genius, and after manufacturing a fiddle and a flute and various other instruments, he had a great ambition to build an organ. He accordingly hid himself in Carlisle Cathedral and got locked in for the night, then, proceeding to the organ-loft, he examined every part of the instrument. At midnight he had satisfied himself as to the details of its construction, and then began experimenting on the tone of the stops. The result was that neighbours were alarmed at the unwonted noises in the cathedral. Some of the bravest ventured in and found the blind boy at his work. The kind-hearted dean, before whom he was taken next day, reprimanded him, and then gave him permission to come in and play when he liked. He soon made an organ, on which he played as long as he lived, and another which he sold advantageously. He and his mother walked the three hundred miles to London on a visit, and whilst in town Strong was introduced to the blind organist Stanley, who offered to give him musical lessons if he would stay in town. But Joseph preferred to get back to Cumberland. On his return he made a weaver's loom with several improvements, and then took to weaving as his chief employment. He could set right a broken thread as readily as any one else.

A contemporary of the last-named was Thomas Wilson, the blind turner and bellringer of Dumfries. He also lost his sight by smallpox at too early an age to have any remembrance of the outer world. When a child he developed such a

passion for the belfry that he actually became chief ringer at the age of twelve. Bell-ringing, however, was not sufficiently well paid to procure him the means of living, and he accordingly learned the trade of a wood-turner, by which he supported himself. His tools were so arranged that he could put his hand on any one at pleasure. He lived alone, but his housekeeping, his cooking, and the perfect cleanness of his humble establishment were the talk of the neighbourhood. He had a bit of ground, in which he planted and raised his own potatoes, and was ready to bear a hand when he could be useful to others. 'When a neighbour became groggy on a Saturday night,' says his biographer, 'it was by no means an uncommon spectacle to see Tom conducting him home to his wife and children.'

Thomas Wilson was not only a clever turner, supplying goods that were famous in all the district round about Dumfries, but he even made a lathe for his own use, as well as other ingenious mechanical contrivances. It is said that he would go out and buy a ten-foot plank and carry it home without coming in contact with anything on the way. As a ringer, he was punctual at the belfry three times a day for over half a century, and was only once known to be wrong, on which occasion he rang at eleven instead of ten. His salary as chief ringer was at first thirty shillings per annum, but in the course of sixty-three years it gradually rose to £20. His local knowledge was such that he could guide strangers at once to any part of Dumfries or the neighbourhood. Many have been highly amused to find out afterwards that they had been guided by a blind man. His memory was remarkable. He was observed on one occasion to lift his foot very high on entering a shop. It was found on inquiry that there had been a step there when Wilson had last entered the shop, twenty-four years previously. This remarkable blind man died in 1825, on the 12th of March. He was in the belfry on the previous evening, engaged in ringing the bell, when, as some citizens afterwards remembered, the ringing was considerably curtailed. The aged ringer was struck down by an apoplectic fit, and was found in the morning by his assistant, just in time to be carried home to die.

The list of remarkable blind men has been by no means exhausted by the few examples we have been able to give in these articles. There was Wimprecht, the blind bookseller of Augsburg, who knew every book in his perpetually changing stock of eight thousand volumes. When fresh books arrived his wife read their titles and all particulars to him, and he fixed their value. Having carefully felt a book and placed it in his shop, he could find it and remember all about it in the future. Time would fail to tell of Nathaniel Price, of Norwich, a first-rate bookbinder; of Thomas Holland, of Manchester, the successful blind teacher; of Kennedy, of Tandevagee, a notable blind mechanic, a famous maker and mender of bagpipes, as well as of clocks, watches, and looms, by whose inventions the bagpipes became capable of producing musical effects hitherto unattainable; of William Jamieson, Professor of History at Glasgow Uni-

versity, who was blind from birth, yet became an accomplished scholar, "very ready and exact in his quotations from authors;" of David McBeath, a blind teacher in the Edinburgh Blind Asylum, who invented an ingenious method of communication for the blind, by means of which one blind person can send any message to another by an arrangement of different sorts of knots on a piece of string; of Blind Macquire, a famous Scotch tailor, a maker of tartan dresses, who was said to be able to distinguish all the colours by the sense of touch.

Our cases have been for the most part selected from the ranks of those with whom blindness may be said to have been a life-long calamity. Instances of another class, such as those of Prescott the historian, and the late Professor Fawcett, might have been dwelt on, and would be found inculcating the same great lesson—namely, that blindness is no insuperable barrier to success, but that by heroic fortitude and resolute endeavour its serious disadvantages may be overcome.

But we have only spoken of the stronger sex, how does the case stand with blind women? Unfortunately, as Mr. Levy clearly points out, their position as a general rule is most deplorable. Blind men do not as a rule find themselves condemned to single life, they seem to get wives about as readily as other men. But blind women very seldom find husbands. In the humbler classes especially their position is generally one of extreme dependence, and they either remain a burden upon those who are scarcely able to bear it, or find a refuge in the workhouse. Where ample means are at command there are of course abundant ameliorations of their forlorn condition. For poor blind women there are few remunerative pursuits open, the chief being brush-drawing, knitting, fine basket-work, etc. The admirable Association for Promoting the General Welfare of the Blind has done an immense deal of good by looking after this class and helping them to help themselves. At one time there were a considerable number of blind female organists and pianoforte teachers in and near London, but owing to the modern growth of a prejudice against blind musicians this class of occupation has been very much closed against them. Many blind women have shown themselves very apt at domestic work, when properly trained, and have succeeded well as housekeepers, servants, and nurses.

As a blind pianoforte player Mademoiselle Theresa Paradie attained to considerable celebrity at the end of last century in Vienna, Paris, and London. She lost her sight when an infant in a moment of extreme terror occasioned by a supposed attack of robbers on her father's house. As an instance of remarkable accomplishments in the case of a blind lady we may mention Mademoiselle Salignac, another victim of smallpox in infancy. She is described as characterised by "beauty of person, sweetness of temper, vivacity of genius, quickness of perception, and many talents which certainly softened her misfortune." She was a first-rate card-player, using a prepared pack pricked so as to be perceptible only to herself. All she required was that each person play-

ing should name a card on laying it down. Her marvellous memory did all the rest. She corresponded with her friends, writing in pencil and readily reading the replies which they pricked on paper or even scratched with scissors on card. In playing on the guitar, singing, and other accomplishments she excelled, being indebted for her tuition to a loving mother, who spared no pains to soften the lot of her afflicted daughter.

As long as Boswell's "Life of Johnson" is read by Englishmen the name of Anna Williams, the blind Welsh poetess, will be remembered. She came to London in 1730 when twenty-four years of age. Her father was disappointed in obtaining Government patronage for a new scheme, and the daughter had to support both by her needle. The result was blindness, but she still worked on, and also wrote one or two books. Dr. Johnson invited her to his house as companion to his wife, and after Mrs. Johnson's death kept her to manage his domestic establishment till her own death in 1783. Her cleverness as a housekeeper excited the surprise of all the doctor's visitors.

As nurses some blind women have excelled. Martha Brass, of Liverpool, acquired considerable local fame in this capacity. She was accustomed to sit up with the sick, and could administer medicine and attend to all their wants efficiently. She died at the age of seventy-one, leaving £2,000, the result of her earnings and of gifts from grateful employers. The bulk of her money she devised to various charities.

The name of another blind woman stands out in the annals of our country, and with her name we will close our brief sketch of notable blind folks. Joan Wast, blind from her birth, maintained herself by knitting in the reign of King Edward VI. Hearing the Bible read in English, she saved up enough to buy a New Testament for herself, and would give a penny to people to read to her out of it when she could spare the money. When Mary came to the throne Joan Wast, at the age of twenty-two, was burned at the stake as a heretic on August 1st, 1553. The crown of martyrdom, as well as the laurels of fame, has been won by the blind.

A strange chapter in the history of human life is the story of what the blind have done. In estimating the heroism with which they have struggled against being overwhelmed by their calamity and their lives rendered useless, it must be borne in mind that in the case of those who have lost their sight in middle life they have been left at first absolutely helpless. Starting from a common point of helplessness, they have had to begin as children, and the process of self-discipline has been long and tedious, and the training of the other senses slow and disheartening. It is a curious fact, too, as pointed out by one who has carefully studied the question, that the employments which blind people take to with most facility are hardly ever those with which they have been previously familiar. However largely a workman's proficiency in a trade may depend on manual dexterity, this dexterity has been so aided and governed by the eye that,

when the superintending organ is withdrawn, it takes all the proficiency with it, leaving in its stead a positive inaptitude for that particular occupation. A brushmaker, for instance, who loses his eyesight is rarely found making brushes afterwards; any of the other trades for which want of sight is not a disqualification comes easier to him than the one in which he was formerly a proficient. The cases we have stated of those who have overcome this additional difficulty and have gone on in darkness with the same labours they performed in the light illustrate the strength of man's will to conquer circumstances.

It is pleasant to remember, however, that as soon as the inevitable in the lot of the blind is cheerfully accepted, there are certain compensations which are developed. Conspicuous among these are a love of order; a keener appreciation

of things beautiful which hitherto were disregarded; a keenness in the pleasure of the sense of touch; a more clinging love for old friends and associations. The capacity for enjoyment finds new channels; the impressions derived through the other senses are intensified, and in many cases a restful kind of cheerfulness springs up which seems almost peculiar to the blind. In the biographies of the blind it has been recorded of many that from their lips was never heard vain lament or useless regret—they might have used the words of Milton,

"I argue not  
Against Heaven's hand or will, nor bate a jot  
Of heart or hope, but still bear up and steer  
Right onward."

EDWIN HODDER.

## INDIAN FABLES.

COLLECTED FROM ORIGINAL SOURCES BY P. V. RAMASWAMI RAJU, B.A.

### THE DESPOT AND THE WAG.

A DESPOT in the East wished to have a great name as a very munificent prince, so he gave large presents to everyone of note that came



to his court, but at the same time his officers had secret orders to waylay the recipients of his gifts

and recover them. In this manner many a man had been rewarded and plundered. Once a wag came to his court and amused him by his drolleries. The king gave him a great many presents, including a horse. After taking leave of the king and his courtiers the wag bundled up the presents and put them over his shoulders, and mounting the horse, facing the tail, was going out. The king asked why he did so. "Sire," said the wag, "simply to see if your officers were coming behind, that I may at once hand over the bundle to them and go about my business." The despot was abashed, and stopped giving any more presents, saying, "Giving is but giving in vain, when we give to take again."

### THE LION, THE FOX, AND THE STORYTELLER.

A lion who was the king of a great forest once said to his subjects, "I want some one among you to tell me stories one after another without ceasing. If you fail to find somebody who can so amuse me you will all be put to death." In the East there is a proverb which says, "The king kills when he wills." So the animals were in great alarm. The fox said, "Fear not; I shall save you all. Tell the king the storyteller is ready to come to court when ordered." So the animals had orders to send the storyteller at once to the presence. The fox bowed respectfully, and stood before the king. He said, "So you are to tell us stories without ceasing?" "Yes, your majesty," said the fox. "Then begin," said the lion. "But before I do so," said the fox, "I would like to know what your majesty means by a story." "Why," said the lion, "a narrative containing some interesting event or fact." "Just so," said the fox, and began: "There was a fisherman who went to sea with a huge net, and



spread it far and wide. A great many fish got into it. Just as the fisherman was to draw the net the coils snapped. A great opening was made. First one fish escaped." Here the fox stopped. "What then?" said the lion. "Then two escaped," said the fox. "What then?" said the impatient lion. "Then three escaped," said the fox. Thus, as often as the lion repeated his query, the fox increased the number by one, and said as many escaped. The lion was vexed and said, "Why, you are telling me nothing new." "I wish your majesty will not forget your royal word," said the fox. "Each event occurred by itself, and each lot that escaped was different from the rest." "But wherein is the wonder?" said the lion. "Why, your majesty, what can be more wonderful than for fish to escape in lots, each exceeding the other by one!" "I am bound by my word," said the lion, "else I would see your carcass stretched on the ground." The fox said in a whisper, "If tyrants that desire things impossible were not at least bound by their own word, their subjects can find nothing to bind them!"

#### THE FOX IN A WAREHOUSE.

A fox once entered a merchant's warehouse, and, finding nothing to his taste, was quietly going out. The merchant, who wished to have a joke with him, said, "My dear sir, may I know what you wish to purchase?" "I am afraid you have it not," said the fox. "What! we have everything, from a needle to an anchor," said the merchant. "That is just what I want," said the fox. "If you have a needle as big as an anchor, and an anchor as small as a needle, you will oblige me!" "Ah!" said the merchant; "in war and wit, they win by a hit!"

#### THE CROW AND THE DAWN

A crow that lived on a tree by a great city in the East thought that the day dawned because of his cawing. One day he said to himself, "How important I am! But for my care, I confess, the world will get into a mess." He had a mind to see how the world would fare if for it he did not care. So towards day-dawn he shut his eyes and slept away without cawing. Then he awoke, and found the sun shining as bright as ever on the great city. He said with great ill-humour, "I see how it has happened. Some knave of my kind must have cawed and helped the sun up!" Error breeds error.

#### THE LION AND THE GOAT.

A lion was eating up one after another the animals of a certain country. One day an old goat said, "We must put a stop to this. I have a plan by which he may be sent away from this part of the country." "Pray act up to it at once," said the other animals. The old goat laid himself down in a cave on the roadside, with his flowing beard and long curved horns. The lion on his way to the village saw him, and stopped at the mouth of the cave. "So you have come after

all," said the goat. "What do you mean?" said the lion. "Why, I have long been lying in this cave. I have eaten up one hundred elephants, a hundred tigers, a thousand wolves, and ninety-nine lions. One more lion has been wanting. I have waited long and patiently. Heaven has after



all been kind to me," said the goat, and shook his horns and his beard and made a start as if he were about to spring upon the lion. The latter said to himself, "This animal looks like a goat, but it does not talk like one. So it is very likely some wicked spirit in this shape. Prudence often serves us better than valour, so for the present I shall return to the wood," and he turned back. The goat rose up and, advancing to the mouth of the cave, said, "Will you come back to-morrow?" "Never again," said the lion. "Do you think I shall be able to see you, at least, in the wood to-morrow?" "Neither in the wood, nor in this neighbourhood any more," said the lion, and running to the forest, soon left it with his kindred. The animals in the country, not hearing him roar any more, gathered round the goat, and said, "The wisdom of one doth save a host."

#### THE TRADESMAN AND THE HONEST SERVANT.

A tradesman in the East, who had not many customers, had a servant who was remarkable for speaking the truth. One day a gentleman came to the shop, and, finding everything in excellent order, said, "How well you arrange your things!" "That is because we have not much business, sir—seldom any customers," said the servant. The gentleman, who was struck by this remark, then asked for the quality of each of the various articles

in the shop, and had a correct description from the honest servant. He bought a few things he wanted and left the place. The tradesman sent for the servant, and said, "You don't know how to get on in the world. You would go and tell the gentleman we seldom had any customers. I can't hope to prosper with you. Leave me at once!" The servant left the shop, and was engaged that very day by the owner of the opposite shop, who was in need of a servant. The next day the gentleman again called at the first shop, and said to the tradesman, "My friend, I have got a very large order to give, and to-morrow a great many of my friends intend buying here. Where is your honest servant? Unless he points out the articles I can't be satisfied." The tradesman was very sorry he had sent away the servant; but the gentleman soon found out he was in the opposite shop, and went there to make his purchases. "Alas!" said the disconsolate tradesman, "what a lesson! We ever profit by truth, but if ever we seem to lose, it is but the earnest of greater gain."

#### THE SAGE AND THE ANIMALS.

There lived in the East a great sage who had the power of teaching any animal the tones of any other animal on earth. One day a great many



animals went to him and received lessons. Soon after the fox presented himself before the poultry-yard and crowed like Chanticleer. Chanticleer thought that some rival had come near; so he went out to meet him. The fox got in by another

way and carried off as many of his hens and chicks as he could take. The wolf went to the fold at night and, bleating like a sheep, drew away from the flock a number of lambs and made a hearty meal on them. Then the kite, chirping merrily, tapped at the door of the sparrow's nest. The little sparrows cried, "Oh, mamma has just returned with something nice for breakfast!" and opened the door. The kite made his breakfast on them. Thus every animal began to imitate the tones of some other, and do as much harm as possible. So they all went to the sage and told him of the result of their labours. "Ah," said the sage, "I thought as much. You shall not have the power any more. They that would abuse knowledge or power should never get it."

#### THE VIPER IN THE KING'S GARDEN.

A king in the East had close to his palace a beautiful garden, of which he took great care. One day a viper got into it. A servant of the palace, who saw it entering, reported the matter to the king. His majesty expressed great concern at it, and sending for his chief gardener, said, "You see the garden is close to the palace. We occupy this suite of chambers, the ladies of our household the next, the little princes and princesses the third, so the viper should be caught and destroyed at any cost before nightfall, otherwise not one of us will have a wink of sleep to-night. Mind we would even have all the trees and the bushes in the garden rooted up, if need be, to see if the animal has got into any of the holes or cavities under them, although we have fostered them so long for our pleasure with paternal care, for you know the proverb which says, 'Life first, pleasure next.'" The gardener obeyed. He and his men sought for the viper all round, but it could be found nowhere; so they rooted up, one after another, the trees and plants in the garden till not a blade of grass was left standing. A huge pile was formed of all the vegetation thus destroyed. At last, within a hole, under the foot of a lovely hawthorn which had just been cut down, was the malicious reptile snugly coiled up. Instantly the gardeners killed it and brought it to the king. His majesty viewed the dead snake with satisfaction, but turning to the green pile in the garden, with a heavy heart exclaimed, "Alas, the wickedness of one hath ruined a host!"

#### THE FARMER AND THE FOX.

A farmer one morning noticed the footprints of some quadruped in his field, and said to a fox, "Reynard, my field was entered last night by some beast with four legs. Can you tell me which?" "I am sorry I can't," said the fox, "but I know who can." "Who is it?" said the farmer. "There is a fish in the sea," said the fox, "that hath two fins; if you should ask him he may tell you." "What a silly reply!" said the farmer. "Not more silly than the query," said the fox, as he retreated to the wood.

Consider twice before you put a question to a sly person.

## NEGLECTED BOOKS.

II.

IN a former paper we spoke of neglected books, and we gave instances of publications by celebrated men, which, though once popular, have for some time past been almost overlooked by the public in general. We purpose now making some remarks on authors themselves who have met with a similar reverse. A distinction is to be made between those who are *neglected* and those who are *forgotten*. Some names which shone awhile in the firmament of literature have totally disappeared. They have sunk into oblivion. Transient popularity has been succeeded by lasting indifference. Always worthless, they have only met with a fate deserved. But it is far otherwise with many. Their names are still familiar; indeed, generally they are mentioned with honour. A history of letters which passed them by, without any notice whatever, would be pronounced incomplete; and educated people would be ashamed to acknowledge that they knew little or nothing of their merits. They are only neglected; the demand for them at the bookseller's counter is small; they are not often inquired after at our public libraries.

We begin with poets. How few persons there are who know much more than the names of authors described by Dr. Johnson in his "Lives of the Poets." Indeed, some of them owe an introduction there entirely to the self-interest of publishers. Boswell informs us that they were selected by the booksellers who held the copyright of their works, and that it was only by Johnson's own influence that Dr. Watts was included in the catalogue. A place in those volumes, then, is no proof of public estimation or of intrinsic merit. It was very much a trade affair. Of course there are ample notices of bards who have secured for themselves an immortal fame. No conspiracy whatever can cast them into the shade. Also, in this interesting work by the great lexicographer, there are notices of writers who deserve from posterity a fortune different from what they have received. Take, for instance, Abraham Cowley. Johnson treated him as a type of the metaphysical class, and so well succeeded in his eulogy that Boswell thinks he "discovered to us, as it were, a new planet in the poetical hemisphere."

Waller is another English bard described with respect by Johnson, and praised by an earlier eminent critic, John Dryden. He couples Waller with Denham. "The sweetness of Mr. Waller's lyric poetry," he says, "was afterwards followed in the epic by Sir John Denham in his 'Cooper's Hill,' a poem which for the majesty of its style is, and ever will be, the exact standard of good writing."

Thomas Parnell is highly praised, both as priest and poet, in a Latin epitaph Johnson wrote for him, which informs us that sweetness as a poet was coupled with sanctity as a priest. "These four, Cowley, Waller, Denham, Parnell—easily

could we add many other names of the same order—how have they fallen one after another into neglect! Mentioned perhaps not unfrequently, they are at present very little read.

Yet the polished style of Cowley's "Essays in Verse and Prose" will amply repay perusal; nor is the commendation of Waller and of Denham by Dryden overcharged. The descriptive power of Denham will be appreciated by any one who walks on the banks of the Thames near Windsor with "Cooper's Hill" in his pocket; and Parnell's "Hermit" is a charming version of an old legend, equally striking for its incidents and its moral.

Dr. Young occupies a conspicuous place in Johnson's "Lives." "What do you think of Dr. Young's 'Night Thoughts'?" asked Boswell. "Why, sir, there are many fine things in them," replied Johnson. In the "Lives" he says Young "has exhibited a very wide display of original poetry, variegated with deep reflection and striking allusions; a wilderness of thought, in which the fertility of fancy scatters flowers of every hue and of every odour. This is one of the few poems in which blank verse could not be changed for rhyme but with disadvantage." "Particular lines are not to be regarded; the power is in the whole; and in the whole there is a magnificence like that ascribed to Chinese plantation—the magnificence of vast extent and endless diversity." The Bolt Court critic here seems to be labouring after "fine things," such as he found in the "Night Thoughts;" but, notwithstanding the pedantic air of both writers, there is truth in Johnson's panegyric. Public taste has manifestly turned since the middle of last century, and that will account for a partial eclipse of Young's fame; perhaps, however, it has been more darkly shadowed by what we know of his life. With all the defects of our age, there is abroad that love of reality which leads us to look askance upon mere pretence; and when we find that Young, with all his exalted strains, all his written spiritual aspirations, was eaten up by worldly ambition, the fact spoils the effect of his stately, sonorous verse. Yet the sentiments he expresses need to be impressed on the minds of English readers now as much as, if not more than, ever; and it would be a blessed thing to catch the inspiration of the poem without following the example of the poet.

We have not space to notice a number of other poets, popular a hundred years ago but now overlooked amidst a crowd of modern competitors. Akenside, and his "Pleasures of Imagination;" Blair, and his "Grave;" Grahame, and his "Sabbath;" Falconer, and his "Shipwreck;" with many more which were familiar half a century since. How pale is the memory of them in our day! Not forgotten, they are neglected. We may also mention Robert Bloomfield, the Suffolk



ploughman. The charm of his homely versification, his lively description of East Anglian manners and customs, and the amiable spirit of the man throughout, fascinated us in our early days, and snatches of his lines pleasantly recur to us in old age.

If not altogether neglected—it would be wrong to group them with that class—there are some names to us very dear which do not, we apprehend, retain their old ascendancy. To take two or three instances. Do Crabbe, Campbell, and Montgomery occupy the place they did in public estimation fifty years ago? George Crabbe, after fighting a tremendous battle with poverty and misfortune, slowly rose to literary fame, and in advanced life became an immense favourite, caressed in the highest London circles, and liberally paid by London publishers. It used to be something of a fashion to praise “*The Parish Register*,” “*The Borough*, and other Tales.” This fashion is at an end, but surely there exists in these poems a graphic power of minute detail, and an intense sympathy with the lower classes, in their wants and woes, which commend them especially to us who profess to feel a deep interest in the sons and daughters of toil and sorrow. Crabbe is a poet who deserves more attention than he receives. Thomas Campbell is of a different type. Rich in sentiment rather than in description, the music of his verse charmed our fathers and mothers, and drew forth the plaudits of the “*Edinburgh*.” Byron and Scott joined in the chorus, the latter exclaiming, “What a pity it is that Campbell does not write oftener, and give full sweep to his genius. He is afraid of the shadow that his own fame cast before him.” We certainly must not place Campbell now amongst the neglected ones. We rejoice in cheap issues of his delightful poems. His “*Pleasures of Hope*” are the very pleasures to win the hearts of young people; and “*Gertrude of Wyoming*” is a tale to touch every heart not utterly destitute of sensibility. Yet Campbell does not command the same large circle he once did.

Religious poetry has, we fear, fallen under the depreciatory influence of Johnson’s criticism. Cowper, who opened a new literary era in this respect, rose before his death to a high sphere of popularity, which, though we regretfully see in it some measure of abatement, we hope he will long retain. After him, though of a dissimilar stamp, James Montgomery may be regarded as occupying the next place. Montgomery, we are afraid, is sometimes confounded with his namesake, Robert, though they are far as the poles asunder. “Feel your way before you with the public, as Montgomery did.” So wrote Southey to Ebenezer Elliot. Montgomery began with newspapers, was then copied in the “*Poetical Register*,” and afterwards, with modesty, he committed the “*Wanderer of Switzerland*” to the press. It met with abominable treatment from Lord Jeffrey. But Southey and Wilson rose above prejudice, and defended the bard against unrighteous assailants, rejoicing that the predictions of the northern oracle were falsified. “It

was said by the ‘*Edinburgh Review*,’” remarks Wilson in “*Blackwood’s Magazine*,” “that none but maudlin milliners and sentimental ensigns supposed that James Montgomery was a poet. Then is Maga a maudlin milliner, and Christopher North a sentimental ensign.” “*The West Indies*,” “*The World before the Flood*,” “*Greenland*,” and “*The Pelican Island*,” lifted up the poet step by step on the sides of Parnassus, and the “*Edinburgh Review*” was forced to appreciate and praise “the splendid winter pieces” in the third of these works. In the last-mentioned poem there is “*Christian philosophy*,” as well as exquisite description. Alas! Montgomery all along has laboured under the worldly disadvantage of being an Evangelical Christian. His intense love of the Gospel, his sincere regard for the cause of missions, and his lasting fidelity to the Moravian Church, are qualities which, we are sorry to say, do not commend an author to the largest number of English readers. But we must do justice to his old assailant, the “*Edinburgh Review*,” by saying that, at last, it acknowledged the “perfectly natural and unaffected manner in which Mr. Montgomery’s mind turns everything around him into food for high and holy thoughts—connecting the simplest flower, the slightest incident, with the ideas of infinity and eternity—that imparts perhaps their greatest charms to those lyrics.” This was said in a review of Montgomery’s “*Portfolio*, or *Minor Poems*.” Thus much we have advanced respecting a favourite poet of ours, not because he belongs to forgotten or neglected authors, but because we think that he does not meet with all the attention and study which are deserved by his distinguished merits.

We must now say a word touching that department of prose which used to be called “polite literature.” Are not Addison, Steele, and other essayists of the same class, behind the foremost favourites of the day? Yet what a charm there is in the pictures of old English life in the “*Spectator*,” especially those which gather round the name of Sir Roger de Coverley! Let the youthful readers of this article—who only know the pictures mentioned through the fragments copied into our contemporary literature—study well these choice compositions, and so get to understand what purity of style really is—how different from agonising attempts at originality, such as are common in the present day. Here in Addison’s contributions you have “*English undefiled*.” We may add that long ago we also delighted in the “*Essays*” of Vicesimus Knox, who was born in the middle of last century, and did not die till 1821. In addition to our own word of praise, which may go for little, we can lay our hand on two commendations—one from Johnson’s biographer, another from the “*Edinburgh Review*.” Boswell thought that Knox had Johnson’s style perpetually in his mind, and to his assiduous though not servile study of it we may partly ascribe the extensive popularity of his writings. The worshipper saw his idol reflected in another image. “The celebrated Vicesimus Knox,” says the “*Edinburgh Review*,” “is a man to be praised as often as he is named for his liter-

rary accomplishments, and yet more to be respected for the rare independence of mind which he ever displayed, and his steady adherence through the worst of times to the cause of liberty."

Amongst other essayists who do not secure adequate attention, we may reckon John Foster. He has not the pellucidness of Addison or Knox, but he goes far deeper down into the substance of things than either of them. Indeed, he deals with themes of the utmost importance—self-knowledge, decision of character, the romantic exercise of imagination, the causes which excite prejudice against Evangelical religion, and the evils of popular ignorance. We know no books more calculated to give a masculine tone of thought, a habit of going to the bottom of a subject, a method of judgment rising far above the fluctuations and caprices of modern opinion, than these priceless volumes. The copy of Foster's essays we have now before us is the fifteenth edition (1841). We find a notice of the twenty-first edition in 1850. How many have been issued since?

May we be permitted to step beyond the border of what is usually denominated popular literature? Philosophy and theology are departments of human thought which, perhaps, now are less unpopular than they used to be. They are presented under more readable forms; they solicit study from a far wider circle than once they did. German literature has created a great revolution in both. Formerly looked at with suspicion, pronounced unintelligible, pushed aside as unfitted for English minds, it has slowly made its way amongst us, and now has reached an ascendancy from which some writers and readers look down upon elder English metaphysicians and divines as beneath their notice. It is a curious fact that Locke and Reid, after having taught and stimulated Teutonic brethren, are undervalued by not a few English students at the present day, in comparison with the estimate formed of Kant and his gifted followers. Not one word have we to say in disparagement of that subtle thoughtfulness which characterises German literature—though we deplore some uses to which it has been put; but there is that in the make of the English mind which cannot be well assimilated to the intellectual habits of another nationality. We shall lose no small amount of benefit by neglecting the best English teachers of a former age, and becoming absorbed in speculations prevalent on the other side of the Channel. We shall be leaving the *terra firma* of facts for the sake of a cloudland of metaphysical abstractions.

Locke's philosophy of ideas will not be accepted by many people nowadays. The sources of human knowledge, as pointed out by him, will not be deemed sufficient to meet the exigencies of the case. The place which he gives to sensation will not be conceded. The materialistic element which penetrates so deeply into his opinion may be rejected altogether; but John Locke's "Essay on the Human Understanding" is what all Englishmen ought to be proud of, and that student's knowledge is defective who has not embraced this memorable book within his circle of reading and striven to master its contents. It would be absurd,

in this paper, to discuss questions to which the thoughtful perusal of the essay must give rise, but its general merits may be insisted upon, and we shall be excused for citing a German judgment of its value. "The endless disputations of the learned," says Tennemann in his Manual, "led him to suspect that they had their origin in an improper use of words and want of precision in our ideas, which he proposed to rectify by ascertaining the grounds and extent of human knowledge through investigation of the properties of the human understanding. This was the origin of his renowned work, by which he justly acquired the greatest distinction for the modesty and tolerance of his way of thinking, and the clearness and rectitude of his understanding, evinced in the course of a correspondence with the most accomplished men of his day." Lewes, in his Biographical History of Philosophy, remarks, "There is no excuse for not understanding Locke. If his language be occasionally loose and wavering, his meaning is to be always gathered from the context." Any person merely dipping into the essay will find passages "which seem contradictory; any person carefully reading it through will find all clear and consistent."

Whatever may be an English student's opinion of Locke's philosophical system, his education cannot be complete without a careful examination of this unique essay. Nor should Locke's "Conduct of the Understanding" be neglected. The "Two Treatises on Government" we are glad to see issued in a cheap edition. We should be still more pleased to find his work on "Toleration" published in the same form.

Reid and Stewart walked in somewhat the same path as Locke; and their books—considered by many as out of date—cannot be neglected without incurring loss. Sir William Hamilton has rendered a service to our literature by his splendid edition of Reid's "Essays," and in the learned notes of the accomplished editor will be found an immense mine of information, where the student may dig day after day, and always find fresh treasure. What Reid lacks in style is supplied by his elegant expositor Dugald Stewart, who won distinguished fame at the commencement of this century by his "Philosophy of the Human Mind" and his philosophical essays.

Theology is too large a field for us to enter beyond the gate. Neglected authors here are innumerable. It is amusing to turn over the pages of Baxter's Life, and to notice a list of books which he speaks of being acquainted with. The names, certainly, are not all forgotten by students, and a few may have some knowledge of what these books contain, but, for the most part, they form a *terra incognita*, whose hills and valleys few adventurers attempt to explore. Into such regions we have no idea of venturing. We confine ourselves to authors well-known by name, and whose teachings have been published abundantly second-hand, but whose works are too much neglected. Paley is familiar to everybody, and perhaps few persons of tolerable reading are unable to give some idea of his works. But, of late, it has become a fashion to depreciate their merits. His "Moral and Political Philosophy" has been severely

handled. His "Natural Theology" is deemed by many as out of date, not at all up to the demands of the present age—indeed, wide of the proper mark. His "Evidences" are pooh-poohed as unsuited to the present condition of the infidel controversy. Of the first of these treatises we have only to say that we by no means agree with the author in the principle of expediency which lies at the basis of his "Moral Philosophy;" but we maintain that there is a great deal of practical sagacity in many of his remarks. Indeed, in this respect, Paley is always a master. Of his "Natural Theology" our judgment is different from that of his modern scientific critics. That there is a *design* running throughout the foundation, the superstructure, and the details of nature, and that this manifest design implies a *designer*—meaning by this an existence and exercise of thought and will, at the back of the vast phenomena—appears to us as plain as any thing can be. Paley's argument, it may be admitted, needs something to supplement it; but, as far as it goes, it is clear, cogent, unanswerable. The principle of the argument may be well applied in using all the real information, all the established facts supplied by modern science, as concurring in one grand proof that the terrestrial and celestial departments of the universe abound in manifestations of a Divine and Infinitely Glorious Creator. All who are not doggedly prejudiced against the idea of design in nature we would advise to make Paley's "Natural Theology" a book for continued study; for, while the force of the argument will be felt as the highest consideration, the simple felicity of the language, the sagacious remarks thrown out, the pellucid clearness of thought and style, will delight every intelligent reader as he turns over page after page, each one inspiring fresh pleasure. Paley's book on "The Historical Evidences of Christianity" deals, as every one knows, with the genuineness and authenticity of the New Testament Scriptures, and the materials are in a large measure gathered from the learned work of Dr. Lardner on the same subject, to which Gibbon was indebted for much of the research indicated in his "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire." The comparison of these productions one with another well illustrates the fact that neglected authors have largely contributed to the fame of illustrious celebrities. There is an unpretending essay on "The Divine Origin of Christianity," by John Sheppard, of Frome—little known to the reading public—which admirably supplements the argument of Paley, bringing out a number of historical proofs not founded on the authenticity of Scripture. The historical basis of the Gospel has been assailed of late by writers who have caught the public ear; and readers, carried away by specious but invalid objections, do not take the trouble to consult those who afford an ample reply. The *internal* evidence of the New Testament is sometimes put in competition with its external or historical evidence; and the taste of the present day, in many quarters, runs counter to the last of these, whereas the two constitute but parts of one grand whole, and neither of them can be neglected without injury to the common cause of truth and piety.

Turning, in conclusion, from the evidential to the doctrinal and practical literature of the past, we are so embarrassed with the abundance of works bearing on our present subject, that we know not how to proceed. An enormous mass of the kind has sunk into oblivion, and we shall not attempt to recover them, though we must say that not a few deserve a better fate than they have received. We confine our attention to authors not forgotten, but whose volumes, we have reason to think, are not perused as they used to be. In our intercourse even with studious young men we have been struck with the fact that little, if anything, is known by them respecting writers who flourished a century or two ago. Take, for instance, Bishop Horsley, "the staff of whose spear was like a weaver's beam," and whose sermons are full of vigorous manly eloquence—and Bishop Horne, whose discourses, so gentle, tender, mellifluous, commenced a new era of preaching in the Church of England, and whose introduction to a "Commentary on the Psalms" is one of the choicest pieces of the kind which we possess. And Bishop Warburton, of quite another order, whose "Divine Legation of Moses"—apart from the opinion which most will now form of the value of the argument—is a study, for learning, ingenuity, and excursions into bye-paths of investigation perhaps unequalled. Archbishop Tillotson, who, in plain English, addressed to common sense, well illustrates the reasonableness of our religion: Robert South, who with all his virulent reproaches of contemporaries, is a master of tough, sinewy, incisive reasoning, couched in language clear as crystal: and Jeremy Taylor, poet in prose, whose imagination, so rich and luxuriant, scatters round every subject flowers of learning and originality, in such variety and abundance that we have scarcely power to gather them all up—these are authors, we fear, more talked of, and read about in periodical publications, than perused in their original pages. Much the same may be said of another line of writers running parallel with these. Robert Hall's eloquence has been eulogised by Lord Lytton and Dr. Parr. The sermon on "Modern Infidelity" is pre-eminently a tract for the times, exposing, as it does, the moral and social mischief produced by the rejection of Christianity. Dr. Chalmers' unrivalled utterances in the pulpit, which beat down on men's souls like torrents on his own hillsides, are preserved to us in his "Discourses on Astronomy," and other themes. William Jay's felicitous arrangements of thought, homely yet picturesque illustrations, and devout, loving, catholic spirit, are much needed in days of controversy and strife, such as ours are. But these are, with many of their contemporaries, pushed aside to make room for later competitors, or are overlooked amidst crowds who employ their pens in creating ephemeral productions.

Dr. Watts and Dr. Doddridge are two famous Nonconformist names of the last century, and we find them frequently bracketed together in popular prints; but comparatively few now take the trouble to turn over the leaves of their applauded volumes. Baxter, Owen, Howe, and



other Puritans, will never be forgotten; but it is more than can be expected that their voluminous writings will be generally read in the present day. Nevertheless, their choicest treatises, the titles of which are so well known, deserve a place, not only on the library shelves of students, but in the minds and hearts of pious people, far beyond that which they actually occupy.

Time, opportunity, and power of application must ever be limited, and we can none of us overcome the necessary conditions of existence. Therefore it is impossible that all good books

recommended by reviewers of the new and of the old, can be read by everybody. A choice must be made, and it should be done judiciously and conscientiously. The temptations of modern popular literature are tremendous, and, if yielded to, must before long swamp the treasures of earlier days. Fiction and evanescent periodicals of all sorts threaten to emasculate the English mind. It will be an evil day for our intellectual culture when they drive into holes and corners the masterpieces of our national literature.

JOHN STOUGHTON, D.D.

## SUMMER RAMBLES IN MY CARAVAN.

BY GORDON STABLES, M.D., R.N.

CHAPTER VIII.—LEAMINGTON, KENILWORTH, AND COVENTRY—A PEEP AT THE BLACK COUNTRY—CROSS COUNTRY TO ASHBY-DE-LA-ZOUCH.

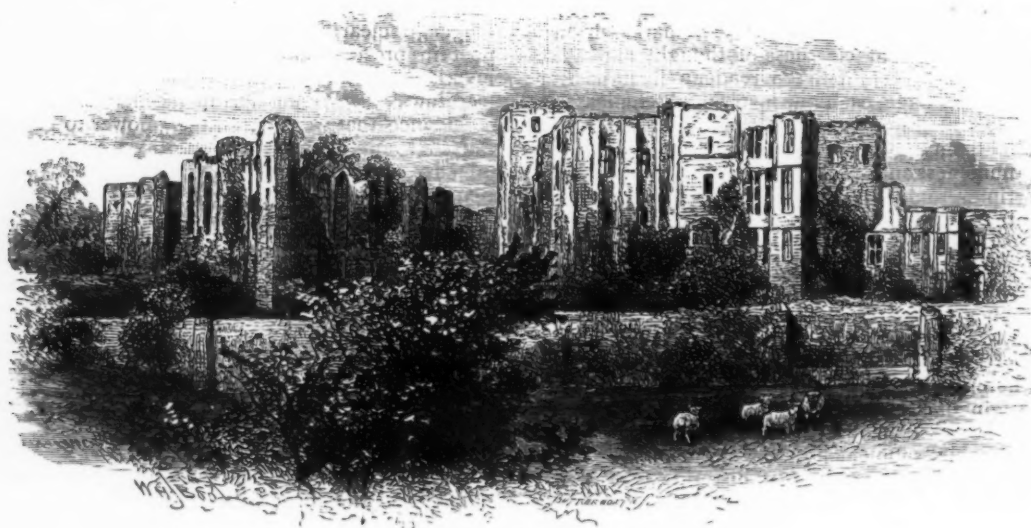
*Leamington, June 25th.*

STRANGE that for twelve long miles, 'twixt Warmington and the second milestone from Warwick, we never met a soul, unless rooks and rabbits have souls. We were in the woods in the wilds, among ferns and flowers.

civilisation for us here. Great towns were never meant for great caravans and gipsy folk. We feel like a ship in harbour.

Rain, rain, rain! We all got wet to the skin, but are none the worse.

The old ostler at the Regent is a bit of a character, had been on the road driving four-in-



KENILWORTH CASTLE.

When houses hove in sight at last, signs of civilisation began to appear. We met a man, then a swarm of boarding-school girls botanising, and we knew a city would soon be in sight.

At Leamington the livery stables to which we had been recommended proved too small as to yard accommodation, so we drove back and put up at the Regent Hotel. But there is too much

hands for many a year. He was kindly-loquacious, yes, and kindly-musical as well, for he treated me to several performances on the coach-horn, which certainly did him great credit. He was full of information and anecdotes of the good old times, "when four-in-hands were four-in-hands, sir, and gentlemen were gentlemen." He told us also about the road through Kenil-

worth to Coventry. It was the prettiest drive, he said, in all England.

Beautiful and all though Leamington be, we were not sorry to leave it and make once more for the cool green country.

The horses were fresh this morning, even as the morning itself was fresh and clear. We passed through bush-clad banks, whose furze and yellow-tasselled broom were growing, and trees in abundance. Before we knew where we were we had trotted into Kenilworth. We stabled here and dined, and waited long enough to have a peep at the castle. This grand old pile is historical; no need, therefore, for me to say a word about it.

After rounding the corner in our exit from Kenilworth, and standing straight away for Coventry, the view from the glen at the bridge, with the castle on the left, a village and church on the rising ground, and villas and splendid trees on the right, made a good beginning to the "finest drive in all England."

There is many a pretty peep 'twixt Kenilworth and Coventry.

The road is broad and good, and so tree-lined as often to merit the name of avenue. Especially is this the case at the third milestone, from near which the straight road can be seen for fully a mile and a half shaded by the grandest of trees. This is a view not easily forgotten.

With all the beauty of this drive, however, it is too civilised to be romantic. The hedges are trimmed, and we actually noticed a man paring the grass on the edge of the footpath.

June 26th.—We are up very early this morning, for in Coventry the road-fiend rides rampant and in all his glory. They have steam-trams which not only go puffing through the town, but for five miles out through the coal district itself. We must avoid them, get the start of them. So we are up and away long before seven.

We arrived here last night, and through the kindness of the editor of the "Tricyclist" got permission to draw in for the night into the large cricket and sports ground. The gates were closed at nine, and we had the keys. I was lord, therefore, of all I surveyed.

On the cinder-path last night a weary-looking but strong old man of over sixty was walking. He is doing or trying to do 1,000 miles in a shorter time than the pedestrian Weston. It is said that if he succeeds the brewers will pay him £1,000, and give him a free public-house, because he trains on beer instead of on tea, as did Weston!

The road leading northward from Coventry is terribly rough and rutty and cut up with the trams from the mines, but being lined with trees, among which are many copper-beeches, it is not devoid of interest.

It is cold, bitterly cold and raw, with a strong north wind blowing, and we are obliged to wear top-coats on the dicky. Fancy top-coats at midsummer.

The country becomes unpleasant-looking even before the trams end. At Redworth, where I drew

up for a short time to make purchases, swarms of rough, dark, and grimy men surrounded us, but all were polite and most civil.

On the hill-top we again draw up in front of an inn. The panting horses want water, and we ourselves have till now had no breakfast.

"Good beds for travellers round the corner." This was a ticket in a window. I go round the corner. Here is a little show of some kind and a caravan. But the show business cannot be much of a success in this Black Country, for these caravanites look poverty-struck. From a rude picture on a ragged screen this caravan is devoted to a horse-taming or Rarey show. The *dramatis personæ* consist of a long, lean, unwholesome-looking lad with straggling yellow hair, a still longer and still leaner lad without any visible hair, and a short man with grey moustache. But this latter comes to the gate bearing in his arms a boy-child of ten years, worn to a skeleton, sickly, and probably dying. The boy shivers, the short man speaks soothingly to him, and bears him back into a dingy tent. I do not relish my breakfast after this sad sight.

We are not sorry when we are away from the immediate vicinity of the mines, and unlimbered by the roadside near the old Red Gate Inn. We have been following the ancient Roman road for many miles, and a good one it is, and very obliging it was of the Romans to make us such a road.

The inn is altogether so quiet and cosy that I determine to stable here for the night, and pass the day writing or strolling about.

So we cross the road and draw the Wanderer up beneath a lordly oak. In crossing we pass from Warwick into Leicestershire.

Pea-blossom is coughing occasionally. It is not a pleasant sound to have to listen to. She may be better to-morrow, for it will be Saturday, and a long and toilsome day is before us.

It is evening now; a walk of a mile has brought me to a hill-top, if hill it can be called. The view from here is by no means spirit-stirring, but quiet and calming to the mind. What a delightful difference between lying here and in that awful bustling inn yard at Leamington!

It is a country of irregular green fields, hedge-bounded, and plentifully sprinkled with oak and ash trees and tall silver-green aspens; a country of rolling hills and flats, but no fens, with here and there a pretty old-fashioned farm peeping through the foliage.

There is not a cloud in the sky, the sun is sinking in a yellow haze, the robin and the linnet are singing beside me among the hawthorns, and down in the copse yonder a blackbird is fluting.

A pheasant is calling to its mate among the breckans; it is time apparently for pheasants to retire. Time for weasels too, for across the road runs a mother-weasel with a string of young ones all in a row. The procession had been feeding in that sweetly-scented beanfield, and is now bound for bed, and I myself take the hint and go slowly back to the Wanderer. But Hurricane Bob

has found a mole, and brings that along. It is not dead, so I let it go. How glad it must feel!

June 27th.—Started at eight o'clock *en route* by cross roads for Ashby-de-la-Zouch. Shortly afterwards passed a needle-shaped monument to George Fox, founder of the Society of Friends. It is a very humble one, and stands in a wooded corner almost surrounded by hawthorn. Went through the village of Fenny Drayton. Why called "Fenny," I wonder? It is a little hamlet, very old, and with a pretty and very old church, but I had no time to get up to the steeple.

Road narrow but good. A glorious morning, with a blue sky and delicious breeze.

Greensward at each side of the road, with ragged hedges and stunted oaks and ashes; roses in the hedgerows, golden celandine on the sward, and tall crimson silenes everywhere. By-and-by the country opens, and we come upon a splendid view; and here is a sight—a hedgerow of roses nearly a mile long! Here are as many of these wildly beautiful flowers as would drape St. Paul's Cathedral, dome and all.

We pass Sibson, with its very quaint old inn and little ivy-covered church surmounted by a stone cross; and Twycross, a most healthy and pretty rural village. There we unlimbered to dine, and in the afternoon went on towards our destination. Past Gopsal Park, with its quaint old lodge-gates and grand trees, on through dark waving woods of beech, of oak, and ash, on through lanes with hedgerows at each side, so tall that they almost meet at the top. We cross the railway now to avoid a steep bridge. Meesham is far away on the hill before us, and looks very romantic and pretty from the bridge. Its ancient church rears its steeple skyward, high over the houses that cluster round it, giving the place the appearance of a cathedral city in miniature. The romance vanishes, though, as soon as we enter the town. One long, steep street leads through it, its houses are of brick and most uninteresting, and the public-houses are so plentifully scattered about that thirst must be a common complaint here.

Ashby-de-la-Zouch lies above us and before us at last, and strangely picturesque it looks. Rows of queer-shaped trees are on each side of us; up yonder, in front, is a graveyard on a braeland; farther to the right a tall church spire, and flanking all, and peeping through the greenery of trees, is the ruined castle.

Market-day in Ashby, and we are mobbed whenever we stop to do some shopping.

The church here is well worthy of a visit, so too is the castle, but tourists ought to refresh their minds before spending a few days here by once more reading "Ivanhoe."

It was hard, uphill work from Ashby; drag, drag, drag; horses tired, Pea-blossom limping, and all weary.

At the hill-top we came into quite a Highland country, and thence we could catch glimpses of lovely scenery and far-off blue hills.

The effects of the sunlight on the green oak woods and the yellow ashes was very charming.

Lount at last; a humble inn, quiet, kindly people, and a little meadow.

#### CHAPTER IX.

"How still the morning of this hallowed day!  
Hushed is the voice of rural labour,  
The ploughboy's whistle and the milkmaid's song."

June 28.—The country is indeed a Highlands in miniature. I might describe the scenery in this way: Take a sheet of paper and thereon draw irregular lines, across and across, up and down, in any conceivable direction. These lines, then, shall represent blackthorn hedges bounding fields of flowering grass and hay. Place trees in your picture anywhere, and, here and there, a wood of dwarfed oak, and dot the field-nooks with picturesque-looking cattle-huts. In the centre let there be a cluster of irregularly-built brick-tiled houses and the domes of a pottery work. This, then, is Lount and its surroundings, where we are now bivouacked. But to complete the sketch there must be footpaths meandering through the meadows, with gaps in the hedges for rustic stiles. Nor must the cattle be forgotten.

And all the country visible from this point is broken up into round hills, and each field is a collection of smaller hills, shaped like waves of a storm-tossed ocean.

How still and quiet it is! And above the green of fields and woods is a blue, blue sunny sky. Larks are singing up yonder, their songs mingling sweetly with the chiming of the church bells that comes floating over the hills, rising and falling as the breeze does, now high and clear, now soft and far-away like.

I had the caravan half-filled this morning with bright-eyed, wondering children. A parent brought me a red cotton handkerchief. "T' missus," he explained, "was makin' oop a pie, and I thought upon thee loike." It was kindly, and I couldn't refuse the gift, though gooseberry pies form no part of the Wanderer's menu.

Ten o'clock p.m.—The full moon has just risen over the dark oak woods; a strangely white dense fog has filled all the hollows—a fog you can almost stretch out your hands and touch. The knolls in the fields all appear over it, looking like little islands in the midst of an inland sea.

The cornrake is sounding his rattle in the hayfields—a veritable voice of the night is he—and not another sound is to be heard.

Passed a garden a few minutes ago while walking out. Such a sight! Glow-worms in thousands; far more lovely than fireflies in an Indian jungle. To bed.

June 29th.—We got under way by 8.30, after a brief visit to the Coleorton Pottery. This place has an ugly enough appearance outside, but is very interesting internally. The proprietor kindly showed my coachman and me over the works. We saw the great heaps of blue clay that had been dug from the hillside and left exposed for weeks to the weather, the tanks in which it is mixed with water, the machinery for washing and sifting it, the clay being finally boiled to the consistency of putty. An old man took dabs of this putty and cast them on a revolving table, smiling as he did



so as he watched our wondering looks, for lo! cups and saucers and teapots seemed to grow up under his fingers, and a whole tea-set was produced more quickly than one could have brewed a cup of tea.

A somewhat misty morning, but roads good though hilly, and scenery romantic. But at Castle Donington, a long brick town, the scene changes. Away go hill and dale, away goes all romance, and we pass through a flat country, with nothing in it to enlist sympathy save the trees and rose-clad hedges.

But soon again comes another change, and we cross the broad and silvery Trent, stopping, however, on the bridge to admire the view.

We arrive at Long Eaton, and encamp by the roadside to cook dinner. Rows of ugly brick houses, a lazy canal with banks black with coal-dust, the people here look as inactive as does their canal. Took the wrong turning and went miles out of our way.

We were stormed on our exit from Long Eaton by hordes of Board School children. They clustered round us like locusts, they swarmed like bees, and hung to the caravan in scores. No good my threatening them with the whip. I suppose they knew I did not mean much mischief, and one score was only frightened off to make room for another.

At Beeston, near Nottingham, I got talking to a tricyclist, a visit to a caravan followed, and then an introduction to a wealthy lace merchant. The latter would not hear of my going two miles farther to an inn. I must come into his grounds. So here in a cosy corner of the lawn of Beeston Hall lies the Wanderer, overshadowed by giant elms and glorious purple beeches, and the lace manufacturer and his wife are simply hospitality personified.

Such is the glorious uncertainty of a gentleman gipsy's life—one night bivouacked by a lonely roadside, another in a paradise like this.

July 2nd.—A broiling hot day—almost too hot to write or think. At present we are encamped on the road, two miles from Worksop to the south. Tired though the horses were, we pushed on and on for miles, seeking shade but finding none; and now we have given up, and stand in the glaring sunshine. Roads are of whitest limestone, and, though there is little wind, every wheel of every vehicle raises a dust and a powder that seem to penetrate our very pores. We are all languid, drowsy, lethargic. Polly the parrot alone appears to enjoy the heat and the glare. The hay-makers in yonder field are lazy-looking, silent, and solemn—a melting solemnity; the martins on that single telegraph-wire rest and pant open-mouthed, while the cattle in the meadow, with tails erect, go flying from end to end and back again in a vain attempt to escape from the heat and the flies.

But the flowers that grow by the wayside and trail over the hedges revel in the sunshine—the purple vetches, the red clover, the yellow wild-pea, and the starry Margueritas. Roses in sheets are spread over the hawthorn fences, and crimson poppies dot the cornfields. The white clover is

alive with bees. This seems a bee country; everybody at present is either drumming bees or whitewashing cottages.

Got up to-day and had breakfast shortly after six. The kindly landlord of the Greyhound, Mr. Scothern, and genial Mr. Tebbet, one of his grace the Duke of Portland's head clerks, had promised to drive me through the forest grounds of Welbeck.

As the day is, so was the morning, though the sun's warmth was then pleasant enough.

Our drive would occupy some two hours and a half, and in that time we would see many a



YELLOW-WANDERERS.

“ferlie,” as the Scotch say. The bare impossibility of giving the reader anything like a correct account of this most enjoyable ride impresses me while I write, and I feel inclined to throw down my pen. I shall not do so, however, but must leave much unsaid. If any one wishes to see the country around here as I have seen it this morning, and wander in the forest and enjoy Nature in her home of homes, he must come to Welbeck in summer. Never mind distance; come, you will have something to dream pleasantly about for many a day.

A visit to the great irrigation canal, by which all the drainage from Mansfield is carried along, and utilised by being allowed to flood meadows, might not appear a very romantic way of beginning a summer morning's outing. But it was interesting nevertheless. The meadows which are periodically flooded are wondrously green; three crops of hay are taken from each every season. They are on the slope, the canal running along above. The pure water that drains from these meadows finds its way into a river or trout

stream that meanders along beneath them, and is overhung by rocks and woodland. Fish in abundance are caught here, and at present are being used to stock ponds and lochs on the duke's estate.

We soon crossed this stream by a Gothic bridge and plunged into what I may call a new forest. There are fine trees here in abundance, but it is a storm-tossed woodland, and much of the felled timber is so twisted in grain as to be useless for ordinary purposes.

We saw many trees that had been struck by lightning, their branches hurled in all directions. Up a steep hill after leaving this forest, and stopping at an old-fashioned inn, we regaled ourselves on ginger-ale. The landlord pointed with some pride to the sign that hung over the door.

The duke himself—the old duke, sir, his grace of the leathern breeches—brought that sign here himself—in his own hands and in his own carriage, and it isn't many real gentlemen that would have done that, sir!

The memory of the old duke is as much revered here, it appears to me, as that of Peter the Great is in Russia. The stories and anecdotes of his life you hear in the neighbourhood would fill a volume. People all admit he was eccentric, but his eccentricity filled many a hungry mouth, soothed the sorrows of the aged, and made many and many a home happy.

The tunnel towards Warsop is about two miles long, lighted by gas at night, and from windows above by day; there is a riding-school and wonderful stables underground, ballroom, etc., etc. I am writing these lines within a quarter of a mile of the open-air stables. The place looks like a small city.

Just one—only one—anecdote of the old duke's eccentricity. It was told me last night, and proves his grace to have been a man of kindly feeling. A certain architect had finished—on some part of the ground—a large archway and pillared colonnade, at great expense to the duke, no doubt. It did not please the latter, however, but he would not wound the architect's feelings by telling him so. No, but one evening he got together some two hundred men, and every stone was taken away and the ground levelled before morning. The architect must have stared at the transformation when he came next day, but the matter was never even referred to by the duke, and of course the architect said nothing.

The country through which we went after passing the duke's irrigation works was a rolling one, hill and dale, green fields, forest, loch, and stream. There are wild creatures in it in abundance. Yonder are two swans sailing peacefully along on a little lake; here, near the edge of the stream, a water-hen with a brood of little black young ones. She hurries them along through the hedge as our trap approaches, but the more hurry the less speed, and more than one poor little mite tumbles on its back, and has to be helped up by the mother. Yonder on the grass is a brace of parent partridges; they do not fly away—their heads are together; they are having a loving consultation on ways and means, and the

young brood is only a little way off. Before us now, and adown the road, runs a great cock pheasant; he finally takes flight and floats away towards the woods. Look in the stream, how the glad fish leap, and the bubbles escaping from the mud in that deep dark pool tell where some fat eel is feeding. We pause for a moment to admire the trees, and the music of birds and melancholy croodling of the cushat fall upon our ears, while young rabbits scurry about in all directions, and a cuckoo with attendant linnet flies close over our horse's head.

Not far from the little inn where we stopped we saw the ruins of King John's palace. But little is left of it now, the stones having been put to other purposes, and it looks as like the ruins of an old barn as those of a palace.

We leave the road and pass into the forest proper—the old Sherwood Forest, sacred to the memory of Robin Hood and Little John and the merry monks of the olden time.

We enter Birkland. Saving those wondrous and ancient oaks that stand here and there, and look so weird and uncanny as almost to strike the beholder with awe, the forest is all new. Long straight broad avenues go in all directions through it. The ground on these is as level as a lawn, and just as soft and green. Here is the shamle-oak. Its weird-like arms are still green, though it is said to be 1,700 years old, and may be more. The trunk, round which twelve good strides will hardly take you, is sadly gutted by fire. Some boys set it alight in trying to smoke out a hornet's hive. Here, in this oak, it is said, Robin Hood hung his slaughtered deer, and, in more modern times, keepers and poachers used it as a larder.

A quaint and pretty log-hut *à la Russe* has recently been erected near the shamle-oak. It is not yet furnished, but we found our way inside, the keeper in attendance here giving us great and impressive injunctions to wipe our feet and not step off the canvas. I wonder he did not bid us remove our shoes.

From the balcony of this log-hut one could have rabbit-shooting all day long, and pigeon-shooting in the evening. I hope no one ever will though.

We went home a different way, Mr. Tebbet opening the double-padlocked gates for us. We passed the parliament-tree, as it is called, where they tell us King John used to assemble his councillors. It is an oak still, a skeleton oak hung together by chains.

From the brow of a hill we soon reached we enjoyed a panorama, the like of which is not elsewhere to be seen in all broad England. From Howitt's "Rural Life in England" I cull the following:

"Near Mansfield there remains a considerable wood, Harlowe Wood, and a fine scattering of old oaks near Berry Hill, in the same neighbourhood, but the greater part is now an open waste, stretching in a succession of low hills and long-winding valleys, dark with heather. A few solitary and battered oaks standing here and there, the last melancholy remnants of these vast and ancient woods, the beautiful springs, swift and crystalline brooks, and broad sheets of water lying abroad amid the dark heath, and haunted by numbers of wild ducks and the heron, still remain. But at

the Clipstone extremity of the forest, a remnant of its ancient woodlands remains, unruined, except of its deer—a specimen of what the whole once was, and a specimen of consummate beauty and interest. Birkland and Bilhaghe taken together form a tract of land extending from Olleriton along the side of Thoresby Park, the seat of Earl Manvers, to Clipstone Park, of about five miles in length, and one or two in width. Bilhaghe is a forest of oaks, and is clothed with the most impressive aspect of age that can perhaps be presented to the eye in these kingdoms. . . . A thousand years, ten thousand tempests, lightnings, winds, and wintry violence have all flung their utmost force on these trees, and there they stand, trunk after trunk, scathed, hollow, grey, and gnarled, stretching out their bare sturdy arms on their mingled foliage and ruin—a life in death. All is grey and old. The ground is grey—beneath, the trees are grey with clinging lichens—the very heather and fern that spring beneath them have a character of the past.

"But Bilhaghe is only half of the forest—remains here; in a continuous line with it lies Birkland—a tract which bears its character in its name—the land of birches. It is a forest perfectly unique. It is equally ancient with Bilhaghe, but it has a less dilapidated air. It is a region of grace and poetry. I have seen many a wood, and many a wood of birches, and some of them amazingly beautiful, too, in one quarter or another of this fair island, but in England nothing that can compare with this. . . . On all sides, standing in their solemn steadfastness, you see huge, gnarled, strangely-coloured, and mossed oaks, some riven and laid bare from summit to root with the thunderbolts of past tempests. An immense tree is called the Shamble-Oak, being said to be the one in which Robin Hood hung his slaughtered deer, but which was more probably used by the keepers for that purpose. By whomsoever it was so used, however, there still remain the hooks within its vast hollow."

But it is time to be up and off. We lay

last night in Mr. Tebbet's private meadow. Had a long walk before I could secure a suitable place. But the place was eminently quiet and exceedingly private, near lawns and gardens and giant elms. The elm that grows near the pretty cemetery, in which haymakers were so busy this morning, is, with the exception of the oak at Newstead Abbey gates, the finest ever I have seen; and yet an old man died but recently in Mansfield workhouse who remembered the time he could bend it to the ground.

Warsop, which we reached over rough and stony roads and steepish hills, is a greystone village, the houses slated or tiled blue or red, a fine church on the hilltop among lordly trees, a graveyard on the brae beneath with a white pathway meandering up through it to the porch.

At the sixth milestone we reached a hilltop, from which we could see into several counties. Such a view as this is worth wandering leagues to look at. We watered the horses here, at the last of the Duke of Portland's lodges.

Then down hill again. How lovely the little village of Cuckney looks down there, its crimson houses shimmering through the trees! We bought eggs at the inn called the Grindel Oak. There is a story attached to this oak which my reader has doubtless heard or read.

This is the land of oaks, and a smiling land too, a land of wealth and beauty, a great garden-land.

## THE CAROLINE ISLANDS.

IF we consider the general want of knowledge respecting our own colonial possessions—for not one educated man in ten has any adequate idea even of their vast extent, to say nothing of their resources, their internal economy, or their precise relation to the mother country—it is by no means surprising that when a question arises respecting the dependencies of other European States it finds most of us altogether in the dark as to its importance or unimportance. Thus, when Germany recently announced its intention to confer on the Caroline Islands the blessings of its protecting ægis, on the assumption that they were without an owner—an assumption which has called forth an indignant protest from Spain—many an atlas was brought out to be dusted and examined, in order that paterfamilias, after a furtive reference to the index, might satisfy the minds of inquiring youth as to their exact locality on the surface of the globe. And as the matters in dispute are still the subject of diplomatic intercourse, it may not be untimely to place before our readers as briefly as possible some few particulars concerning these remote islands and their history.

First, then, as to their position and extent, we may state that the Caroline Islands, or New

Philippines, consist of some fifty groups of islands and islets lying between  $3^{\circ}$  and  $11^{\circ}$  N. lat. and  $135^{\circ}$  and  $177^{\circ}$  E. long., *i.e.*, to the east of the Philippine Islands and the north of Papua, or New Guinea. In other words, they extend some 1,600 miles from the Pelew Islands on the west to the Mulgrave and Gilbert groups on the east, and about 350 miles from north to south, an area which may be conveniently compared to that portion of the Mediterranean lying between Tunis and Syria. The total area of the islands themselves, according to statistical abstracts published by the Board of Trade, is 560 square miles, and the population 36,000; but other authorities give the population at about 150,000, and the area of the western and central groups alone at 700 square miles. It is, however, sufficient to know that in this particular, at all events, they have an importance which the ordinary newspaper reader may not fully appreciate; and although very many of the islands of this immense archipelago are mere coral reefs, there are others which are most luxuriant in their fertility, and in every respect fitted for colonisation.

The discovery of the Carolines dates from that period of maritime discovery which cast so much glory over the sixteenth century. It is considered



probable that they were first visited by Alvaro de Saavedra—relative and friend of Fernando Cortez, by whom he was sent, in 1526, to search for new lands in the southern seas—shortly after the discovery of the Ladrone and Philippine Islands by Fernando Magalhaens, from whom the Straits of Magellan take their name, and who also gave its appellation to the Pacific Ocean because of the fair winds that favoured his navigation whilst cruising about in search of land for a period of nearly four months. It is indeed reasonable to presume that after the discovery of the Philippines the Carolines did not long remain a *terra incognita* to maritime enterprise which had already been rewarded and encouraged by discoveries of such paramount importance, for the Straits of Magellan opened up to Spain the rich trade of India and China. About fifty years later our own famous navigator, Sir Francis Drake, satisfied his longing desire to sail an English ship on the waters of the Pacific, until then closed to English enterprise, and was so successful in his marauding expeditions as to enable his royal mistress, Elizabeth, to dispute with the Spaniards their monopoly of commerce with the New World, and to assert that free right to navigate the ocean which has never since been relinquished by England, and is still her crowning glory, whilst centuries of cruelty, oppression, intolerance, and wrong long ago wrought their usual effect in depriving Spain of its supremacy. While gazing complacently at Mr. Brett's picture, purchased by the Royal Academy under the terms of the Chantrey bequest, let us remember gratefully the pluck and enterprise of Drake and other sea captains of past ages who helped to establish "Britannia's Realm."

The date 1579 is assigned by the "Encyclopædia Britannica" to the discovery by Drake of the Pelew Islands; and in 1686, according to the same authority, another group of the Carolines was discovered by Francesco Lazeano, who is said to have given to the entire archipelago the name it now bears, in honour of Charles II of Spain. Among later discoverers Marshall and Gilbert (in 1788) and Mortlock (in 1793) bestowed their names on the easternmost groups.

There appears, however, to have been little or no intercourse between the Philippines and the Carolines until the eighteenth century, for we learn from Callander's "Terra Australis Cognita" that at the end of the seventeenth a Manila missionary, being accidentally at a town in the island of Samal, there found twenty-nine Palaos (or Pelewese), who had been driven thither by easterly winds, having run before the wind for seventy days without making land. They were half naked, the men having their bodies painted "with lines forming figures," whilst the women and children were not painted at all; and during the voyage they had subsisted on fish caught in a net made with the twigs of trees, and on rain-water stored as it fell in cocoanut shells. They stated that they had no metals, neither cows, horses, or other quadrupeds, nor any fowl but sea-fowl; and their habits, according to this narrative, appeared to be perfectly savage, "minding nothing but eating and drinking," a state of life

which not a few, even in nineteenth-century England, find to be quite compatible with their social necessities.

Further occasional intercourse of the same kind gave rise to the belief, so readily entertained, that the islands from which the visitors came contained a great deal of silver, and some steps were taken towards the fitting out of some ships, which were to sail on a voyage of discovery from Guam, the largest of the Ladrone Islands, with a view to conquest, but nothing seems to have come of it. Information was, however, obtained from time to time through the visits of Spanish priests, who found that the Palaos had a kind of mythology of good and bad spirits, and believed in an after state of reward and punishment; that they set apart in every village two houses for education, one for the boys and the other for the girls; that they made use of a few elementary principles of astronomy in their navigation, marking the principal stars on a sphere; that they went to bed and rose with the sun, and bathed three times a day; that they had a plurality of wives; and that they punished criminals neither by death nor imprisonment, but by banishment to another island. So that on the whole their condition, even at this early period, could scarcely be described as "perfectly savage."

Andrew Cheyne, in his "Description of Islands in the Western Pacific Ocean," published in 1852, makes particular mention of the following islands of the Caroline archipelago:

1. Strong's Island, about sixty miles in circumference, of volcanic formation, surrounded by a coral reef, with two good harbours, where abundant supplies of wood and water may be obtained, and one of which is used by American whalers. The island is very fertile, producing bread-fruit and yams in abundance, and fine timber. A word of caution is given respecting the natives, who had then the credit of being friendly and hospitable, but Cheyne did not consider it advisable to have too many of them on deck, and suggested that boats in search of water should be armed.

2. MacAskill's Islands, about fifteen miles in circumference, of coral formation, covered with cocoa-nut trees, inhabited by a light-complexioned race, who also were not to be trusted.

3. The Wellington Isles, similar in size and formation to the last, thickly peopled with a light copper-coloured race, also not to be trusted. The reefs of these islands produce *beche-de-mer* and a good supply of cocoa-nuts, which may be obtained in quantities for trifles.

4. The Island of Bornabi, or Puynipet, nearly eighty miles in circumference, of volcanic formation and mountainous in the centre, with several good harbours resorted to by whalers, having safe anchorage from December to April. The whole of this island is thickly wooded with many varieties of good timber fit for house-building, ship-building, etc. The shores are fringed with mangrove-trees, growing in the salt water—an impenetrable barrier to boats except by the rivers and other small channels. Near Malalanien harbour are some interesting ruins, the origin of which is involved in obscurity, for the natives have not

even a tradition bearing on their history. It is supposed that a fortified town once stood on the spot—not the work of savages, for the ruins are suggestive of civilisation, some of the stones being hexagonal and eight or ten feet in length, different in character from any stones to be found in the island. The formation of streets can be traced, and the whole town appears to have been a succession of fortified houses. Similar ruins are also to be found in Strong's Island. The soil of Bornabi is a rich red-and-black loam, which, properly cultivated, would produce every variety of tropical fruits and esculent roots, together with coffee, arrowroot, and sugar-cane. Bread-fruit and yams abounded, pigeons and poultry were plentiful, and of fish there was both abundance and variety, but at the time of Cheyne's visit there was no trace of any native quadruped but rats. The island produced about 500 lbs. of tortoiseshell annually, and this was bought by Europeans at a very low rate and resold to the whalers at an advance of about 500 per cent.; this was the only article of merchandise, except *beche-de-mer*, beyond the immediate wants of visitors. The natives are a light copper-coloured race, the men averaging 5 feet 8 inches in height, but the women were much smaller in proportion. The island was divided into tribes, with a supreme chief or king, and every village had its council-house. On the death of a chief his land was generally bestowed on his sons, or, failing them, on the chief next in rank. The king, who had the lives and property of his subjects at his absolute disposal, received the most abject homage, not even the chiefs presuming to stand upright in the royal presence. The only musical instruments were a small flute or flageolet, the end of which was inserted in the nostril, and a drum of hollowed wood covered with shark's skin. Both sexes were tattooed from the loins to the ankles, and from the elbows to the knuckles.

The above descriptions undergo some modification in more recent accounts, and modern geographers divide the archipelago into three groups, the western, middle, and eastern. The "Encyclopædia Britannica" states that the western islands, known as the Pelew Islands, have a total area of 346 square miles, the principal member of the group being Babelthaup, with an area of 275 miles, and a fertile soil, producing bread-fruit, cocoa-nut, sugar-cane, arums, oranges, and bananas in abundance. Cattle, sheep, and pigs have been introduced, so that the rat is no longer the one solitary quadruped, and birds are found in great variety, whilst the lagoons abound with turtle and

fish. The inhabitants are a dark copper-coloured race, bearing evident traces of Malay and Papuan blood. Not only the separate islands, but even the villages form independent but co-operative republics. The most peculiar institution is the "clöbbergoll," a kind of co-operation for mutual aid and defence; and English champions of "women's rights" will be interested to learn on the same authority that the women have clöbbergolls of their own, and possess a considerable share of political influence. The Pelewese, whose lack of metals is referred to by the earlier voyagers, still used stone implements and weapons until the close of the last century, but nevertheless produced a great variety of artistic articles. The central Carolines, or Carolines proper, are now stated to include about forty-eight groups, with no fewer than 400 or 500 islands and an area of 360 square miles, more than nine-tenths of which is assigned to Ualan, Puynipet, and Rug. Yap, or Guap, is about ten miles in length, and has an excellent harbour. The natives here have attained a higher degree of civilisation than most of their neighbours; they lay out their villages regularly, pave their streets, construct stone piers and wharves, and build excellent boats, their advance being greatly due to the influence of a Spanish mission established in the island in 1856. The Hugoleu or Rug group, discovered by Duperrey in 1824, is composed of five large and about forty smaller islands, and contains nearly 35,000 inhabitants, divided into two antagonistic races, black and red. The people of Puynipet, or Bornabi (also called Ascension by the French), have suffered much from smallpox, which reduced the population from 5,000 to 2,000 between 1846 and 1858. The island contains a small colony of whites, and has been the seat of an American mission since 1851. It is the chief rendezvous for whalers in that part of the Pacific. The eastern Carolines are also known as the Mulgrave Archipelago, and comprise the Marshall and Gilbert groups, with a total population estimated at 100,000.

It will thus be seen that this extensive range of islands is inhabited by different races, who have made very unequal progress in civilisation, the central groups being the most advanced. Spanish, English, and French navigators have participated in their discovery, and about fifty years ago they were partly surveyed by the Russian navigator Lütke. It remains to be seen whether Spain can justify her claims to the sovereignty which she seems to have been in no hurry to establish on a decisive and intelligible basis.



## OLD LONDON REFRESHMENT-PLACES.

**G**EORGE MORLAND'S peculiar genius for the delineation of peaceful scenes and pleasant groups illustrative of the every-day life of his times has left few more agreeable mementoes than the two pictures of which we present engravings. One of them—a view of the tea-gardens at Bagnigge Wells—recalls a scene long ago swept away by the tide of population surging up northward from the City. In the other we have a particularly pleasant presentation of the old Milk Fair of St. James's Park, the suppression of which has called forth a good deal of sympathy and concern within the past few weeks only.

Although considerably the more famous of the two institutions, Bagnigge Wells had by far the briefer existence as a public resort. The historical associations of the place, it is true, run back at least as far as the time of Charles II, when Bagnigge House is said to have been the country residence of the notorious Nell Gwynne. It was not, however, till 1767 that the discovery of two springs of mineral water led to the grounds

attached to the house being thrown open to the public, who came here in great numbers, first of all to drink the waters, and afterwards to drink tea, and to enjoy evening concerts and various other entertainments provided somewhat after the fashion of the famous Vauxhall Gardens.

To those who are familiar with the locality now known as Bagnigge Wells—for the name has been perpetuated—it is curious to think of it as a pleasant rural retreat; yet when Morland painted this scene this is how it had been described by a medical pamphleteer of the day: "The place where the waters issue is environed with hills and rising ground every way but to the south, and consequently screened from the more chilling winds. Primrose Hill lies westward; on the north-west are the more distant elevations of Hampstead and Highgate; on the north and north-east is a pretty sudden ascent to Islington and the New River head, and a near prospect of London makes up the rest of the circumference, with the magnificent structure of St. Paul's full in front, and nearly



AN AFTERNOON AT BAGNIGGE WELLS.

[After G. Morland.]



on a level with Bagnigge House." The hills all around were open country, and this pamphleteer gives directions for a walk by a pleasant footpath from Tottenham Court Road to the Wells. Not a great many years before this was written it used to be the custom for persons walking from the City to Islington after dusk to wait at the end of St. John's Street, Clerkenwell, till a sufficient number had assembled, and then to set out under escort of an armed patrol.

The origin of the "Milk Fair" is very clearly indicated by a passage from "A Tour to London," written in 1772. The tourist speaks of the rustic simplicity of the meadows nearest Westminster. They were, he says, intersected by canals and adorned with willows and poplars without any regard to order. On the Westminster side, as well as on that towards St. James's Palace, the grass plots were covered with cows and deer. "Most of these cows," he continues, "are driven about noon and evening to the gate which leads from the Park to the corner of Whitehall"—the identical corner from which the cows and their keepers have just been removed. "Tied to posts at the extremity of the grass plots, they sell passengers with their milk, which, being drawn from their udders upon the spot, is served with all the cleanliness peculiar to the English in lit-

tle mugs at the rate of a penny a mug." It has been pointed out, however, that even at that time the Milk Fair must have been quite an old-established institution, since in the last year of the seventeenth century it has been recorded that Members of Parliament strolling up and down the "Green Walk" were disturbed in their political discussions by the noisy milkfolks crying, "A can of milk, ladies! A can of red cow's milk, sir!" From the tying up of the cows to the park posts to the establishment of sheds, the erection of stalls, and the providing of forms, was an easy and simple progress; and by the time the "rustic simplicity" of the meadows had given place to the trim formality of the park this milk depôt had asserted itself as a public boon—almost as a public necessity. To the majority of people frequenting the park, however, there was an antiquarian interest attaching to this old fragment of a bygone and a simpler age.

It is gratifying to learn on good authority that among those gravely concerned for the welfare of the humble folks whose booths and cows were a relic of old times, was her Majesty Queen Victoria, by whose intervention two of the stallkeepers are to be permitted to take up a position on another spot, and the rest are to receive some small, though insufficient, compensation for their loss.



"MILK FAIR," ST. JAMES'S PARK.

[After G. Morland.]

## Varieties.

### ACROSTICS.

The "Leisure Hour" recently offered two Prizes for the best Acrostic Lines, on the names of any Six Classical English poets, the lines to characterise the Author or his Works. There were seventy-nine Competitors, of ages ranging from twenty-one to eighty-seven. The six poets selected by the largest number were Milton, 64; Shakspeare, 57; Wordsworth, 40; Cowper, 34; Spenser, 31; Tennyson, 28. The First Prize was awarded to MISS ETHEL BLAIR OLIPHANT, of Datchet, near Windsor, for the following six :—

#### Geoffrey Chaucer.

Gladly the morn of English Poesy,  
E nkindling in the grey medieval sky,  
O utsprung, and showed a yet undreamed of light,  
F ruit of stern silence, and the speechless night.  
F rom Chaucer's lips, precursor of the dawn,  
R ose sweet forewarning of great days unborn.  
E nthroned he beams, a star of lucent rays,  
Y et unobscured e'en by the noontide blaze.

C harmed by the quiet voice, whose simple strain,  
H erald of Song's perfection, rings again,  
A ttesting through the ages to his power,—  
U nheard pass by the singers of the hour.  
C hained by the magic verse our hearts abide  
E nraptured still, and still unsatisfied,  
R eviewing bygone ages at his side.

#### William Shakspeare.

What wond'ring questions, what surmises grow  
I n musing on thy daily life below !  
L ike us, some hours of pleasure thou didst know,  
L ike us, when bright hopes die, and friends deceive,  
I mpartial Fate decreed that thou shouldst grieve.  
A las ! that we, who hold thy soul so dear,  
M ay know so little of thy sojourn here.

S ay, shall we call thee Poet ? Ev'ry word  
H anges in the firmament of Song, preferred,  
A dored, before all other songs that are.  
K ingly the title ; but so bright a star  
S eems recognition wider still to claim,  
P hilosopher and Prophet ! in its name.  
E ngland can find no title for her son,  
A ttempts no flattery of the laurels won :  
R eceive the dearest name her tongue can lend,  
E ven the prouder title of a Friend !

#### John Milton.

J ust as a child, led to a place unknown,  
O ppressed with terror, fears to walk alone,  
H anges close beside his guide, and checks his tears,  
N erving his soul to look on what he fears,

M en tremble, Milton, as with thee they tread  
I n spirit through the regions of the dead,  
L eaving warm earth, and all her sons can tell,  
T o penetrate the mysteries of Hell ;  
O r soaring where, revealed to sightless eyes,  
N ature expounds the secrets of the skies.

#### Robert Burns.

R ay from the lowly blaze of cottage fire,  
O n thee we gaze, and sigh while we admire.  
B efore thy humble flame the critic fails,  
E mbellished verse, and polished metre pales,  
R ebuked by that simplicity of speech,  
T hat long had vanished, and thy song could teach.

B ut not by thee was greater glory gained ;  
U nspotted honour and a life unstained  
R ound thee no calmer radiance have shed.  
N ot thine the soul that, earthly honours fled,  
S till grasps at life, though mingled with the dead

#### Percy Shelley.

P roudly the sea has rendered up its dead ;  
E ncircling fire then claims him in its stead.  
R ead in his fate the history of his mind ;  
C hoked by deep waters and fierce flame combined,  
Y et cleansed by sea, and by the fire refined.

S ome nightingale that woos an unseen mate,  
H is soft voice drowned in the wild storm of Fate,  
E re it can reach her ear disconsolate,  
L eaving sweet echoes, changeful as a dream,—  
L ike that poor bird, sweet spirit, thou didst seem ;  
E nduring still the destiny of such,  
Y ielding thy sweetest note to sorrow's touch.

#### William Wordsworth.

W hen on desponding hearts the hand of Care  
I s laid till Sorrow ushers in Despair,  
L et the sweet influence of the Poet's mind  
L ike healing balm the soul's rebellion bind.  
I n him, for hours of trial, years of pain,  
A ssured of hope, and fearing no disdain,  
M an looks for aid, and never looks in vain.

W hether he speaks in simple, homely phrase,  
O r pours an anthem, musical with praise,  
R elates a tale, or joins in Fancy's flights,—  
D ear is each stanza, and each word delights.  
S oaring from earth his worthier muse we see  
W here Alpine heights of grave philosophy  
O pen above the clouds, and, at his will,  
R eveal infinities of thought, while still  
T he humblest mind must own the soft control ;  
H is music speaks the language of the soul !

The Second Prize was adjudged to the Rev. T. L. LINGHAM, of Fordham Rectory, Colchester, for the following six :—

#### Shakspeare.

1564—1616.

" Sweet Swan of Avon,"\* England's boast and pride,  
H ow potent is thy muse our souls to guide !  
A we-stricken now by Tragedy's solemn strain ;  
K indled to sympathy with Love's soft pain ;

\* Ben Jonson gives the epithet.

S stirred then to mirth by Comedy's lightsome wiles,  
P ensiveness flees, our lips are wreathed with smiles.  
E ach quick emotion owns the master's skill,  
A nd summoned answers with responsive thrill.  
R est, mighty bard, thy fame shall ne'er depart,  
E ver thy country shrines thee in her heart !

Milton.

1608—1674.

J ohn Milton's grand and honoured name  
O n Poets' roll of deathless fame  
H igh stands inscribed. His ardour fired  
N ow Freedom's cause ; then, heaven-inspired,

M ore lofty themes his muse engaged.  
I ntent to sing how sin betrayed  
L ost man, yet how God's grace adored  
T ook pity, and by Christ restored.  
O f heavenly glories having sight  
N e'er grieved he eyes bereft of light !

Chaucer.

1340—1400.

G reat Chaucer, "well of English undefiled !"  
E ntitled thus by brother-bard \* beguiled  
Q f thy seductive tongue ; himself renowned  
F or wealth of words, whose flow of tuneful sound  
F alls movingly upon the listener's ear,  
R ousing to joy and mirth, or dread and fear.  
E 'en so *thou*, too, hast force to stir and thrall  
Y outh, age, the grave, the gay, and charm them all !

"Cantuar's Pilgrims," met at "Tabard Inn,"  
H olding discourse, to lip ne'er fail to win  
A smile, or dim the eyes wherewith we gaze  
U pon the men and manners of past days.  
C hant what thou wilt, with aim our souls to move,  
E ither Romaunt of Chivalry, or Love,  
R esponsive ever to thy spell they prove !

Spenser.

1553—1599.

E ach hath his gift, so, Spenser, thou hast thine,  
D owered with the charm of poesie divine !  
M aster of allegory, what high grace  
U nites with fancy where thy stanzas trace  
N ow Vice personified, now Virtue's face !  
D uessa, with her crew, in "Faëry Queene,"

S weet Una, and her knightly band, as seen,  
P ress hard the "Red Crosse Knight," or guard his life,  
E mblem affording of the ceaseless strife  
N ow waged 'twixt powers of hell and heaven, as aye,—  
S ouls of mankind the guerdon, or the prey !  
E xquisite strains through all thy works abound,  
R uling full sweet their linked harmonies of sound !

\* Spenser.

Dryden.

1631—1700.

J ohn Dryden, prince of lyric poets rare,  
O f diction pure and rich beyond compare,  
H ow smooth, how full, thy graceful numbers flow ;  
N ow in high strains, and now in murmurs low !

D ramas, descriptive of the ways of men,  
R omances, spring from thy prolific pen ;  
"Y ear marvellous,"\* and "Fables," tales to pore,  
D rawn from the mines of ancient classic lo.e,  
E nhanced each by touches all thine own,  
N ew beauties grace them, by thy genius thrown.

Herbert.

1593—1632.

"G eor.† Herbert," thy sign-manual writ  
E 'en thus, affords a token fit  
O f quaintness, which to thee belongs,  
R everend Divine, and marks thy songs !  
G od's "Temple" for their theme, they raise  
E ternal sacrifice of praise ;

H eaven's mysteries scan, and seek to solve ;  
E arth's Christian soldier's strife resolve.  
R eligion's sweets, the pains of ill,  
B y strange conceits they apt instil.  
E ver displaying 'fore our eyes  
R ich pledges of the immortal prize  
T reasured for saints beyond the skies !

#### French Twin-Brother Sailors.

In the last Report of the French *Société pour l'encouragement au bien*, a case of romantic interest is recorded. The honorary medal of the Society was given to two brothers—twins—Calixte and Edouard Chaix. The secretary, M. Honoré Arnoul, according to usage, in presenting the medals, gave a brief history of the life and deeds of the recipients. The brothers Chaix, twins, aged forty-five years, are natives of Marseilles. Left orphans at the age of fourteen, they trained themselves as seamen ; they married on the same day two sisters ; they both have large families, who all live together in singular harmony and comfort.

From their boyhood these brothers have shown remarkable kindness and humanity of disposition, joined with great strength and courage. Although often long separated, during voyages in every part of the world, they have had curious similarity of adventure, and on several occasions have met with accidents, or have been on the sick list, at the same times. They have also been the instruments of saving life in different regions, and altogether their career has had a parallel course, at once in variety of incident and in deeds of humanity.

The first of their acts of distinguished bravery which attracted public notice occurred at Havre in 1856, when mere lads. Fire broke out in two parts of the store-room of the ship in which they were serving. The two brothers volunteered to go to the two places where the flames were most fierce, in order to plant and direct most effectively the hose from the pumps. They caused ropes to be attached to their waists ; and when dragged out, much scorched, they were insensible and supposed to be dead. They both recovered, and the ship and cargo were saved.

Eighteen persons have been saved, either from death by drowning or by fire, by Calixte Chaix. The deeds of

\* *Annus mirabilis.*

† Herbert's usual mode of signature.



Edouard have been more numerous and surprising, and no one can tell the number of lives saved by him in several shipwrecks. The two brothers have received all the rewards that are bestowed by the Minister of Marine for acts of courage and devotion. They have both also gained the bronze medal of honour awarded by the Society for the Succour of the Wounded in the service of the ambulances.

On the 5th August, 1880, the French Academy decreed the first *prix de vertu*, the much-coveted Montyon prize, jointly to Calixte and Edouard Chaix, "for services rendered to humanity." In January, 1884, the Minister of Marine, in giving to Edouard the Cross of the Legion of Honour, said that the brave Calixte would soon have his turn to receive it.

Nor are their honours derived only from their own countrymen. The Bey of Tunis decorated Edouard Chaix with the badge of the order of Nicham-Ifikar, a reward of high distinction, for having saved from shipwreck a Tunisian family of five persons. May the spirit which prompts these honorary recompenses, and of the men who merit and obtain them, ever flourish and extend in France, as among ourselves!

#### London Drainage.

An important letter has been published by Sir Joseph Bazalgette, the engineer of the Metropolitan Board of Works. He says:—

"At the beginning of the present century the population of London was not a million, whereas it is now four millions, and is increasing at the rate of about seventy thousand per annum. The result of this is that our intercepting sewers, reservoirs, and pumping establishments have ample work to do for the metropolis alone. But the growth of the population in the districts immediately surrounding the metropolitan area has been as great or greater than within it, and they contain over a million of people. All of these districts are more or less in a dilemma as to how to dispose of their increasing quantities of sewage, and most of them have within the last twenty years applied to the Metropolitan Board of Works to add them to the metropolitan area, and connect them with the metropolitan system of sewers. To all the reply has been, 'Our works have been designed for a limited area, and we cannot take you in.' At this moment other suburbs (Acton and Willesden, for instance) are in as great or even greater difficulties for want of sewage outfalls than Tottenham, and they can and do urge at least as strong reasons as have been urged on behalf of Tottenham why they should have temporary relief through the metropolitan sewers. But if even under such pressing necessity this state of things has been allowed to continue for some years past without any permanent remedy being applied, much less would the effort be made by the suburban authorities to provide a permanent remedy if they once got the so-called 'temporary relief' into the metropolitan sewers.

"There is no engineering difficulty in providing a complete remedy, at a moderate cost, and in less time than has already been occupied by discussion and litigation. Separate local precipitation and irrigation works may suffice for a time to mitigate the evils, but until the districts have been united under some authority for the purpose of carrying out a combined scheme of interception and purification, the evil will continue to grow in proportion as the population continues to increase."

[If the sewerage department of the Board of Works consulted similar authorities in Shanghai, or other large city in China, they would get useful information.]

**Ithuriel's Spear.**—Sir Lyon Playfair made a curious blunder in his speech before the British Association at Aberdeen, and unfortunately it was in that part where he was advocating more teaching of science and less of classical learning. He said: "The old classical grammar-schools may view these remarks as a direct attack upon them, and so it is in one sense, but it is like the stroke of Ithuriel's spear, which heals while it wounds."

Readers of Milton will be amused by this mis-allusion to Ithuriel's spear, the touch of which disturbed the evil personage who, in the shape of a toad, sat at Eve's ear, instilling

poison into her mind. Few fathers would like to see Milton, any more than Homer or Virgil, discarded, in order to give more time for getting a smattering of science. Let the classical foundation be given to all, and then let each build his own structure of commercial or artistic or scientific knowledge.

**Mr. Gladstone on Norway.**—In a letter written by Mr. Gladstone, after his Norwegian trip, to Hans Jakobsen, the pilot of the Sunbeam, Sir Thomas Brassey's steam yacht, he says, after a compliment to the worthy pilot's skill: "We were delighted with the grand and unique scenery of the country. Were it not for the unruly North Sea between, I believe we should all come and invade you, as your forefathers visited us a thousand years ago, and happily left a good number of themselves behind to put their blood into our veins. I do not know whether in any foreign land I ever felt so much at home as in Norway. But what touched and pleased me most of all was the universal kindness of the people and their interest in our progress. Pray make known in any way you can that I shall never forget them and Gamle Norge. God bless them!—Your faithful, W. E. GLADSTONE."

[Lady Brassey has given, in the "Contemporary Review" for October, a lively narration of the cruise.]

**Beefeaters of the Tower.**—When part of the picturesque costume of the Tower Warders was lately altered, a correspondent of the "Daily Telegraph" pointed out that these were not the historic "beefeaters." They are a corps quite distinct from "The Yeomen in Ordinary of her Majesty's Guard of her Body." This latter is the corps which has attended and added such picturesqueness to all the regal ceremonials for the last four hundred years. It was one of them—the late Sergeant John Charles Montague—whom Millais painted as a typical beefeater, and not one of the Tower warders. As the corps was formed by Henry VII to take part in his coronation on October 30, 1485, we should not have been surprised to see some public celebration of the interesting occasion, especially as every man now in the corps of the Yeomen of the Guard at St. James's Palace was a non-commissioned officer who has distinguished himself in the service of his country.

**The Huguenots' Chapel, Leicester Square.**—The following newspaper paragraph is interesting in connection with the commemoration of the repeal of the Edict of Nantes: "A bazaar was held lately in the Orange Street Congregational Schoolroom, which was once the residence of Sir Isaac Newton, and is attached to the Huguenots' Chapel, situated behind the National Gallery. The building itself possesses considerable historical interest, from the fact that it was erected for the Huguenots in 1686, and that its pulpit had been successively occupied by Saurin, Cecil, Scott (the Commentator), Toplady, Dr. Collyer, Dr. Leifchild, Rowland Hill, and John Townsend (the founder of the Deaf and Dumb Asylum in the Borough). It came into the hands of its present possessors in 1786, and is one of the few places of worship where the old pew system prevails."

**Saw-mill Finds.**—It often happens that a tree which outwardly looks perfect, whole, and sound, is found when opened up at a saw-mill to have a crevice containing a bird's nest with eggs in a good state of preservation, and sometimes the bird itself. Bees' nests with honeycomb are also frequently observed within the trees.—*Forestry.*

**General Grant as a Clerk.**—"When Grant was in Chicago three or four years ago," said an army official, "he lounged about Sheridan's headquarters a good deal. His son Fred was at that time on Sheridan's staff, but was absent one day, and Grant took his place at Fred's desk, and looked after the business. A nervous, fidgety, irritable old fellow came in to inquire for some paper he had left with Fred. When he stated his case, Grant took up the matter in a sympathetic way, and proceeded after the manner of an over-anxious clerk to look the paper up. The document could not be found, and Grant, apologising, walked with the old gentleman to the door. As I walked down the stairs with the mollified visitor he turned and asked, 'Who is that old codger?' He is the politest clerk I ever saw at military head-

quarters. I hope Sheridan will keep him.' I answered, quietly, 'That is General Grant.' The old gentleman's face was a picture, and he kept it immovable long enough to make a good photograph on a dull day."—*American Paper.*

**French Peasant Life.**—Lady Verney has been giving very doleful pictures of peasant life in France. She no doubt describes truthfully what she has seen, but the testimony is very different from what others can give in other parts of France. Some of her statements are amusingly inaccurate, as when she speaks of the utter want of taste for flowers. In any French camp, where the private soldiers are chiefly peasant conscripts, the little plots of gardens and flower-beds are such as English soldiers never think of making. "We never saw," she says, "the smallest flower near or in any house of all the many we visited; not so much as the wall-flowers or nasturtiums which abound even in rugged hovels in England; not a white jessamine or china rose against the wall. Flowers are considered things to sell, like onions, and in the nursery gardens near Royat and Claremont, where the roses are hawked in bundles about the streets, a few are grown between the haricots and the carrots. . . . Not a book or a paper was ever to be found; not a print or picture against any wall, in the houses where walls existed—in the stables there were, of course, only rough partitions; not a bit of china, not an ornament, not a piece of good furniture or a clock, such as is the pride of an English cottage, was to be seen. It was impossible to conceive life so absolutely bare of interest, or amusement, or comfort, or refinement of any kind."

**Washington Relics.**—A correspondent of the "Standard" lately made the following statement: "In the secluded little parish church of Wickhamford, near Evesham, within the altar rails, may be seen, graven in the flat stone and well preserved, the Washington coat-of-arms, the well-known stars and stripes, together with a Latin inscription to the memory of Penelope, daughter of Colonel Henry Washington, descended from Sir William Washington, Knight, of the county of Northampton. This lady, Penelope Washington, buried at Wickhamford, died February 27th, 1697, and the inscription, highly eulogistic of her noble family, is well worth the notice of Americans and others, as showing how the most illustrious of that name was descended from a stock honoured alike in public and private life."

**Early Savings.**—The first money earned as wages is very valuable, and I remember well feeling quite an inch taller in my boots the first week I took home to my dear mother the wages which I had earned. Wages mean a little more pocket-money, and a little more pocket-money ought to mean more books, something for the post-office savings bank towards clothes, and the annual holiday when it becomes due. Make a practice of always saving something out of your pocket-money, however little, and take care that this sum is placed in safe keeping, and this does not usually happen to be the trousers pocket, for this, as a rule, makes a dreadfully poor savings bank. Remember that twopence saved each week makes eight shillings and eightpence in the year, and that represents 100 miles' railway fare for your holiday.—*Thomas Greenwood.*

**A Market for Old Hats.**—Somebody recently returned from the Nicobar Islands says that one of the peculiarities of the inhabitants is a passion for old hats. The savages don't wear anything on their persons except the conventional slip of cloth you've read about; but young and old, chief and subject, try to outvie each other in headgear and in the number of old hats they can acquire in a lifetime. On a fine morning, he says, he has seen the surface of the water in the vicinity of the islands dotted over with canoes, each having for its occupant a noble savage decked out in his narrow slip of cloth and a tall white hat with a black band. The aforesaid noble barbarian is busy catching fish for his dinner. They won't have new hats, looking on them with suspicion. Traders from Calcutta make excursions over there with cargoes of old hats, which they barter for coconuts. A good, tall white hat with a black band is worth about sixty coconuts. The people become almost as excited while the trading is going on as a lot of stockbrokers;

and sometime when a number of them are after the same hat, they bid against each other until the price gets up into hundreds of nuts. When the trading is over the merchants generally set up the rum, and the whole population get drunk in their hats.—*The Hatter.*

**An Indian Rallying Cry.**—The following verses, which come to us from the Madras Presidency, are interesting as an illustration of the spirit recently evoked in India:

LOYALTY.

HARK to that sound, ye nations,  
Borne up on the tempest's blast;  
'Tis the voice of a mighty people,  
The cry of an empire vast.  
It comes from the hearts of thousands,  
It reaches from main to main,  
Waking a thousand echoes;  
Hark! to the grand refrain:  
Loyalty! Loyalty! All have been ready,  
Faithful, courageous, true-hearted and strong.  
Loyalty! Loyalty! Simple and steady,  
In one great union peals forth the glad song.

The mother looked forth in sorrow,  
Clouds hung dark o'er the land;  
Tumult and War and Danger  
Springing on every hand.  
Shall she be left unaided,  
Fighting her battle alone?  
Nay, they press round, the children  
Crying with eager tone—  
Loyalty! Loyalty! All have been ready,  
Faithful, courageous, true-hearted and strong.  
Loyalty! Loyalty! Simple and steady,  
In one great union peals forth the glad song.

Yea, India's brave sons come forward,  
Forgetful of race and creed,  
Ready to fight for their Empress,  
All in one cause agreed.  
Then up with the cry, my brothers,  
Raise it again and again.  
Fair England, her Queen, and great empire,  
Loudly we echo the strain:  
Loyalty! Loyalty! All have been ready,  
Faithful, courageous, true-hearted and strong.  
Loyalty! Loyalty! Simple and steady,  
In one great union peals forth the glad song.

Englishmen! Sons of fair Britain  
Shall we not echo the call?  
Join in that proud song of triumph,  
Surely 'tis meet for us all.  
Loyalty! Union! that watchword  
Checks every treacherous game.  
'Tis death to our foes, but 'tis honour  
To all who uphold England's fame.  
Loyalty! Loyalty! sing we together,  
Faithful, courageous, true-hearted and strong.  
Loyalty! Loyalty! fair or foul weather,  
Still for old England we raise the grand song.

MABEL GORDON.

**Fruit Farming.**—At a meeting of the Herefordshire Chamber of Agriculture, Mr. Watkins read a paper on fruit culture, in which he said that if agricultural depression had pressed less severely on that part of the kingdom than elsewhere, it was owing to the extensive breeding of pedigree

cattle and the cultivation of hops and fruit. He gave some notable instances of the planting of orchards having afforded large returns, in two of which £15 and £16 per acre had been netted clear profit, after payment of all expenses. The question will probably be asked, How far could similarly large returns be secured were fruit-farming taken up more generally? The market for apples is, of course, somewhat limited; still very large importations at present take place, which, it is said, the preferential rates of the railway companies to foreigners tend to favour very much. Although apple orchards are found in three or four of the English counties in much larger numbers than in the others, there appears to be, in reality, no reason whatever why they should not become more universally distributed, if found to be remunerative. A small orchard, contiguous to every farm homestead, ought to be deemed as needful a feature in this country as in America. Probably the reason there has not been more orchard-planting in the past has been the disinclination of landlords to increase their capital in the soil and the indisposition of tenants to plant trees which would become the property of others, and for which, on quitting, the law would give no right of compensation.

**Women's Ages.**—The following we find in an old volume of the "Gentleman's Magazine":—

MR. URBAN,

Kent, Aug. 5, 1751.

I am not able to assign myself a reason why so many men's ages are recorded in Scripture, and but one woman's. If some of your correspondents would give one, it would much oblige,

Your constant Reader G. P.

P.S.—Abraham's wife is the only woman whose entire age is recorded in Scripture.

**White Water at Sea.**—Captain C. Morton, formerly of the Indian Navy, says, in regard to the phenomenon of white water described in "Sea Pictures" in the "Pen and Pencil" series: "I am of opinion that it is produced by a warm current of water much in excess of the temperature of the superincumbent air. As evaporation takes place the vapour is immediately condensed by the colder air, and rises from the sea in the form of mist, much as steam does from boiling water—the vapoury particles being reflected upon the water when the light is sufficiently subdued by the approach of night. This peculiar whiteness of the ocean was visible off Berwick, as far as St. Abb's Head, in 1816, and again in 1878 off the Northumberland coast to the shores of Denmark. The temperature of the sea on both occasions was abnormally high."

**New Guinea.**—Mr. Henry Forbes, whose travels and adventures in Eastern Asiatic regions are well known, is now at work in exploring the interior of New Guinea. His comrade is Mr. Thiele, formerly in the Danish Navy. We may be certain that every effort will be made to gain information about the great island. In a letter from Mr. Forbes, just as he was starting from Batavia, he mentions that the day before leaving London a friend, Mr. Coutts Trotter, put into his hand the volume by Mr. Gill and Mr. Chalmers. "This book," he says, "I had to brighten the passage out. There are many useful hints in it, besides the many contributions to our knowledge of the people." At Marseilles Mr. Forbes met Professor Huxley, who was much interested in the expedition, especially as he claims to be the first to have sighted Owen Stanley Mountains when on the surveying cruise of H.M.S. Rattlesnake, Captain Owen Stanley, R.N. Mr. Forbes has since had the misfortune to lose all his equipments by a boat upsetting. It is to be hoped that friends at home will replace them as far as possible.

**The Fisherwomen of Lewis.**—In the summer, when most of the fishermen of the island of Lewis were absent at the herring fishery, an attempt was made to take possession of the Uig Islands, which the Lewis crofters claim as theirs for right of pasturage. Accordingly there was a general gathering of tacksmen, ground officers, gillies, and shepherds, with other dependents of the landlords, from the surrounding district recently for this purpose. The crofters' wives and daughters, having been made aware of the invasion, held a council of war, and determined to resist the invaders at all

hazards, both on sea and land. A large fleet of sailing-boats was accordingly got ready, and when the tacksmen hove in sight the women were ready for action, each being armed with a stout stick and a lapful of stones. A fight commenced about a mile from land, which lasted for fully four hours, and after a hot and well-contested battle the women came off victorious. They drove the tacksmen off, preventing them from landing their sheep, and only five head of cattle were disembarked out of several score. The women then held a council of war, and determined to keep sentry on the islands until the return of the men from the fishings. Several of the women were injured, though not seriously. It is surely time for Parliament to put an end to these savage scenes in the Highlands.

**Lost in London.**—In the last Police return it is stated that 14,478 children under ten years of age and 3,938 adults were reported as lost or missing; 8,485 children and 821 adults were found by the police. The remainder returned home or were found by their friends, except seventy-four adults, who committed suicide. The remaining 121 adults and eight children have never been traced. 105 bodies of persons found dead and unknown were photographed, and fifty-four of these were not identified.

**Ulster Farming.**—The Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, Lord Carnarvon, gives his first impressions of agriculture in Ulster in very favourable terms. "I may be allowed to say how much it struck me to see the signs of good cultivation and clean husbandry, and everything that makes satisfactory agriculture. I was equally pleased to see the signs of good and satisfactory farming on every side. I saw broad roads, substantial houses, comfortable-looking cottages, well-trimmed hedges, cleanly-cultured fields; and I said to myself that in all the parts of England I know I never saw anything better and more satisfactory than that upon which my eyes rested."

**Calling Things by Other Names.**—At a meeting of the Bricklayers' Union, in connection with the case of a poor man, Field, threatened with imprisonment because unable to support his father, so as to keep him from being a burden to ratepayers, one of the speakers, while not denying a son's duty if able to support his father, said that Field's wages prevented his doing so. He had during the past summer made only about 100 hours' work at sevenpence or eightpence an hour. "The Poor Law," said the speaker, "was an utter misnomer. The 'relieving officer' was really a task-master; the guardians of the poor were really guardians of the rich ratepayer, and workhouses were jails for the punishment of poverty." Our "poor laws" are certainly not perfect.

**Manitoba Climate.**—The following letter appeared lately in the "Standard," from "An Essex Rector": "I have today received a letter from a son in Manitoba, in which he says: 'On the 24th and 25th of August we had a good stiff frost, which killed all the garden things and played havoc with everything. Most of the grain is not ripe, and in Brandon they had fifteen degrees of frost. The crop here has not changed a bit for the last ten days. I believe more than half the crop in the country must be frozen.'—[Farming in Canada has been so unduly cried up for the last few years that the tide of emigration has been flowing in that direction, too much to the neglect of Australia, and still more of New Zealand, where the climate far more resembles that of the old country.]

**Asking for Bread and being offered a Book.**—The following case appeared in the proceedings of a suburban London police court:—Mr. Hawkins, the visitor of the Acton School Board, applied to the Hammersmith magistrate for instructions. A poor woman had been fined two shillings and sixpence for not sending her child to school, and, a distress warrant having been obtained, it was found that she had not furniture worth that sum in her house. Mr. Paget dismissed the applicant by reminding him that he sat there to adjudicate, and not to originate proceedings. The whole educational system is in a transition state. There are many shades of opinion, between teaching of paupers, whom the State must help (as in the workhouse schools), and taking the responsibility of educating all children.



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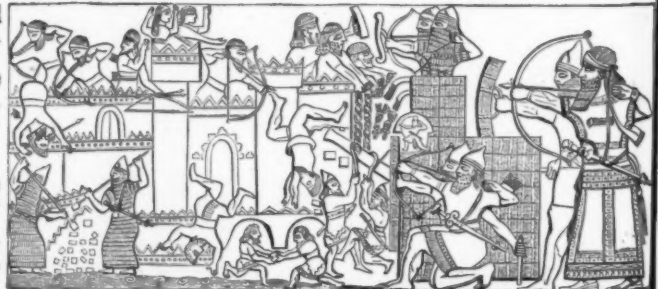
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Makes Starched Linen like new. Does not stick to spider-web-like Materials. Once tried always wanted. Used in the Royal Laundries. Sold by Starch Sellers everywhere, in Packets, 1lb., 2lb., and 5lb. each. Prepared only by T. CRITCHLEY, Wholesale Druggist, Blackburn; 1 and 2, Australian Avenue, London.

## PRICE'S

Patent Candle Company Limited,

LONDON AND LIVERPOOL.

AWARDS IN 1885.

International Inventions Exhibition, 1885.

GOLD MEDAL—HIGHEST AWARD,

FOR "IMPROVEMENTS IN CANDLES, &c."

Antwerp International Exhibition, 1885.

DIPLOMA OF HONOUR—Highest Award.

The only Diploma of Honour awarded to a British Candle Manufacturer.

**CAUTION!!** **BOND'S** Mark your Linen.

**CRYSTAL PALACE MARKING INK**

BE NOT DECEIVED! EACH GENUINE LABEL BEARS THE WORDS **CRYSTAL PALACE PRIZE MEDALS** PREPARED BY THE DAUGHTER OF THE LATE JOHN BOND

**OUR PATENT MARKING INK PENCIL**

RETURNS BLACK WHILE WRITING, NO HEATING REQUIRED.

## LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT OF MEAT



CAUTION. — In consequence of certain dealers making use of Baron Liebig's photograph, title, &c., Baron H. von Liebig finds it necessary to caution the public that the LIEBIG COMPANY'S Extract of Meat is the only brand ever guaranteed as

genuine and of the finest flavour, either by himself or the late Baron Gustav von Liebig. Purchasers must insist upon having the LIEBIG COMPANY'S Extract of Meat.

FINEST MEAT-FLAVOURING. INGREDIENT FOR SOUPS, MADE DISHES, SAUCES, &c.

Invaluable and Efficient Tonic for Invalids.

Ask for Liebig COMPANY'S Extract, and see that no other is substituted for it.

Ask for  
**Cadbury's**  
 Refreshing  
 Genuine  
 Economical  
**Cocoa**

GUARANTEED PURE AND SOLUBLE.



A Pure, Soluble Dry Soap, in fine powder. Softens Water. Lathers Freely in Hard Water—Cold Water—Soft Water—Hot Water. Packets, 1d. and upwards.



Use it Every Day. For Clothes, Linen, Knives, Forks, Dishes, Saucepans, & all Domestic Washing.

**RICHEST CUSTARD! WITHOUT EGGS!**

**BIRD'S**

At Half the Cost and Trouble!  
 CHOICE! DELICIOUS!!  
 GREAT LUXURY!

Sold every-  
 where  
 in 6d. and 1s.  
 Boxes.

**CUSTARD**

See that you  
 get  
 BIRD'S

Alfred Bird and  
 Sons, Birmingham,  
 will send on receipt  
 of address, the new and enlarged edition of

**POWDER**

**POST  
 FREE**

"PASTRY AND SWEETS."—A Little  
 Work containing Practical Hints and  
 Original Recipes for Tasty Dishes for  
 the Dinner and Supper Table.

*"Nonpareil"*  
**FAST PILE—FAST DYE.**  
 Can be purchased of all leading retailers, in all  
 Qualities. Blacks from 2s. to 6s. per yard;  
 Colours from 2s. 6d. to 6s. 6d. per yard.

"It is the richest, softest, and most be-  
 coming fabric ever invented for Woman's  
 wear."

The finer qualities are equal in appearance  
 and wear better than the very best Lyons  
 Velvet, and cost only a Quarter the Price.

USED BY HER MAJESTY'S SERVANTS.  
 Gold Medals and Diplomas of Merit at all Exhibitions.

**Needham's**  
*"The  
 Favorite"*  
**Polishing**  
 DAZZLING  
 MIRROR  
 FINISH  
**Paste**

The reputation of nearly a century as the most reliable preparation for  
 Cleaning and Brilliantly Polishing BRASS, COPPER, TIN, BRITANNIA METAL, &c.  
 Inventors and  
 Sole Manufacturers, JOSEPH PICKERING & SONS, Sheffield.

"Very Digestible—Nutritious—Made in a minute—No boiling nor straining required."

**Allen & Hanburys'**  
 Malted  
 Farinaceous. **FOOD** For Infants  
 and Invalids.

**WARNING!**  
 When you ask for  
**Reckitt's**  
**Blue**  
 See that you get it!  
 As bad Qualities are often substituted

A highly concentrated and  
 digesting instrument for young  
 children: supplying all the  
 required for the formation of  
 flesh and bone in a partially  
 soluble and easily assimilable form.  
 It also affords a sustaining and  
 healthful diet for Invalids, and  
 those of a dyspeptic tendency.  
 Testimonials and Full De-  
 tails accompany each Tin.  
**TINS—/6, 1/-, 2/-, 5/- & 10/-**  
 RETAIL EVERYWHERE.